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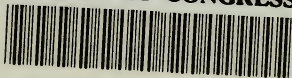

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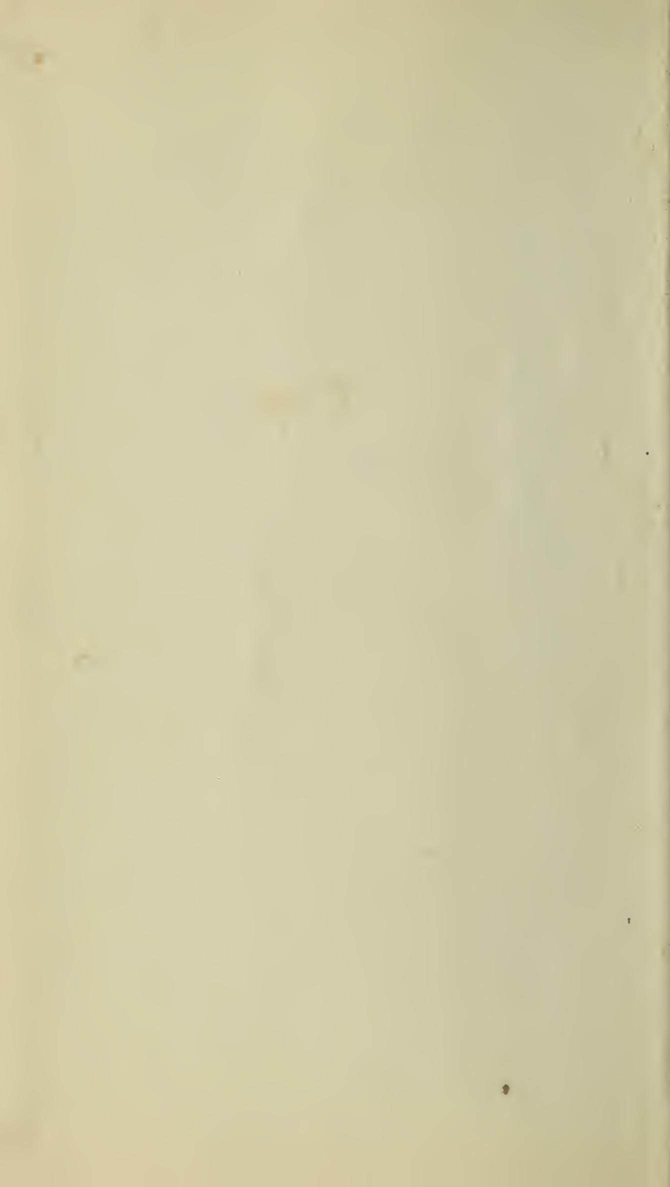

The Writings of Ivan Panin

Printed for the Author by

The Wilson H. Lee Company

New Haven, Connecticut

1918

PS 2520
P2
1918

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Grafton, Mass., U. S. A.

AUG -5 1918

$2.50

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PREFACE.

The writer's estimate of his own work, of all literary work, will be found by the reader clearly enough enunciated in the following pages. But the writer's literary life of some forty years has been lone; and no soul has yet been found to whom his paper doings could be committed with: "Here, forsooth, are the embarrassing things. Do with them as thou deemest best, once I am laid away." And it is only seven brief days ago that an only child, a son of seven and twenty years, was laid away first . . . .

Somehow the time has not yet come for these bits to be destroyed. And the speediest way to dispose of what now *must* be disposed is to rid oneself of them by handing them over to be printed . . . .

What has thus been chosen, or rather what has been left from the writer's unsparing frequent housecleanings, is here gathered together into a book, with contents rather variegated, but all having one purpose, however dimly discernible in some of the pieces: to show forth that the thoughts and the ways of even the best equipped of this age are after all—foolishness; and that true wisdom is after all only one: the fear and knowledge of God, but the God of the Bible; the

Jehovah of the Old Testament, revealed in the New as the Father of the Son, the Savior of men. This thought makes the unity of the book.

The papers on Emerson and Tolstoy are the first and the last of a series of addresses on "Modern Teachers and Christianity," delivered in Boston about 1898. The others were Carlyle, Ruskin and Arnold. But the Introductory address and those on Carlyle, Ruskin and Arnold got themselves weeded out in due time: the real question being not whether they be saved, but rather whether the two remaining had not better also follow their companions into their allotted naught.

The several "Tribulations" recorded in what may seem a humorous way, were to the writer then and still remain—far from humorous. They are, however, a most effective commentary on Aphorism No. 542.

Not everything in this volume represents the writer of to-day; but only as he has been at times.

51 Cluny Avenue,
Rosedale, Toronto, Canada
June 14th, 1917.

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I.

INTRODUCTION.

1.

The motives for writing are several, but the motives for publishing are in the artist only three: a desire for money, or fame, or both; a conviction that the artist has aught to say and give that the world needs; a craving for recognition, sympathy.

2.

Samuel Johnson is reported to have said that no one but a fool ever wrote for aught but money. Quotations are ever treacherous things. Even if the words themselves be correctly reported, their other equally important part is hardly ever faithfully rendered; the speaker's tone, the hearer's attitude, the place of both, and the time that is ever independent of either—who shall faithfully reproduce these? During a thunderstorm an eloquent divine took advantage thereof with telling effect in his discourse. He was forthwith requested to have it printed. He consented, but on condition that the storm be also printed therewith . . .

3.

But even if Johnson did thus speak, he for once spake here inadvisedly with his lips. He knew at least of certain six and sixty books (in some one of which he not a day but diligently read) that, for whate'er else they were writ, for money they were not writ. The five books

of Moses were not writ for money, nor the three of Solomon, nor the four Major Prophets, nor the twelve Minor, nor the four Gospels, nor the one and twenty Epistles, nor the Psalms of David, and the rest . . . Pascal wrote not his books for money, nor Joubert his book, nor Amiel his, nor many another noble soul before Johnson's reported dictum or after.

4.

To make mere merchandise of thy truth, thy beauty of spirit, is no less ignoble than to make merchandise of thy beauty of flesh. And the writing for mere shekels is equally ignoble in the at heart upright and otherwise pure Walter Scott with the modern at heart vulgar novelwriting dame whose final standard of literary "success" is abundant flow of publisher's checkdom into establishment set up thereby on the outskirts of ever aspired-to four-hundreddom. "Dollar Wheat" quoted right cheerily with satisfaction at the "prosperity" it betokens, is at least the reward of honest heaven-appointed toil. But dollar literature, begun in mire, it ends only in corruption. Irrevocable is the verdict thereon: Dust thou art, to dust shalt thou return—whether the dollarish scribe be man of genius or only the literary hewer of wood and drawer of water.

5.

Joubert the man and Joubert the writer are, what in Letters is in nowise frequent, only the two members of an equation—the one the exact equal of the other. The man Joubert is neither more nor less than the writer;

the writer Joubert neither less nor more than the man. But while his book is for the few, his life is for the many. He had lived to the allotted threescore and ten, with what was best in the France of his day at his beck, admired thereof and beloved. Yet this man Joubert is content to print of the accumulations of a life time naught during his life time. Much water instead is allowed to flow by ere his book at last gets itself into print: some fifteen years after his disappearance into the grave . . . The man who can thus live, thus write, is a unique species in the realm of Letters, a—Joubert.

6.

Schopenhauer, both as writer and man, displays a genius for making himself disagreeable, objectionable. To a gigantic faith in his philosophy as the last word of man concerning all the problems of life raised by the mind of man (any "philosophy" being already an intrinsic piece of abiding worthlessness), there was added in him an unquenchable thirst for what he kept calling his *Ruhm*, his "fame,"—the real vulgar applause as much as fame—which in its unmanliness compares only with the craving of the sot for his bottle. His temper was bitter, his ambition ignoble, his philosophy worthless, his heart bad. Nevertheless, his whole being thus tending toward the nadir, and in nowise toward the zenith, there are some things about him that stamp him as a king, though a throneless king. For his dignity as a man of Letters he displays a truly royal concern. Not even the master passion for his *Ruhm* shall make him bend here even a barley-

corn of his Imperial neck. His self-exalting, heaven-defying pride, his shaking as it were the red cloth into the very face of the Almighty, his perverseness of head and iciness of heart that of necessity go therewith, must indeed in nowise be forgot. But it is well to note the fact, the heroic fact, that when a publisher is after much searching at last found for his Life-Book, his chief concern in his contract with him is the one item: that his book be read by at least three scholarly proof-readers, and the proofs sent to him for final correction; and that not a line be in any wise finally printed until returned sheets had *his* approval. The book, come what may—let publishers perish, and the heavens fall—must be correctly printed, in large type, on good paper, and otherwise sent forth as becomes the child of a king. And the type setter, though all the world spell *ahnen*, MUST follow the manuscript, and spell *ahnden*, else the book is not to get itself printed at all. Arthur Schopenhauer—how to strike a bargain cannily with his publisher, this he knows full well, as well as Ralph Waldo Emerson himself; and the contract is accordingly lengthy, and its items numerous, but his heart, his toward men icy and bitter heart, here glows, and only for that one item: that if his book is at all to be sent unto men, it must be only as the ambassador of a king.

7.

But his masterstroke Schopenhauer deals out with giant's hand in the Preface to the first edition of his Life Book. Here is an octavo volume of some seven hundred pages on the ab-

strusest of things mundane and extra-mundane—Kantian Metaphysics. Yet Schopenhauer, barely thirty, longing, yearning, craving, even manipulating for recognition, calmly announces to the reader of the seven hundred page octavo of Metaphysics that this book must be read at least twice ere it can become unto him a piece of intelligibility. And that even thus no understanding is like to be had unless an equally abstruse, far other than thin, separately printed treatise be first read, with problematic title: "The Fourfold Root of the Proposition concerning Fundamentals,"—a kind of analysis of everything in general and of all things in particular, with a discussion of the rest besides. The relation of this particular treatise to Schopenhauer's Life-work, "The World as Will and Concept," is about the same as a treatise on Logarithms is to Trigonometry.

8.

I confess I stand before this *fact*, unique in Letters, as before a Sublimity, a kind of Mount Everest among the Peaks. To write his life work *thus*, to demand and expect from the reader absolute compliance with such standard: "Reader, read on my terms, or else hie thyself hence!"—only an Olympian soul is capable of that. And when all else of Schopenhauer has at last found its final way into the limbo of inanity, whither because of the millstone round its neck it is surely gravitating, this fact alone must yet keep his memory green, and cheerily green, nobly green . . .

9.

Arthur Schopenhauer is a standing rebuke to the reported saying of Samuel Johnson that no one but a fool ever wrote for other than money; and he is a swift witness against the whole race of modern scribes who, because a dollarish market is readily found for their otherwise needless wares, lay forthwith claim for themselves to a divinely appointed place in the economy of Universe.

10.

The desire for fame is only less ignoble than the bid for literary dollars: since it assumes that not only does the fame craver deserve it, but also that the world owes it to him to know it. This persistent insistence on standing on one's rights, and claiming one's due, if one has here at all any rights and due, is the great element of all vulgarity in the otherwise by no means low. Every station in life has its own vulgarity, and this is the Shylock trait of many a son of Power: with Schopenhauer as a classic example thereof among the giants of men. Writing for mere fame—it too rises in the pit, and goeth into exile from heaven. The confusion of tongues was inflicted upon sinful men first for climbing heavenward by a tower of their own; but second, for saying: Go to, let us make a name for ourselves upon earth. The humble soul beats its breast in fear, Lest we forget! The uplifted soul tears its hair in rage, Lest we be forgotten!

11.

Napoleon, among his other nobilities, which lay in neighborhood close enough to many rather

lamentable ignobilities, had also this notable one: When Flattery would fain derive his descent from Charlemagne himself, he gave answer, "I am myself my own first ancestor." I dislike about Corneille the reverse of this: his saying that has somehow got itself filtered across the centuries: "My renown" (Schopenhauer's ignoble *Ruhm* again) "I owe only to myself." And the ill-advisedest piece of service an editor ever did to an author he was introducing was to print among his otherwise highminded bits also this: "Of all that I write will aught survive? If renown I win, to what shall I owe it? To my Limousin Epic? To my Limousin Dictionary? To these *Thoughts*? I would like to know."

12.

"His This may be forgotten, his That may pass away, but his fame is secure!" Shallow wind up to the discussion of a great soul. If any worth was in him at all, he cared naught for his "fame."

13.

The "immortality" had by writers of fame is not worth having. For the immortality that is worth having one must be aught more than even a great writer, perhaps even something wholly different.

14.

The conviction that the world needs what one has to say thereto is delusion. When Omar left Alexandria's library to the flames with the words: "If what is therein agrees with the Koran, it need

not be preserved; if it agree not with the Koran, it should not be preserved," he only wrongly applied to the Koran what is rightly applied only to another book, the BOOK. And if men heed not the Bible, neither will they heed thee, O man, whosoever thou art, if so be that thy message be unto life and not unto death. "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead."

15.

When Walter Scott, who himself had writ some threescore books, lay on his death bed, he asked his son-in-law Lockhart for "the book." "Which book, Sir Walter?" "There is only one book," he gave answer, and pointed to the Bible. Thus with one word—death here as elsewhere proving a rather stern eyeopener—he assigned their true place to his toil of a life time, his Waverleys, Marmions, Lake Ladies, and the rest. Already some fifteen decades before Scott one mightier than he had declared vociferously enough that there is only one BOOK worth reading, this selfsame Bible. . . And what makes Pascal a greater than Scott is that he did not have to wait for death to open here his eyes, but saw at six and twenty what it took Sir Walter threescore years to learn, and only after bitter disappointment and sorrow.

16.

But even the philanthropy of the motive to teach mankind is seldom aught but delusion. Rather is it apt to be a subtle working of the desire hid in the breast of every son of Adam to impose *self* upon his fellows, the ever-old conceit in one of

its Protean forms: "I forsooth am wise enough to sum up in *me* the wisdom of the ages for my hapless fellows." For a tyrant is man, restless until he hath turned the very stars out of their course to swing their times to his own erratic oscillations. If he cannot impose upon Universe his knowledge, then at least his ignorance; and if not his competency, then at least his incompetency; and if Universe cannot be stirred by the lever of Archimedes, then at least by gentle tug of some wire pulling behind the bar room. This is the reason for the ubiquitous hunger for leadership, and unceasing attempts at shaking the eternal pillars of the heavens. Nay, the very philanthropist is ill at ease unless he can impart his liquidity for the woes of man in drops of his own rotundity and bottles of his own fragility.

17.

For every great thought sent forth from the depths there either already is, or surely shall be some soul born to receive it, though not necessarily in the same age. When this thought meets the one soul for whom it was writ, a marriage takes place, and thus it is that all that is truly great is perpetuated in offspring.

18.

Genius knowing that it creates for some one, errs in looking for its mate during its life-time, craving as it does for recognition, sympathy: the first law of man in genius as in all else being, It is not good for man to be lone. But Universe

is pledged for the recognition of genius, it is not pledged for sympathy to its possessor.

19.

In his first stage Genius is sure that he *will* be appreciated by his generation: the craving for sympathy misleads him here. But the discovery is at last in all bitterness made that of all chases the vainest is after sympathy . . . In the second stage he is sure that recognized he yet shall be: if not in his generation, then in some other. In the third stage he toils on, and even joys in his toil with a certain sadness, praising Heaven for the privilege of toiling,—sympathy or no sympathy, recognition or no recognition.

20.

It is a mark of divine power that it never tires.

21.

Lone is the path of Genius, and sore at times his heart, and bitter even now and then his soul. For one who hath beneath his waistcoat not a bit of cold stone, but a goodly portion of warm throbbing human flesh, it is already hard to see the priest of a Taster, and the Levite of a Senser pass by in silence. But to see them not only pass by, but with robe uplifted and fringe gathered in; the inward fatness glistening out of the eye, and the outward inflation displayed on the lip, publisher himself meanwhile patting him patronizingly on the back, his broken back: "You are forsooth, dear fellow, a veritable genius; but on mature, careful, lengthy conscientious, and most sympathetic consideration of your most valuable doings, we feel painfully, most painfully, con-

strained to leave thee, dear good Genius, to wallow in the ditch in thy life blood"—there *is* a time when even Genius is weak enough (or is it really weakness?) to feel thereover a pang unutterable . . .

22.

Kepler was great when he discovered the laws that go by his name. He was greater when he said: If God could wait six thousand years for some soul to discover His laws, I can wait six hundred for the appreciation of mine.

23.

I used to think meanly of the ostrich for hiding her head in the sand. I think better of her since I have learned that she leaves her eggs to be hatched by the sun.

24.

For every beauty there is an eye somewhere to see it; for every truth there is an ear somewhere to hear it; for every love there is a heart somewhere to receive it. But though my beauty meet no eye, it still doth glow; though my truth meet no ear, it still doth shine, but if my love meet no heart, it can only break . . .

25.

In Letters above all it is true that it is not good for man to be lone. To the two indispensabilities of Genius for doing its best, native endowment and cultured application, there must ever be joined the third: the sympathy of the audience addressed. But mayhap the one lesson needed to learn by those who would walk with God—and the bestowal of Genius is ever the invitation from on

high: Come up higher, friend, into the third, yea, into the seventh heaven—is that for at least a goodly portion of the way they must walk lone even to the breaking of the heart. Only thus shall the lone pilgrim be enabled to keep his eye fixed upon heaven; and only then shall he hear the voice: "They that sow in tears shall yet reap in gladness." . . .

26.

It is the part of a wise soul to be indifferent to incompetent blame. It is the part of a delicate soul to be ill at ease before incompetent praise. I used to be pleased at the praise bestowed upon my work until I perceived how easily the work of others is praised.

27.

The man who has the literary instinct should write:—that is his nature. But he should seldom publish while still alive. There is then no occasion for vanity, money, delusion.

28.

Is naught then to be published save the work of the dead? No, only of the dead. But they need not always be the dead that are already under the sod.

29.

It is now some eighteen hundred years since there came into the world a book under auspices modest enough. No prospectus was sent forth months ahead to announce the forthcoming

sensation; no posters were urging the passer by to read the book, since every one else was reading it. It was not thrown into the lap of passengers in the railway coaches, nor were pictures of its author displayed in the shop windows. The Gladstones of those days wrote no lengthy reviews thereof. It was not dramatized for the stage, and was talked of neither at reception nor at club. So little stir did it make at its entrance into the world of letters that the popular dry goods seller of the day did not deem it worthy of being made a premium for every dollar of hose disposed of. Softly, silently it came: like all that is great, like every true gift from the heavens, like the falling snow, like the rays of the sun; yea, like the voice of Him that speaketh unto the heart of man neither in the thunder nor yet in the earthquake, but in the still small voice.

So softly indeed did this Book glide in that even unto this day, some eighteen centuries thereafter, no adequate name has yet been found therefor at the hands of men. As in its highest moments, the soul confesses before God that He is the Great Unspeakable, the Great Unnamable, so have men in their highest wisdom had to confess that this Book cannot be named, and it has ever since remained simply The Book, The Bible.

And yet this nameless Book somehow gets itself translated into every tongue, circulated in every clime; and read and studied, and lived by every age, every rank, and condition of life . . .

30.

Men are deceived about nothing so much as about their motives; and the question comes up now and then, But wherefore dost *thou* write? When at my lowest, I find, I wrote out some of the things seething within me because I wished to show men that I *could* write aught worthy of their attention. And these were precisely the things which, from the fondness of a parent for even a deformed child, were surely over-estimated.

But the growing soul soon scrabbles out of such pit. The next height, however, was in no wise preferable to the preceding depth. There are dollars in writing acceptable things; and even Thoughts, naked Thoughts, without the tinsel of dress, can surely be turned into gold, at least into silver . . . But this too, thank God, could be of only utmost brevity of time. But now with desire gone to have folk know that there is aught in thee, with desire gone to exchange thy thought for gold: desire instead becoming indeed intense enough the other way—to exchange gold for thought, where'er obtainable, at whate'er cost—what motive could there *now* be for writing? The esteem of even the competent ceasing to be of value; and with the new knowledge of the future life fame having become a mere bubble blown only for babes, and chased only by fools—what motive *could* there now remain for writing, writing, writing, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, decade after decade, without a word of cheer from a single soul dear unto thee, without a ray of hope for more than one sympathetic soul as an audience in mayhap a—century? Why this con-

stant tearing out this as unworthy of thine art, rewriting here, polishing there, filing now, adding anon, looking at this bit with the microscope, at yonder mass with the telescope, scrutinizing both with spectroscope—why this unceasing, loving, sad, lone, yet cheering, toil o'er these bits of thine, which only few are like to care for, and still fewer like to find what thou dost put therein?

So after all, the true answer given years ago by the youth of five and twenty, must it be given also by the man of five and forty? Said the youth of five and twenty: "Wherefore do I write? I know it not. Wherefore doth the bird sing? Wherefore doth the tree bear fruit?"

31.

Both the immature youth and the mature man, do they then thus indeed justify their writing? Pause thereat a moment. Say the youth and man: "Can the bird help singing? Neither can I help writing. Can the tree help bearing? Neither can I help composing. It is natural for the bird to sing, and it is only natural for me to write. It is natural for the tree to bear, and it is natural for me to bring forth. Song is the bird's God-given gift, and writing is mine; fruit is the tree's God-appointed end, and thoughts are mine" . . . Excellent all this so far. But the bird does not say, Go to, let me sing a song. The tree does not say, Go to, let me bear a fruit. The bird does not say: I have a God-given gift within me, and though I perish I must pour forth my divine song. The tree does not say: I have a God-given impulse upon me, and though I be stripped of mine all, I must bear my fruit.

The bird sings because the great God hath made him to sing for purpose known little to bird and still less to man. The tree bears fruit for purpose known to tree not at all, and to man only partly. But thou, O man, that hast penned the above excuse, youth of five and twenty, mature man of five and forty, canst thou gaze unabashed into the Holy Presence and say: "Lo, as thou hast made the bird to sing, the tree to bear fruit, the one to fly in the very heavens, the other to be rooted fast to earth, so hast thou made me, O God, to write, to print, to publish, to make a stir, to be discussed, to be projected into space as a Life ere I'm gone hence, to be projected into Time as an Influence after I am gone hence. And here O Judge of all Flesh, is my fruit, my song, my winged word, that is to speed itself henceforth across the ages"? . . . Is it thus that thou comest *here*? Not thou, O worm!

32.

Wherefore then dost thou write? is no longer answered so lightly. But this is only yet a half view. The answer given also says: "I know it not." I enjoy the bird's song even though I know not the wherefore of its singing, and would only lose the enjoyment were I to ponder long over its Wherefore. I enjoy the tree's fruit, the uneatable only less than the eatable. But the enjoyment of both would be speedily lost were I to ponder long o'er the wherefore of the blossom, the fruit. Thus I know not wherefore I write; but since writing in me is, and thus I write, shall here too the Wherefore not be inquired into, lest aught be lost by unlawful prying into what is best left unpryed into?

Do I write then *solely* as sings the bird, as bears the tree? Am I then—to take in the whole horizon of the likeness—writing as the lamb emits its bleating, because this is lamb-like; the ox his bellowing, becuase this is ox-like; the ass his braying, because this is ass-like; as the swine is grunting, because this is swine-like? Am I thus writing like unto all these just merely because writing is I-like? Clearly, neither is this yet the whole of the matter.

A fragment I just picked up among my papers let *it* furnish the true and final answer about the wherefore of my writing, about the wherefore of all true writing:

33.

"In jotting down a few memoranda about my work as literary craftsman I wish it distinctly understood that from God's point of view, from the point of view of one whose burning desire is to glorify God by his life in every deed, word, and thought, the point of view of one who would fain be a mere doorkeeper in the house of God, or a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water for howe'er small a company of Christ's little ones—from the point of view of such a one, I do not think literary work for its own sake worth doing. Fiction and the drama, with even truth as their end, are so steeped in falsehood as to leave even the best thereof essentially unclean. And the prettier the lie's attire, the deadlier its snare. I take this life to be the preparation for another, and as fiction and speculation are surely not found there, I have no use for them here.

"Poesy has been thrust out already even from wise Plato's high estate. And with fiction, drama,

poesy, and oratory (a kind of bastard of drama and poesy), betaking themselves hence, literature is henceforth without spinal column. History, biography, travels, belong rather to the realm of passing cyclopedia than to that of Letters; *their* store consisting solely of things not temporal, but of things eternal, of things of beauty that are joy for aye. Essays, which are mere comments on Life, Maxims, which are mere summaries of Life, and all that lies between, aphorisms, meditations, letters, are thus all that constitutes pure literature and undefiled. But to Christian even this is mere luxury, in nowise a necessity. And in a world that lieth in the Evil one, the busying with luxuries is hardly fit and sober occupation for the disciple of Him who For this purpose was made manifest that He might destroy the works of the devil. Not for me then is Literature as a life constancy. But in my Christian life I have been lone, and no occupation has been vouchsafed unto me by which I could feel that God is glorified in the labor of my hands.

"My literary labors have therefore been with me mere pastime, which I would fain have left any moment for aught that I have deemed more profitable.

"But being thus driven back to an occupation which from the highest point of view has to me at least hardly any value, I was bound to do the little I could with the best that in me was; and this being the case, the world judging by its own standard must in time find much here worthy of its attention even from its own point of view, as is bound to be the case with all work that is genuine, and deeply felt and truly felt."

II.

OF GOD.

34.

My early booklets began with the chapter on Sorrow. Forthwith I was advised never again to begin my book thus: It will not forsooth sell so well!

Now men have indeed itching ears, heaping up teachers to themselves; and they say unto their prophets: "Prophesy unto us only smooth things!" For in the things of God folk prefer to be asleep, and prophets are disliked because they disturb the rest. And there has even arisen a new science so-called, yea, a Religion, whose cardinal preachment is: Think not that Sin, Disease, Evil, yea death itself, are. Just think that they are not, and lo, they cease to be!"

35.

All this, however, is only for silly folk. Sober souls know that sin is, disease is, death is, evil is. That by no manner of somersaulting, whether mental or otherwise, can these be gotten rid of. Through the mercy of God there is indeed escape here, but not by the turning of the head away therefrom; rather by giving all these first a manly, unflinching, full-eyed look. And the immediate result of such wholesome gaze is the equally wholesome—Sorrow. Not indeed the sorrow of the world that bringeth death, but the Godly sorrow that worketh repentance.

36.

Nevertheless, I follow the advice of those well-meaning folk, and this time begin my book not with Sorrow, though for a reason as far from theirs as East is from West.

37.

I begin not with Sorrow—even though Man is born unto Sorrow, as the sparks fly upward; even though Through many tribulations *must* we enter the kingdom of God—because Sorrow is after all not the Central fact of Life any more than Joy is its ultimate end.

Happiness, misery, howe'er desirable the attainment of the one and the escape from the other, are after all life's episodes, they form in nowise its eras, its epochs. For as the ways to heaven and hell are travelled: the one by those who choose what they should, the other by those who choose what they would, so man's first lesson from his mother's breast must ever be that he is here not to be happy first, but to do his duty first; that he is here not to have what he would, but to do what he should.

38.

The four cardinal points of Life are: God, Love, Duty, Sorrow. But these form not a foursquare. Life is still a circle, but with God for its Centre. Love and Sorrow are only the two points which determine its arc. Duty is the path of the circle travelled by Love and Sorrow round the great God, the Centre.

Accordingly it is with God that I begin.

39.

One of the fatal vices of the modern mind is the revival of Don-Quixoteism: the rushing against every windmill as a foe of the race: changed in our modern conditions to the starting of "problems" where no problem is. The "problem" of the origin of the universe is of this sort. To the question, Who made the world? only two answers are possible: Either it made itself, or a maker made it—God. The wise of all ages have ever shown their wisdom not only in uniformly maintaining that the world was created by God, but also in hardly even entertaining the thought that the universe made itself. Things do not make themselves, they are always made out of aught else. It is the modern wise men, the philosophers, that have started the "problem:" How can a world that is clearly made have been made by one, when we forsooth, the wise men, fail to see that one? This is the modern "insoluble problem" as to the origin of the universe.

40.

Now the modern problem raiser is irrational; though not necessarily in asserting that the Creation of the universe by God does not give the *final* answer to the questioning of man as to the origin of things. For on being told that God made the world, the question is not irrational, But who made God? It is admitted that the question *can* be raised, and that it presents a difficulty. But the unreasonableness of the modern problem raiser consists in ignoring the vital fact that a mere difficulty is not sufficient to be set against a manifest absurdity. The question as to the origin

of God presents a difficulty. The answer that the world made itself, even though disguised in the form of having thus existed forever, is an absurdity. A difficulty the human mind may indeed confess and accept; an absurdity it can only repudiate, and promptly dismiss. And the fatal vice of the modern mind is the readiness to accept as an "explanation," or "solution," a manifest absurdity for the sake of evading a mere difficulty.

41.

It is a fact that in the universe to-day Intelligence *is*: in beast, in man. It either always was therein, or had a beginning sometime. If it always was—before man, before beast—we have God, the eternal God at once. But if the intelligence now seen in the universe had a beginning, then starting with a mass of stocks, and stones, hay, stubble and mud, and water and gas, we at last, without any adequate source or cause, get intelligence out of rocks; life out of death, matter out of space. If *this* is intelligible or intelligent to any let him believe it if he likes; but sober folk waste no time therewith.

42.

With *God*, therefore, men must start, do what they may. What then about God? Whence He? Well: Seeing that turn as I may, I must accept Him, I frankly confess: I do not know; and am therewith content, for the simple reason that it is not mine to know. God being the maker of all, He is mine too. But the thing made cannot comprehend Him that makes, except in so far that He chooses to make Himself comprehensible.

43.

My cat comprehends me, even though she be my inferior; but only up to the point that I choose to make myself comprehensible to her. Were I to stand motionless before her, heedless of her mewings, I would be to her that much stone. My petting her, feeding her, and speaking to her, raises her up to me for some comprehension. But even this can be accomplished only within certain feline limits, and these limits I can narrow by refusal to communicate to her.

44.

And the relation of man to God is not unlike that of the cat to man. If God chooses to reveal Himself to men, they *can* (and often do) comprehend Him, but solely within the limits set herein to man. The Creator of man must needs be the Superior of man, and man can never comprehend God wholly until made His fellow. And unto this man has assuredly not yet attained. Now how God came at all to be is one of those matters about which God has not seen fit to communicate with man; and the "problem" about His origin, seeing that His existence has to be accepted anyhow, is simply an—impertinence; in God's language a piece of—folly. Hence it is that in God's book (assuming that God *would* have a book of His own) the wise men of this age, the philosophers, who think themselves entitled to raise the question at all, are called bluntly and unceremoniously—fools . . .

45.

If my cat began to "reason" about me beyond her milk and meat that I give her, and the oc-

casional pat—(which is all she is ever like to know of me in relation to her)—in the same manner as the wise of this age, the philosophers, "reason" about God, and went on to mew out in cat books to catdom her notions of me, she would be sent not to the cattery, but to the chloroformer.

That God does not forthwith send the "philosophers" either to the Asylum (as in the case of Nietsche) or to the grave (the final destiny of the rest) is what distinguishes Him from the mere master of the cat. The one is a mere worm of a man, the other is GOD, long-suffering and merciful to the foolishness of man, to the arrogance of "philosophers."

46.

The central fact in the history of man is Christ; the central fact in the life of men is God.

47.

The world itself and its history is only confusion; one thing alone brings order therein—the thought of God. All else only adds to the confusion and makes it at last chaos.

48.

Without God all is riddle. With God all is not yet indeed intelligible, but what is intelligible is at least intelligent.

49.

Godliness—the oculist par excellence.

50.

Nothing is great without God, nothing is small with God.

51.

Faith in God makes all things possible; hope in God makes all things endurable; love to God makes all things enjoyable.

52.

To depart from God is indeed a calamity; but there is a greater: to part with God.

53.

The sea has many names, but is everywhere the same salt water. Vice has many appellations, but is everywhere the same departure from God.

54.

The greatest sorrow is not to be appreciated by men; the greatest misfortune, not to appreciate God.

55.

Not to appreciate men is our great loss in this life. Not to appreciate God is our great loss also in the next.

56.

The crying sin toward men is unkindness, which is only inappreciation of them. The crying sin toward God is ingratitude, which is again inappreciation of Him.

57.

"Were the oxen to represent their God they would make Him with horns!" Possibly; but friends, have you asked the oxen?

58.

The pantheist is an atheist with a little bashfulness.

59.

I have known noble folk, but without God. The color of the peach was there, and much of its flavor; but the bloom was lacking, and the worm was within . . .

60.

In the first chapter of Romans God has a controversy with those who know or ought to know Him, and give not the glory due unto His name. But in all Scripture He hath not a word of remonstrance with those who say There is no God. "The *fool* hath said in his heart, There is no God" is His verdict upon such, and with fools it is idle to remonstrate.

61.

My neighbor tells me, There is no God! I give him his dinner—this much I owe to him. I keep an eye on my spoons—this much I owe to myself.

62.

The two great certainties of life are: God in heaven, sorrow on earth. Who knows not yet sorrow is still an ignoramus. Who is still uncertain about God is already a fool.

63.

The great end of man is to know; the great end of God is to be known.

64.

Who knows God less than what is in the Bible will not understand Him. Who knows God more than what is in the Bible will misunderstand Him.

65.

To know the world one must know God; to know God one need not know the world.

66

True worship enjoys God, true religion possesses Him, true science finds Him, true philosophy seeks Him.

67.

Two men please God: who loves Him with all his heart because he knows Him; who seeks Him with all his heart because he knows Him not.

68.

God is unknowable, but only to those who will not to know Him. God is invisible, but only to those who will not to see Him. God is unsearchable but only to those who wish to find Him out, not to those who wish to find Him.

69.

The surest way to possess God is to lay hold of Him. The surest way to lose Him is to try to grasp Him.

70.

To have God we need not even understand Him. To lose Him we need only try to define Him.

71.

The godly are apt to err in thinking that they can know all about God; the ungodly err in thinking that they can know nothing of God.

72.

Man's work is not understood till His intention is known. God's work is never so misunderstood

as when His whole intention is deemed to be known.

73.

The more a thing is in sight the less apt it is to be seen. But God can only then be seen when He is constantly looked if not at, at least for.

74.

To see God in nothing—that is atheism. To see God in everything—that is pantheism. Only to see God over everything, to look for Him in anything—that is true godliness.

75.

Familiarity with the noble breeds contempt thereof; a reason why God, ever ready to reveal Himself to man is also ever hiding Himself from man.

76.

The vice of metaphysics is its frantic attempt to touch the so-called "thing itself," the German's will-of-the-wisp *das Ding an Sich.* But Nature resents actual touch, as the pure Virgin resents unhallowed embrace. The stove warms at an interval, it burns when touched. It is the very nature of God that while He ever strives to reveal Himself, he ever hides Himself enough to remain the invisible one. Cloud and darkness are round about Him even when as at Sinai He speaks with thunder.

77.

To believe the evidence about God is not yet to believe God.

78.

God is not understood alike by the wise and the foolish. But the wise are in the dark only about the punctuation, the foolish misread also God's text.

79.

Creation proves the existence of the Creator; its beauty and perfection show forth His power and wisdom. The misery of His creatures displays His holiness. Only their happiness can show forth His love. And their misery is but too often their needful preparation for the true happiness.

80.

In Creation we see a God of power; in Providence, a God of wisdom; in the Law, a God of Justice; in the Gospel, the God of love.

81.

God is to be feared because of His power, He is to be depended on because of His justice, He is to be trusted because of His wisdom, He is to be loved because of His mercy, He is to be adored because of His majesty.

82.

Power is honored by submission; merit, by respect; and beauty, by admiration. In God the three are to be honored by worship.

83.

God is entitled to faith from men because of the little they know of Him. He demands faith from men because of the much they know not of Him.

84.

God's commands presuppose His wisdom; man's obedience can always prove it.

85.

From Nature we learn that God cares for the mass. From Revelation we learn that he cares also for the individual.

86.

The book of Nature is the evening edition, the book of Revelation is the morning edition of God's message unto men. But in both as in the newspaper the editorial page is the same.

87.

Nature is best studied in things natural; God, in things spiritual; and then there is order. It is when God is confined to the natural, and nature imported into the spiritual that confusion begins.

88.

From God men may keep away, they cannot get away.

89.

Who plans not with God plans not therefore without God.

90.

Now and then a desperate chessplayer loses his queen early in the game, yet keeps on playing hoping against hope yet to retrieve the game. Every one who starts out in life without God is such a desperate player.

91.

In his efforts to escape his misery apart from God man is like the moving railway engine: travel it never so fast it cannot leave the smoke behind without new smoke ever hovering about.

92.

The remedies for the ills of men that have no Christ in them are like the lights that glow in the field on summer nights: beautiful in the dark, until daylight reveals them to be only—bugs.

93.

We smile at the Chinese for bringing up their women with club feet. But our education which leaves God out brings up not only our women but also our men with club feet . . .

94.

The most comfortable place for the child is the bosom of the mother; the most natural place for the man is the bosom of the Father. And as much of the babe's restlessness is due to separation from the bosom of the mother, so all of man's restlessness is due to his absence from the bosom of the Father.

95.

The Father—the Divine over men; the Son—the Divine for men; the Spirit—the Divine in men.

96.

As long as He was God of the Jews only, Jehovah was content to be known only as the One Who Is, Jehovah the one God. The Jews were not metaphysicians, and raised no silly questions. But when He becomes also the God of the Greeks,

He condescends to make Himself known as God Triune. The Greeks were metaphysicians. His Unity is God's revelation of Himself to man simple, natural. His Trinity is God's condescension to man complex, artificial, God's long-suffering with man even when raising silly questions.

97.

When put under a tree to enjoy its shade and shelter, to eat its fruit, and gather in for winter comfort its shed leaves, and chop up its withered branches both for heat and exercise, and draw off the sap when flowing, and munch its bark when I have a cold—I will not fritter away my time with speculations as to the exact metaphysical relation between the root, the trunk and the branches: whether the three are one, or the one is three; or whether each separately is *the* tree, or all together. I leave this "discussion" to such folk as enjoy this sort of a thing. To me, it is unattractive, because I think it mere trifling, even if I did not know that the "discussion" is sure to end in spoiling for me my beloved and useful tree . .

When my head and a post are in collision, it is a delicate metaphysical question whether I hit the post or the post hit me. But the discussion thereof immediately after the hitting would mark me for the Asylum. I fail to see why the discussion in the abstract should not land one there as effectually as in the concrete.

Now the discussion of the Trinity as a mere piece of arithmetic strikes me as on par with the rest.

98.

In their relation to God men are of three kinds: who love not God—these are the atheists at heart, whatever they be in name; who love *their* God—these are the idolators at heart, whatever their name. Only those who love God—these are His servants at heart, whatever their name.

99.

In their relation to God men have ever been divided into two classes: those who recognize His presence and walk in accordance with this, and those who ignore His presence and walk in accordance with that. Philosophers may divide men into theists and atheists, into deists and pantheists, into positivists or agnostics. But unrefined simple division is ever between the Godly and the unGodly, between him that hath regard to God, and feareth Him; and Him that hath no regard, and thus despiseth Him; between him that putteth his trust in God because he knoweth his own weakness, and him that putteth his trust in himself because he exulteth in his own strength.

100.

Think not too little of others, and be saved from judging your fellows. Think not too much of yourself, and be saved from judging God.

101.

Tears before men are a mark of weakness, tears before God are a mark of strength.

102.

By falling before God we rise toward Him.

103.

By soaring we may rise toward the heaven, only by stooping do we rise toward God.

104.

Man is not great till he beholds his own littleness.

105.

Folk measure greatness by its ability to walk erect. But God's great men are those who have learned first to bow and then to remain stooping.

106.

By realizing our unworthiness of God's love we become worthy thereof.

107.

To have our eyes open unto men we must shut them before God.

108.

The crying sin toward man is selfishness; toward God, self-righteousness.

109.

Only he can love God who loves others and hates himself.

110.

It is not true that Nature loves a vacuum, but God does.

111.

Men's chief mistake is in their ledger. They treat God as one of their debtors, He is only their creditor.

112.

To those who confess that God owes them nothing He becomes debtor for everything.

113.

To be filled man must come to God as the bucket comes to the well—empty. And like the bucket must be content to be first turned upside down.

114.

We must come to God as children if we are to walk as men.

115.

With men we can afford to be children sometimes. With God we must be children always.

116.

A man's satisfaction with himself is to God's satisfaction with him as the arms of the scales are to each other: when one goes up the other goes down.

117.

Two men please God: who prays confidently for his need because he trusts God, who prays timidly for his need because he distrusts himself.

118.

Tears of pain may draw men to God. Tears of penitence draw God to men.

119.

In judging others the great desideratum is love; in judging ourselves, humility. Love is justice to man, humility is justice to God.

120.

Men think of God as like themselves, and only show thereby their ignorance of God. It is a mark of knowledge of God when men see themselves as most unlike God.

121.

Furrows are cut in your heart—then give God the opportunity to sow there the seeds of grace.

122.

Keep thyself a bruised reed. God will make thee a polished shaft.

123.

Loneliness among men may lead to self-destruction, loneliness with God only leads to self-crucifixion.

124.

There can be no true peace with self without the death of Christ; no true peace with God without the death of self.

125.

Earth is empty without God, and still more empty with God . . .

126.

Satan brooks no superior, God has none.

127.

God asks little of men, but always their best.

128.

God gives men the right beginning and assures them of the right ending if they but do the right continuing.

129.

God is ready to turn our water into wine, us He expects to keep it from turning into vinegar.

130.

God sees to it that there be enough inspirers, if men but see that there be enough inspired.

131.

God goes before and ploughs, it is for men to follow and plant. And the secret of all jar and discord in life is that men walk with one foot in the furrow's crest, with the other in its hollow. The walking is jaunty, and the seed falls into the wrong place . . .

132.

Of their income God often deprives His children, but never of their capital.

133.

The more one knows the less he speaks; the All-Knowing One is thus the Great Silent One.

134.

God is silent for centuries—this is His forbearance. He forgets not for a moment—this is His faithfulness.

135.

God is almighty. He can crush out sin and rebellion and wickedness in an instant. And if I, worm that I am, suffer so much from the sight and presence of wrong about me, how much more must He who is Holiness itself suffer, at the sight of sin, rebellion, wickedness? Yet He tolerates wrong, and the most terrible crimes, not only against Himself, but even against innocent victims of lust, greed, pride, selfishness. He has tolerated *the* crime of crimes against His only, well-beloved Son. If He can prevent and does not, is He doing what is right toward wickedness? Is He doing His duty therewith, if man can at all measure God's duty? Is not God as it were, partaker of wrong by permitting it? . . .

But what if, by permitting wickedness, and at least for a time winking thereat, and thus, in a measure, becoming responsible therefor, He meant to show that there is aught in the Universe higher even than—Justice? What if it prove that Mercy and Love being higher in God's sight than even Justice, He doeth violence to His own holiness, and endures wrong, *suffers* under it, willing even to be held responsible for it as One who could crush wrong with a mere nod? What if this be the true meaning of the otherwise dark saying that before God Mercy rejoiceth against Judgment?

136.

The mystery of Evil? I let it alone, as long as there is, thank God, no mystery whatever about goodness.

137.

God does not always hearken, He always hears.

138.

God often shuts every door about us, never the door above us.

139.

Can God be moved? Certainly, but only in proportion to the readiness with which you let Him move you.

140.

God assures folk *that* He will fulfil his promises, but not how.

141.

God never deceives a man. He does not always undeceive him.

142.

God condemns men for what they are. He punishes them for what they do.

143.

God's justice may be expected to help those who help themselves. God's love may be trusted to help those who cannot help themselves.

144.

God knows what we do not know—this is our consolation. We know not what God knows—this is our hope.

145.

Man loves God for what He can receive from Him. God loves man for what He can give to him.

146.

Human love lives on what it receives, divine love on what it gives.

147.

Men look upon the quantity of their sorrow. God, upon its quality.

148.

Men measure a man's riches by what he has. God, by what he has had.

149.

Men draw the color-line at black, yellow and brown. God draws it only at scarlet.

150.

Man is satisfied if he has done good. God is not satisfied until man has done well.

151.

Man is not satisfied as long as the charity is only in the heart. God is not satisfied as long as the charity is only in the hand.

152.

Men measure a gift by its value to the receiver. God measures it by its value to the giver.

153.

To be wise before men love must act below what it feels; to be wise before God it must act above what it feels.

154.

When we are light-hearted God lays his burden upon us, and we become heavy-hearted. Afterward He gives lightheartedness over *that*.

155.

For the tears of men God has no uniform bottles, their size is adjusted to the exact amount of bruising and crushing each may need.

156.

Whenever we have a need for the satisfying of which we have not the means we may be sure that it is not real. For what is really needful God sees to it that it be supplied.

157.

The common man sees, if at all, only the present; the uncommon man sees in the present also the past. God alone sees it also as the future.

158.

Polished one may be by men, cleansed he must be by God.

159.

Most of men's misery is due as much to perversion of head as perverseness of heart. The kindly therefore ask charity for them. But God sees in perversion of head some perverseness of heart.

160.

I used to doubt God. Now I only doubt my knowledge of Him.

161.

I used to wonder what use God had for the wicked. But since I learned that hardly a page can be printed without the slanting *Italics*, I no longer ask that question.

162.

Two things pass my comprehension: God in His wisdom, man in his folly.

163.

What God does not give man can never gain. What God does give man can still lose.

164.

Every vessel holds that best for which it is made. Man alone holds God worst.

165.

All are tied to God by elastic tethers. Many stretch theirs not enough, and fail to obtain much that is theirs. More stretch theirs too far, and break them—losing their all.

166.

The one talent we all have from the least to the greatest, is for slamming the door in the face

of Heaven-sent messengers when once mayhap in a decade they do come along to one perchance in a hundred . . . .

167.

Every one is at first as God made him, then much worse. At last God has to remake him.

168.

Man's relation to God is that of a funnel. At the brim the inspiration may be wide enough, but man lets out as if he received only at the point.

169.

Men treat God as the dog treats his master: run before, run after him, but have him seldom at their side.

170.

Love is passion for the creature. It becomes religion when it is passion for the Creator.

171.

Only that is true love to God which enables us to love our enemies and pity His.

172.

True love to man comes only after a crucifixion: true love to God, only after a resurrection.

173

Nearly everything can be handled with the proper gloves. The love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Spirit covers the hands with such gloves.

174.

True love to God brings our hearts nearer to men, but removes our heads further from them.

175.

Hatred of Satan is a part of religion; but the underpart. Love of God is the upper.

176.

It is a mark of a walk with God when one is slow to take offence at any and quick to give offence to many.

177.

True piety praises God even for His judgments: like the sandal wood, which imparts its fragrance even to the axe which cuts it down.

178.

Who clings to life has not resigned his own will. Who courts death has not yet submitted to God's will.

179.

By doing wrong you become God's debtor; by suffering wrong you become God's creditor.

180.

In prosperity men ask too little of God. In adversity, too much.

181.

We can oft afford to do in the sight of God what we can not afford to do in the sight of men. We can never afford to do in the sight of men what we cannot in the sight of God.

182.

There are two kinds of law: law and lawlessness under the name of law. The former is everywhere an expression of God, the latter is always an expression of Satan. And it is for men to discern law from law.

183.

Demons also believe in God, Saints trust Him.

184.

When hot iron is touched it is the heat that is felt rather than the iron. When the man of God is blessing it is the spirit of God that gives the blessing, not the man himself.

185.

One is haunted by the image of the sun for some time after because of gazing too long thereon. But when the thought of God follows one where'er he be, whate'er he do, it is not because He has been gazed upon too long.

186.

Do not expect to know God's mind if you know not your own.

187.

Only he can afford to trust men who trusts God.

188.

To be delivered from all fear we must have one fear—of God.

189.

To leave joy where'er you go is to be faithful to man; to find joy where'er you go is to be faithful to God.

190.

To see God in the things He gives you is to have Him with you. To see God in the things He takes from you is to have you with God.

191.

Man must first display his love and then his holiness. God first displays his holiness and then his love.

192.

In coming to God the Soul is under the opposite law as the railway train; which may at times be late, but must never be too early.

193.

In what they know of God men agree readily enough. It is in what they know not of God that they so disagree.

194.

Man's business is to stay at the centre; God's to see that the circumference be widened. And the closer man keeps to the centre, the wider his circumference.

195.

Two things are unchangeable: God's holiness, Man's sinfulness.

196

The light of the head is cold—mere electric display. The light in the heart is warm—a burning fire. The Light of God as mere Light makes atheists at the start. The Light of God as mere warmth makes atheists in the end. Only when the icy holiness of God is recognized, along with His consuming Love do folk remain poised.

197.

Both God and the world disapprove of discord in man. But the world is content with mere rhythm. God requires also harmony.

198.

To gain this world much trust in self is needed. To gain the next, a little trust in God is enough.

199.

To be happy in the world one must learn to let go; to be happy in God one must learn to hold on.

200.

When man finds nothing in the world to satisfy his heart God is ready for him. When man finds nothing in his heart to satisfy the world, he is ready for God.

201.

Deserved praise exalts in man's sight. Undeserved blame exalts in God's sight.

202.

Man's business is to do the right; God's, to see that it prevail.

203.

To be at peace with men we can not afford to have decided opinions on any thing; to be at peace with God, we must have decided opinions on many things.

204.

When man confides his secret unto us we are restless unless we keep it. When God confides His secret unto us we are restless unless we divulge it.

205.

I have love when I feel as God feels. I have truth when I see as God sees. I have not yet justice when I judge as God judges.

206.

In three things men can afford to be unlike God: tho' God never hopes, man must ever hope; tho' God does not forever love, man must ever love; tho' God must sometimes judge, man must never judge.

207.

The love that can be repaid is more acceptable than that which cannot be repaid. Hence divine love finds less response than human love.

208.

What cannot be helped men endure, and this they have in common with the beast; what might be helped men bear, and this is peculiar to themselves; only what ought to be helped men forbear, and this they have in common with God.

209.

The carnal man lives unto self; the moral man may live also unto others; the spiritual man lives only unto God.

210.

The fool's problem is solved when he is satisfied with himself; the wise man's problem is not solved till he is satisfied with God.

211.

The freest man is he who is made a captive of God and is then captivated by God.

212.

Two things hide the stars: the clouds of the night, the light of the day. Two things hide God: deep adversity, high prosperity.

213.

A joke is the lowest kind of wit because God never jokes.

214.

Atheism also has its hell for those it damns; only it is of ice instead of fire.

215.

Some things we know to be for God's glory—these we must do. Some things we know to be not for God's glory—these we must not do. Some things are apparently indifferent and make neither for nor against God's glory—these we may do, but only after praying that these also prove unto God's glory.

216.

I read of a man who was in search of information about Napoleon. He went to a library, and looked at the card catalogue. At "Napoleon" he was told to look under "Bonaparte." At "Bonaparte" he was told to look under 'Buonaparte." At "Buonaparte" he was told to look under 'French Revolution.' Under "French Revolution" he was told to look under "France." Under "France" he was told to look under "History." When he at last got to "History," he had the satisfaction of seeing that here, at least he would not have to go to something else; for here were indeed the countries arranged alphabetically. Here were America, Austria, Brazil, Denmark, England and —France? No. France by some mistake was misplaced into another part of the catalogue, and the inquirer after Napoleon had at last to ask an attendant for the book he desired. This he at last

got in a fraction of the time it took him to look in the catalogue.

The man was of course much vexed at the annoyance caused by what he branded as stupidity on the part of the library authorities. Being rather good-natured, he after a while laughed at the incident as he told it to others. But being also somewhat of a philosopher he reflected a little on the matter, and found soon that, whether there be here tragedy or comedy, most men are acting out the same occurrence in their own lives, where, however, whatever else it may be, comedy it surely is not.

Here is a man running, running very hard, running for a train. He catches his train as it is just rolling out of the station; is dragged along a little, as the train goes already rather fast; the kind brakeman helps him in, and at last he is seated in the car, out of breath, all in perspiration. Took risk of heart disease in running, takes risk of pneumonia now in sitting.

"Well, friend, glad to see you have caught your train. What were you running for so?

"O, I wished to get home, of course!"

"And what will you do when you get home?"

"Eat my supper and get rested from my day's work."

"And what when rested from your day's work?"

"Why, I shall be able to work to-morrow, of course!"

"O, I see; but what do you work for to-morrow, please?"

"Why, to earn a living, of course."

"Ah, I understand. But may I ask, if I be not deemed intrusive, just what is it that you are —living for?"

And the man is rather nonplussed.

You, dear reader, are not, of course, so foolish as to run for trains and incur heart disease by running and pneumonia by sitting. You take things more coolly; you are calmly arranging your tie before the glass. Yes, it is excellent, that tie, I mean; and well tied it surely is; but pray tell me, what are you tying that tie for?

"O, to be dressed, to be sure."

"And what do you wish to be dressed for, pray?"

"To keep warm, of course, and to appear well."

"Exactly; but what are you so anxious to keep warm for?"

"Why—don't you see?—to keep well."

"That is so, stupid that I am; but, if you please, just what is it that you wish to keep well for?"

"You don't mean to mock me; why, I strive to keep well, because—because I wish to *live*."

"O, I see, but just what is it that you are so anxious to *live* for?"

And here also the answer is not so ready.

Those library officials were, after all, only human. When they at last got to France, they forgot to put it in the right place; and, when most of us get to our France, we are apt to forget to put it in the right place, too.

"What is the chief end of man?" was the first question in the stern old catechism; and the equally stern answer was, "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and enjoy Him forever." Glorify God, and enjoy God, and forever—rather strange words in these days; but the Bible standard still is, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or *whatsoever ye do do* ALL *to the glory of God*," ALL.

217.

The great secret of walking in white with God is not to stagger at His exceeding great promises. Stagger not at a walk as the Master walked; we are exhorted thereto; nor at a purity as He is pure; it is expected of us; nor at perfectness as the Father is perfect; it is commanded us; nor at being filled with the Spirit; it is enjoined upon us.

If the Master saith, "*All* things are possible to him that believeth," believe it; if He assures that thou shalt do even greater works than His own, believe that too. If the Spirit saith, "*All* things are yours," stagger neither at this. If thou find it writ, "Whoso is begotten of God doeth no sin, because his seed abideth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is begotten of God," believe it, because "whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

You may not understand this; it matters naught; believe it. You may not see this; it matters not; believe it. You may not feel this; no matter; believe it. For without faith it is impossible to please God. Christian is to be born by faith, live by faith, walk by faith.

The method of the children of this age is, I see; therefore I believe. The method for the children of the age to come is, Believe, and thou shalt see. The blessing of the risen Lord is pronounced not upon him who hath believed because he hath seen, but upon him who hath believed even though he hath not seen. And to the question, "What must we do that we may work the works of God?" the answer comes, "This is the work of God that ye put your trust in Him whom He hath sent."

Distrust your friends: the Lord Himself trusted Himself to no man, for that He knew what was in man. Distrust your own self; the heart of man is desperately sick, and deceitful above all things. Distrust your own senses, if need be; these with all else that is visible shall pass away; but do not distrust the word of Him who hath said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

218.

The silence of God is Christian's most perplexing and hence sorest trial. When in *this* valley, one easily believes that the great God hath turned His face away for aye. There then remains only the consolation that He was silent also to the Syrophenician woman, and called her even *dog*. Yet the cry of her heart was answered the very next moment. Not easily understood is Christian's God; and one may as well accept Him with all His ways past finding out though they be; and keep on still—trusting. "Impossible it is to please Him without—trust" . . . .

219.

The main thing is to be at all times sober, and above all—true. When the great, good yet Holy God does give a stunning blow, let us be manly about it, and honestly own that His hand it was that smote, and not some interloper's, while the Great God Himself was on His vacation or asleep. And neither must we stultify ourselves, and perchance even mock Him, and cast away

both divine dictionary and human by calling a stunning blow a love pat from Father's hand. Much foolish chatter there is hereabout in Christendom.

220.

When Peter found himself denying his Lord, or convicted of dissembling, he hardly turned his face upward with a "Well, in *everything* give thanks!" even though there *is* a time when one can be thankful for even sin. And when Paul found at last his thrice uttered prayer *un*answered, he hardly forthwith clapped his hands in joy with: "Well, rejoice alway!"

221.

Beware then against working oneself up into a pitch of sanctified, or rather sanctimonious stoicism, the strength in the mere flesh and worship of will, where it smacks much of that notorious (anti) "Christian Science" with its ostrich behavior toward disease and pain. No, the God of sober Christian is first of all the God of *Truth*; of love and mercy only afterwards . . . .

222.

God has a way of afflicting folk rather unexpectedly when certain prayer is being offered for their welfare. Perhaps this is what they need first: a pruning away of all mere wood; a cutting of all the tendrils that hold them to this life, a throwing out of the ballast that hinders the rise heavenward. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

223.

"Dost thou curse thy fate for thy misfortune?

But where stands it writ that thou *shalt* be happy?" This the mature author who finds it among his youthful doings, marks *worthless*. Even apart from reasons of style, La Rochefoucault's "We all have sufficient strength for enduring the misfortunes of—others" would alone suffice to bid one discard such heartless bit of exhortation. But the thought that the Great God, at least in this dispensation not of works but of grace, hath nowhere pledged Himself to give man *happiness*: which means only things as *you* would have them—is to be held on to. And if commonplace it be, it is but too often forgot: like much else that we constantly fail to see because it is so much in our sight.

223a.

True piety praises God even for His judgments: like the sandal wood, which imparts its fragrance even to the axe that cuts it down.

III.

LETTERS AND ART.

224.

The highest criticism—must it be occupied more with the pointing out of defects than of merits, more of blemishes than of beauties? I answer 'Yes' but only for to-day; in nowise for all the days.

The living room has its beauties, and even the death chamber hath its beauties. But by no manner of even the sacchariness charity can real beauty be evolved out of the sick chamber. That ever remains esthetically only a mere endurability. Clean and sweet it may be kept, but ever with reminder of carbolic acid, if not chlorides of lime, or even sulphur itself. Wise physician, faithful nurse, even gentle patient himself, are here of but little avail; sick-chamber ever remains what it is, a mere aspiration toward estheticity, a bare hope, too oft, alas! a beclouded hope for yet better things. . . . . .

225.

Now our age is essentially a sickly age, in Letters and Art even a sick age. And the high*est* criticism simply takes due note of that mournful fact; and its tone is, of necessity, not that of the athlete joying in the exuberance of health and beauty, but rather that of the bland physician with his pellet and instrument case, that of the cheery nurse with her bottle and spoon. . . . . .

226.

But this rather undesirable attitude of the highest criticism applies only to the smaller half on one side of the line, not to the larger half on the other side. The advent of the Christ into the visible Universe not only rearranged the map of the world whose things pertain unto heaven, but it also erected a most revolutionary standard for all the things pertaining unto earth; and little as it may appear on the surface, the advent of the Lord Christ established among other things also a new era of Criticism in Letters and Art.

227.

For at night the stars do indeed differ in glory: There is Sirius and Procyon, Vega and Arcturus, Capella and Aldebaran; Rigel and Betelgeuse; these shine with a magnitude of their own, and are in the first rank. Then there is Arided in the Cross, and the Dipper Stars in the Bear; these, with others, shine in the second. There are still others in the third, fourth, down even to the sixth rank, still discernible to the naked eye. But once let the sun rise, and the sixth, and the fifth, and the second, and the first magnitudes, yea, even Jupiter and Venus themselves, forthwith pale into uniform vanishing, with utter disregard of their respective claims as to brilliancy in relation to one another. Now in the pre-Christian night, Homer and Plato, Aeschylus and Demosthenes, Herodotus and Thucydides, Virgil and Cicero, Terence and Livy, Tacitus and Aurelius, are indeed stars of the first magnitude, and right nobly do these fulfil their part in giving light to the darkness about them.

228.

Looking for defects *here* is ungracious indeed. These have faithfully held to the task assigned them, and the critic can well joy in the cheery, as well as chivalrous task of pointing out their honest work, their starry size. For the so-called classics, therefore, the highest criticism has only one voice: praise where praise can be given; silence, where praise must be withheld.

229.

But with the rising of the Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings, an Eternal standard is erected; an Everlasting Gospel is proclaimed, to which all that lives in sight thereof is henceforth bidden rather sternly at the peril of its life to conform, and take the consequence if conform it does not. And were modern Letters and Art to hold to mere Letters and Art, it were indeed well with them. But far other is the case. For Homer and Virgil never pretend to be aught more than poets; Aeschylus and Terence are only dramatists; Plato was a mere philosopher; Herodotus a mere historian. Each of these accepted the Universe and its order as he found it. None of these undertook to turn Universe back in its course in order to make it keep time with their own pocket time-pieces. But Shelley is not a mere singer; Emerson is not a mere plier of needle and thread, a stitcher together of aphorisms into "Essays." Lessing is not a mere critic; Arnold is not a mere elevator lifter in the coal-mine; Goethe is not a mere Giant of a Jack of all literary trades. Even our own impotent piece of genialty is not content to remain a mere teller-forth of his endless

tales. Each of these in his own way attempts with rather high pretense to be a guide of the blind, a teacher in Israel, a world reformer, a new Joshua crying unto the Sun, "Stand thou still upon Gibeon;" and unto the Moon, "Be thou silent over Aijalon's Valley," till Universe hath reversed its course at *my* bidding, and hath at last moored itself at its berth of *my* assigning.

230.

Forsaking as these do the realm assigned them as unquestionably theirs in the elaboration of essays, aphorisms and diverse rhythmic lines, and betaking themselves to prophesying, at times even in the name of the Most High, they forthwith challenge the highest criticism to look into their lordly pretensions; and need I say, that with the standard once for all set up by Him who is Truth Incarnate, short work is readily made with all such. Tenderly, but firmly, they are all shoved back into the naught whence they came: Gently, but emphatically, they are told: Friends, in the harmless realm of rhythm, cleverness and brilliancy, frolic indeed at your heart's content; but as to this trespassing of yours into the domain divine of teaching Truth apart from Him who is the Truth—thus far shall ye go, but no farther. . .

231.

Now hardly a modern artist but he is a gigantic trespasser upon a domain not his, and in a manner, moreover, which can only end in a rather unceremonious hustling out. And what high*est* criticism is doing is the giving of notice to Rousseau and Voltaire; to Spinoza and Spencer; to Goethe and

Lessing; to Shelley and Kant; to Tennyson and Browning; to Emerson and Carlyle; to Ruskin and Arnold; to Hugo and Tolstoy, that even for *such* trespassers upon unlawful domain there is unceremonious hustling off in store. This is, indeed, doing a rather disagreeable piece of police work under the orders of—Truth. And though the task of serving as Truth's Policeman is, at best, a thankless one, it is something to be even this, if only against these veritable field-marshals in the Empire of Error. . . . .

232.

Genius is talent concentrated. Talent is genius diluted.

233.

Everyone may have a flash of genius once a year. The man of genius husbands these rare occasions, focussing them in due time upon the one great occasion.

234.

Genius is like the cask at the top of a hill: with but gentle push rolls of itself. Talent is like the load on the roadway: will not forward unless dragged.

235.

Talent may be buried in a napkin; genius cannot be choked under a mountain.

236.

Can he write in a palace as well as in a hovel? Then he has genius. Can he write better? Then he has only talent.

237.

The half genius makes the new discovery. The whole genius invents also the method for making it effectual.

238.

Talent is only a tool, the genius is in rightly using it.

239.

The genius is the man of talent; only he makes ten therewith.

240.

The genius is the man not of one talent but of several; only he is like the Pullman train, which consists of separate coaches, but vestibuled together.

241.

The genius is the man of exceptivity. The man of talent knows when to apply the rule, the man of genius, when to make the exception.

242.

Talent uses opportunities; genius makes them.

243.

The man of talent can oft be a leader, the man of genius will not always be a guide, oft only a guide-post.

244.

A man's talent is as often his spiritual failure as his temporal success.

245.

Even the small talent becomes great with much use; even the great talent becomes small with a little abuse.

246.

Every man of talent is a kind of coal mine with the decision for him whether it shall send forth warmth and light, or only soot and smoke.

247.

Most men are mere tendencies all their lives; it is the mark of a man of genius that he is an accomplished fact from the moment he is born.

248

Of two men dressed alike a slight tip of the hat oft determines the difference in their station of life. And the difference between the clever writer and the man of genius is chiefly in the tip of the hat.

249.

That is a man's passion which he cannot let alone; that is a man's genius which lets not him alone.

250.

The man of Wit emits only sparks, a genius must emit flashes. Of sparks even many make a poor light, of flashes even one may light up the path.

251.

To do great things with the same ease as small things, to do small things with the same care as great things—this is genius.

252.

Genius is common sense in full dress.

253.

Genius the capacity for taking pains? But folk take as much pains to make themselves

miserable as to make themselves happy. Genius is the capacity for taking the right pains.

254.

An axiom is indefinable truth; the genius is the axiomatic, indefinable man.

255.

That is genius which does naturally and easily what talent does acquiredly and laboriously.

256.

No true artist can be a bad man; unfortunately the bad man speedily undoes the artist.

257.

A gentleman will not clear at a bound what he can traverse by a walk. The artist must not traverse by a walk what he can clear at a bound. Is the artist then not a gentleman? Yes, indeed, but he is allowed to bound because he is—chased.

258.

In every art there is what any one may attain to—this makes the craftsman. In every art there is what he alone can attain to—this makes the artist.

259.

The tailor makes the garment out of the whole cloth; the artist, even out of fragments.

260.

The artist builds a house for his thoughts; the bungler, a tomb.

261.

The artist must be like the fire-fly; which no sooner spreads its wings than it glows.

262.

It is for the artist to express himself first truly and then beautifully. It is for the audience to receive it first reverently and then lovingly.

263.

Nature is art displayed. Art is Nature revealed.

264.

The Creation of beauty must indeed begin in passion, it can continue only in repose, it is completed only in ease.

265.

Edgar Allen Poe gives somewhere a dismally mechanical account of how "The Raven" came to be constructed. It was duly and orderly joined, dove-tailed and cemented together. In that account the foundation is laid before the reader's eye, with plumbline, drill, mortar, and the rest; and the very clink of the iron against the stone is heard. Yonder is meanwhile put together the upper portion; when lo, at the push of a button a crane turns, and the huge fabric is seen to swing and roll gracefully toward the foundation, and settle at last placidly but firmly thereon. The several highly wrought *yore*, *Leonore*, *o'er*, *door*, *more*, are at last safely lodged on that solid masonry of—*Nevermore*.

266.

Now I take the *Raven* to be a true poem, and

therefore born in Poe's soul and nursed from his breast, and writ with the life blood of his heart, rather than laboriously ground out through his mechanical intellect. I take therefore the poet's account thereof to be an afterthought: just as Schiller's Letters on Don Carlos, which are parallel with this account of the *Raven*, are a production of the metaphysical professor Herr von Schiller, whereas Don Carlos itself is the work of the poet Friedrich Schiller. For a work of genius comes ever forth, like Minerva from Jupiter's head, fully armed. In minor details it may indeed bear a touch here, a touch there; but when forth it comes, it is already fused, melted.

267.

In fact the difference between Talent and Genius is here: Talent can build a machine such as Cincinnati is reported to have: where a live hog is put in at one end, and out comes a sausage at the other. While Genius merely unfolds in fulness what has ever been there in embryo: like the plumtree at my window. It will take some months to make them visible, but the plums are already in the tree, and visible enough to the eye sufficiently microscopic.

268.

In composition labor and toil can improve only the form, not the thought itself. The thought is the soul, which ever remains a unit, with naught to be added thereto; the form is the flesh, the tabernacle large or small, for the thought to dwell in. No great work is indeed ever done without toil, but it is not the thought that requires

the pains. To a noble heart the noble thought comes as the friend to the feast—uninvited. It is the expression that is oft the stranger, and needs to be coaxed.

269.

The meatman when selling the juicy steak first cuts off the whole slice for which he charges full weight. He then proceeds to cut off the bone and the fat, and delivers to his customer some half of what he paid for; and both buyer and seller are content. This is the relation between ordinary discourse and Aphorism.

The aphorism is the clear, juicy meat, ready to eat, with the trimmings of the continuous discourse cast away, without however any price being set upon *them*.

270.

The brilliant remark in consecutive discourse—what is it but the lightning flash in the natural course of the storm, a mere accompaniment, an incident? The great aphorism is the shining star.

271.

I do not complain of the star-lit sky that its suns are not in apparent orderly array. I am too content with the assurance that I am dealing here with immense worlds, immense lights, fires . . .

272.

I have a friend who oft remarks at some striking thought, "But this is not original!" She has no farm of her own, and buys her butter.

But I never heard her ask the dealer whether he is raising his own cows . . .

273.

Where did I get my thought? Ah, friend, if you could only tell me from what ox I got my flesh!

274.

Have others said before me what I say here? Then so much the better for them as well as for me.

275.

Originality I take to be one of those mischievous expressions which like *self-respect*, *liberty*, *progress*, *refinement*, are the brooms in the hands of the dwellers in the sandy desert wherewith they raise a dust storm of their own. And its use becomes a kind of passport by which every third, fifth, tenth grade of intellect attests itself as a denizen of cloud and mist land. A discussion about originality makes memorable at least one of the otherwise worthless doings of a rather loud popular literary wag. Said he to an elaborately discoursing bishop: "Sir, I have a book at home which contains every word of your discourse." The astounded prelate vehemently denies plagiarism, and demands that the remarkable book be forthwith produced. The book is produced, and the charge proves true; the book is the—Dictionary . . .

276.

As long as the axe which the prophet made to float, and the penny with which the Lord confounded the Pharisees, were borrowed, you can safely ignore the taunt, "But this is not origin-

al!" The maker of candles—must he be ever raising his own tallow?

277.

A thought is certainly mine if old to me, and assent makes it mine even if new to me.

278.

Who seeks to say what is new will surely repeat what is old. But who earnestly reaffirms the old can hardly help saying aught new.

279.

The original man is the most uncommon man. But what makes him original is that he has most in common with men.

280.

The great writer borrows when he reads, but returns it when he writes. The small writer also borrows when he reads, but merely turns it when he writes.

281.

The great writer also borrows when he reads; but he borrows the gold in the bullion and returns it as coin; the small writer borrows the copper and does not return it even as pennies.

282.

Ideas taken from others are like ice-cream best taken cold; and like ice-cream should become part of our blood only on being raised to its temperature.

283.

All that is noble has been thought before. All that is good has been said before. But every age has its own need of rethinking the noble, of resaying the good; and every individual stands in need of redoing it for himself. Blessed he who so doeth; for only by thinking it for himself can he resay it unto others; and thus the one becomes the spokesman of the many; the individual, of the age.

284.

In addition to the beauty common to all ages every age has beauties of its own. Homer's epithets so beautiful to the Greeks have lost much of their beauty to us. While the saying, "What are churches but the white poles of the trolley lines to tell us that here the Holy Spirit regularly stops, and the chariot of heaven is best boarded there?" has a beauty of its own to be perceived only in trolley days . . .

285.

Generations change as well as rulers. Hence the occasional need of restamping truth as well as coin.

286.

Every generation is ere long sure to fall into the errors of its predecessors; and must ere long relearn the old Truth for itself.

287.

Two writers are great: who expresses mankind's wisdom after making it his own by his reflection; who expresses his own wisdom to become in time mankind's by their reflection.

288.

That is the great saying which has for its body the wisdom of many; for its dress the wit of one.

289.

That author does most for the reader who is to him what the wall is to the match: which by rubbing against it strikes fire.

290.

To do much for me the author should make me think little of himself; to do more, he must make me think still less of myself.

291.

A truth is best stated if the bearer is left with the feeling that he could have told it equally well.

292.

A thought like a river is then most impressive when its depth is transparent.

293.

The great writer is he who has aught to say over the heads of his hearers. His wisdom must be shown in saying it down to the heads of his hearers.

294.

The small writer seeks to cover his pages with lightning; the great writer, with light.

295.

The small writer is busy with the novelties of the day; the great writer, with the antiquities of the ages.

296.

The small writer may have much extension in space; the great writer has it also in time.

297.

The small writer is content with a market if only it be large; the great writer is satisfied only with an audience, even though small.

298.

The small writer gives his readers what they wish; the great writer, what they want.

299.

Great writers imitate others when young; small writers also imitate others when young, but they in addition imitate themselves when old.

300.

The great writer is also a fisherman; but one who can afford to wait for the fish to come to him from the lake even while he himself sits on the mount.

301.

The great writer can afford to speak of common things, but he must tell them in an uncommon, noble way. Wordsworth told of common things in a common way and thus remained the great commonplace. Whitman told of common things in a common but vulgar way and so remained the great Boor.

302.

To do common things in an uncommon way is a mark of derangement. To speak of common things in an uncommon, noble way is the mark of genius. It is thus that each writer or speaker has his style, which stamps the man. The great writer is thus the man with the style, the noble style.

303.

Style is to the book what the Smile is to the look.

304.

Only he can express the expressible who has felt the inexpressible.

305.

The merely brilliant thought captivates, the great thought holds.

306.

The merely brilliant thought, like a mere curiosity, loses its force after the first acquaintance; the great thought, like a friend, grows upon further acquaintance.

307.

The final difference between writers is mainly in the color of their ink: the many write in black; the chosen few in red.

309.

That is true writing where life goes forth from you in writing it. That is great writing where life goes into you while reading it.

310.

Always write with your inkstand full, but with some red in the ink. Always use a steel pen, but with a golden point and a feathered handle.

311.

The difference between the mere writer and the man of Letters is solely in dignity: the one parts with his thoughts for gold; the other with his gold for thoughts.

312.

The difference between the classic writer and the mere scribe is that where both use the world *folks*, the classic writer has ear enough to omit the *s*.

313.

It is a vice in commerce to give the picture to sell the frame. It is a vice in Letters to say aught just to bring in the fine phrase.

314.

A great vice in art: to paint the flame for the sake of the furnace.

315.

A great mistake: to write with diluted ink.

316.

"He has exhausted his subject!" No, only the reader.

317.

The aphorist is the one who makes little phrases say great things.

318.

The aphorist should be so charged with cosmic dust that every time he strikes earth a meteor should flash out.

319.

The aphorism can afford to have, like the comet, a small head; but must also, like the comet, have a wide sweep in the tail.

320.

Even at its best the essay is only expanded aphorism. It is the mark of the great aphorism that it is a condensed essay.

321.

The essayist takes a text for his essay; the aphorist makes his text the essay.

322.

It is a mark of every genuine thought or feeling that it lives even after being out of sight; like the grain of wheat which bringeth forth much fruit after it is buried.

323.

One of the marks of the great thought is that if for you it will flash upon you like the lightning out of the cloud. If not for you, all you see is the cloud.

324.

The essence of a great thought is that it give the reader what he already has. Only it must have hitherto remained a secret between writer and reader. The reader knows when he reads that the thought is his also, the writer only knows as he writes that some soul somewhere at some time shall also share with him his truth.

325.

The ocean is an assemblage of drops.

326.

The ocean may be seen in a drop; the world, in a maxim.

327.

The shorter the word the longer its reach; the weightier the word the easier it floats.

328.

Crumbs do not make a loaf, but they can be as nourishing.

329.

The vulgar writer pleases the herd; the mediocre one pleases the mass; the great writer pleases a set, though understood by only one here and there.

330.

The great writer first weighs his words, and then counts them.

331.

In youth we create, in maturity we judge. He is therefore the great writer who in youth has the judgment of age; in old age the creativeness of youth.

332.

Every great book makes a few wise men wiser, many fools more foolish, the rest it leaves about where they were.

333.

It is the mark of a great reader that he finds in the book more than is put therein.

334.

Men seldom put forth into writing all that in them is, unless mayhap in spontaneous letters. And as only the whole represents the man—all else having a good chance of effectually misrepresenting him—pen and ink do seldom more than just falling short of misrepresenting him. Is the great writer then doomed to be forever misunderstood? There yet remains the reader: whose part it ever must be to draw forth by his insight and love what is indeed before him, but in cypher as it were, and betwixt the lines. The reader must thus receive a writing from a friend—and the

great writer is the reader's friend indeed—as if writ in invisible ink to which *he* is to apply the proper agent to bring it into view. But while for bringing out the hidden ink the application of an acid is needful, for bringing out the hidden thought the application of a sugar is enough.

335.

The blotting of the ink is due as likely to the poverty of the paper and to the vileness of the pen as to the wateriness of the ink.

336.

Every book has at least two readers for neither of whom it is writ: The typesetter who reads it only to spell it out again; the proofreader who reads it only to find flaws therein. Every great soul has at least two followers neither of whom he profits: the thoughtless admirer and the equally thoughtless detractor.

337.

To reject earnest work merely because it does not interest or appeal to you, is not yet a good reason, unless in the realm of anarchy: where his own likes are everyone's law unto himself, and his own will everyone would fain impose as law upon others. To be rational, you must show that it *rationally* does not interest or appeal to you.

338.

With healthy folk the mere fact that what sets up as a work of art does not appeal to them at once justifies their dislike thereof: health of spirit being the final standard here as elsewhere.

But who are the healthy? Well, first, *not* the inmates of hospital, asylum or prison; second,

those equipped to go to these and minister unto them, as nurse, physician, comforter.

339.

The author should remember that to weigh gold the scales need not be gold themselves. The critic should remember that even to weigh dross the scales must be exact.

340.

Holding the book upside down perverts not its sense, but yours.

341.

A paradox is always true as seen by the writer. It is the art of expression to make its truth seen also by the reader.

342.

"I see nothing in this particular thought!" And neither, friend, do I see much in the mountain till I travel toward it.

343.

Of insects give me the bee: which when sting it must, does it only at the cost of its life.

344.

The wolf resembles a shepherd dog more than any other.

345.

Critics were meant to be like bees: choosing their honey from even homely flowers; they are apt to be wasps; producing neither the sweet nor the useful, but ever ready to sting.

346.

The genius quarrels with the critic because he is not a genius himself. But the gold lock may

yet be opened by an iron key. The critic becomes contemptible only when in relation to the genius he deems himself a gold key opening an iron lock.

347.

The ass is not the wiser for being loaded with books.

348.

There is a certain Nemesis in the fact that it is asses' milk that proves such a restorative to many an ailing man of letters.

349.

Fiction, if it deceive not the reader, is bad art; if it deceive the reader, it is bad morals.

350.

Many profound remarks have been made over the fact that Socrates wrote no book. But the matter is quite simple: he had no home to write in.

351.

The book that only makes you forget yourself is only fit to make its author forgotten.

352.

Obscurity may not always be a sign of lack of sense on the part of the writer in writing it. It is always a sign of lack of sense on the part of the reader in reading it.

353.

Clearness is not always a sign of depth; obscurity is never so.

354.

Who shall say that the preservation of a book, however mean, is not as much a matter of Provi-

dence as the number of sparrows that shall fall to the ground, or the number of the hairs upon the heads of men, none of which are without the Father's ken? Some useful and loveable folk are oft cut off in their prime, while many a helpless, burdensome, and even loathsome personage is kept lingering on long after old age. And as these lives are surely not unordained, who shall say that the preservation of, say, Manetho's poems, rather than of Livy's missing books, is not equally—ordained?

355.

Poetry is the language of heavenly childhood, prose the speech of earthly manhood. Verse is the utterance of heavenly childhood lost and earthly manhood unattained.

356.

Literature also has its drones, its uselessnesses, its idle bellies: the metaphysician, the philosopher of history, science; the social reformer, the writer of fiction (disguise for lying), drama. These have only one use, that of the naval target at sea: to be fired at for practice and then knocked down. . . .

357.

Poetry was meant to be Truth in its Sunday clothes. It has become Fiction in stage dress.

358.

The highest poetry is only truth clad in beauty.

359.

Nothing is poetry that is not dream or vision. But it must be the dream of a wise man, the vision of a good man.

360.

The poet is the whole of the writer; the rest is merely the cyclopedia maker, if not the downright mischiefmaker.

361.

Two great faults in a poet: to have words too grand for his matter; to have words not as grand as his matter.

362.

The final value of every book is in its prologue left unwritten by the author, in the epilogue acted out by the reader.

363.

The distance words will travel depends first upon the depth from which they have come, and then upon the depth to which they go.

364.

The small writer writes to make others know; the great writer, only to become known: the one writes for his inferiors; the other, for his equals.

365.

The abundance of pictorial illustration illustrates only the decay of Imagination.

366.

The aphorism is herein like the beautiful woman; its charm is ever enhanced by its becoming dress.

367.

Where fullness of heart leads a critic to look at a small writer thro' magnifying glasses, his emptiness of head is likely to lead him to look at a great writer thro' diminishing glasses.

368.

When literature becomes largely a matter of style, and art of technique, it is already a period of darkness. Fireworks are best displayed at night.

369.

Profitable reading must be the result of your emptiness; profitable writing, of his fullness.

370.

Style is the man; but as each man is a separate indefinability, style is indefinable. Its only characteristic is that which makes it readable or unreadable.

371.

The average reader's dislike for aphoristic writing is only a translation into terms of taste of the German's wish at his glass of beer: "Would that my throat were a mile long!"

372.

The critic should remember that the shade of the ink depends also on the kind of pen used.

373.

The greatest men write nothing. The smallest men write much; only they, too, write nothing.

374.

The rhetorician polishes his phrase; the artist his thought.

375.

Every other weapon is fondly wielded. The pen alone has not its wielder's love. The man of letters loves the thought before writing, the satisfaction after writing; but all between is drudgery.

376.

The golden fruit, the green leaf, the graceful branches, the solid trunk, are seen of all and duly admired and praised. But the sustaining roots—who heeds *them*? . . . .

I was about to discard this as a perhaps commonplace observation, when I remembered that after all many a root is not only heeded but even diligently sought out and dug up; but it is by the commercial soul and for gain. . . . .

377.

Dismiss nothing as a truism until you have exhausted its truth.

378.

Few men are good judges of their own work, often overestimating it because of their own ignorance, and underestimating it because of the ignorance of others.

379.

Let the author beware how he casts away what he thinks he has outgrown. The garment now too small for thee may yet be large enough for one who has not yet attained to thy size. He does well with his book who does therewith what the Great God does with His. In the same meadow the ox is permitted to find his grass, the stork his lizard, the bee its honey, and man his flower.

380.

Your cherished thought so new to yourself may be only commonplace to others; and even to-day's truth may be only to-morrow's truism. This may well humble, but need not discourage. You once had the ambition to write only for the best, the

few. But it turns out that the best in one is after all what he has in common with the many. And the commonplace is only a truth of which we have become weary.

Much of his earlier work oft strikes the mature author as rather trite. But even those sayings that now may be striking even to the maturest—are not they too commonplace to the one mind that is superior to all these? And to the spiritual being of a higher order, to say nothing of the Great God Himself, all our profoundest thoughts are only commonplaces of the tamest sort; since the deepest thought of man can accomplish no more than to get a peep now and then into what is to us indeed God's mysteries, but to Him His everlasting open verity. So that the fresh and the trite, the profound and the tame, the original and the commonplace, are they not after all mere matters of degree?

381.

Those New England Attics where all manner of apparently useless lore is so carefully stored away for decades—I used to laugh at the foolishness of those old-fashioned New England housekeepers. I now have profound respect for these same old-fashioned New England dames with their mixed multitudes of attics.

382.

There are ever two reasons for rejecting what is set up as a work of art: first, that it is not art; second, that if art it is, it is unworthily employed.

383.

Profitable reading must be the result of your emptiness. Profitable writing must be the result of his fullness.

384.

To prune the sentence to make it stronger can be done safely only by the master hand. He trimmed the vine to let in the sun. It only withered the grapes.

385.

The aphorism is to the essay what the bit of landscape seen thro' a small opening is to the whole. It brings out the beauty of this particular bit hitherto lost in the whole.

386.

That author does most for the reader who is to him what the wall is to the match: which by rubbing against it strikes fire.

387.

The merely brilliant thought captivates; the great thought holds.

388.

The small book first intoxicates the reader and then fails to sober him. The great book first sobers the reader, and then keeps him sober.

389.

Who translates another without wronging him wrongs himself by being only a translator.

390.

It needs much talent to write new maxims, and quite as much to practice the old.

391.

The merely brilliant thought is writ with the sweat of the brow; the profound thought is writ with the blood of the heart.

392.

Who can write a novel may be a great man. Who writes a novel is seldom one.

393.

The power of expression—the more it gives off the stronger it grows, and it feeds on what it gives off. Like the double reel, the slimmer the one end, the stouter the other. Hence the *mere* gift of expression, often the chief stock in trade of the orator and the poet, is a most dangerous gift, treacherous to good taste. The production of one work makes easier the production of others. But while the first may be a work of genius, the rest are like to be the mechanical result of mere knack of talent; the imitation of the former success, oft a mere echo of the whilom nobler self.

394.

Water in the glass, where it can be seen pure, is not beautiful: it is clear, it is transparent, but to become beautiful it must be shaded by its bottom, colored by the sky, tinged by the salt. Water in the glass is not so much beautiful as free from ugliness. Air in its purity is not even seen; to be seen as the blue sky, an inverted ocean in repose, it must be alloyed with the dust of earth. Sunlight of itself is not yet beautiful, it is simply faultless. But sunlight in the rainbow, in the clouds, even in the smoked glass, *is* beautiful. We thus arrive at the certainly false paradox that there can be no beauty without a tinge of what is foreign thereto, a kind of ugliness, since ugliness is merely beauty away from home. And yet this paradox is only false in

the ideal, in the real it is true enough. The profoundest statement of the law of beauty is not found in Lessing, or Burke, or Ruskin, but in an incidental statement of One who though he shrank not from making the largest claims for himself, and truly spake as man never spake,—*beauty* is the one word never found in his vocabulary: even as laughter is never once recorded of him who came to give the peace and joy which the world can neither give nor take away. The incidental statement is: "Moses because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives, but from the beginning it had not been so." It is the sick that talk most of health; the poor that talk most of wealth. Among the wealthy the comforts of life are not discussed, among the well-bred good manners are not talked of, and in heaven pure spirit, beauty and virtue,—shall these be much talked about? The very idea of holiness is *set apart*, set apart from evil. The thrill which attends the perception of beauty is at bottom only the pang of hunger, and "When I awake in his likeness I shall be *satisfied*." God is called Truth, Light, Life, Love, he is never called Beauty.

And here is a reason why the promised Seed of the woman, who is to bruise the serpent's head, is made to descend from the third son of Adam. Cain was a murderer, and from him the Messiah could not descend; but from the righteous Abel, wherefore not from him? Because Abel belonged as yet to the beginning when things were yet *so*. Of Abel it is not witnessed that Adam begat him in his own likeness. It is witnessed of Seth: "And Adam begat in his own likeness after his image."

From Abel, the pure Adamic sunlight, the Son of *Man* must not descend: for bearing away the sin of the world he must come from Seth, Son of Adamic light, but already broken into rainbow tints.

395.

He reads essays on taste to improve his taste, but he knows better than to read essays on cookery to improve his appetite.

396.

Science needs a collection, art only a selection.

397.

The abundance of books may cause as much ignorance as their scarcity.

398.

The picture or poem that needs explanation is only a riddle in paint. But life has enough of real riddles, and can well dispense with painted ones.

399.

Carlyle—praising silence with the voice of a stentor.

400.

Carlyle—chiefly thunder with little lightning. Emerson—chiefly lightning with little light.

401.

Talent may faithfully reproduce nature. Genius is nature reproducing itself.

IV.

OF PAIN.

402.

Healthy philosophers ask whether pain is an evil. Sick laymen do not ask the question: they know pain to be an evil. And the sick philosopher? He too would then acknowledge it to be an evil; but he would thus cease to be a—philosopher!

403.

The mystery of pain? But there is no mystery about pain. It is all explained in the third chapter of Genesis in connection with verses 16–17 of the second. Man (as compared with animals being clothed) was created naked, dependent, in order to remind him of his helplessness, that thus he ever keep his face Godward and acknowledge his need. But man, instead of being humbled by this exceptional condition, is not ashamed, and acknowledges not his need. Here as elsewhere it is: "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst known the hour of thy visitation! but now are the things that make for thy peace hid from thy sight." . . And the Son of God weeps thereover. The tempter is thus sent to reveal to Adam his own nakedness, and Sin at last reveals to him what his pride had concealed from him. And Pain is God's verdict upon Sin, "The way of the transgressor *is* hard" . . . .

404.

The only mystery connected with pain is that

men reject this the only satisfactory explanation, and keep running after others which require more credulity to accept than the one they reject. And this mystery is also amply explained in that very account: that man is ever by nature a sinner, a pervert, a fool: ever running after the silly where the wise is close by.

405.

It is impossible in such things to be exact. But with this allowance made pain is related to sorrow as affection is related to love. The difference between them is only in stage, in rank. The beast has pain and affection in common with man, but this still leaves it a beast. It may also have sorrow and love in common with man, but this already makes it aught less than mere beast, at times even aught more than some humans....

406.

Sorrow is pained spirit; pain is sorrowing flesh.

407.

Sorrow is either noble or ignoble. Pain is neither. It is ever its own self: just pain.

408.

Sorrow can also collect us, pain only distracts us.

409.

Sorrow teaches folk silence; pain does not teach folk to speak, but it oft does promote much noise......

410.

Great joys spoil folk for little pleasures. Great sorrows still leave folk vulnerable to trifling pains.

411.

Our comforts come from God, our sorrows from ourselves, our pains from both.

412.

Men are apt to belittle others' sorrows and magnify their own pains.

413.

Man's capacity for joy dies with others; his capacity for pain dies only with himself.

414.

To give high joy great things are needful; to give pain little things are enough.

415.

The pain of what we miss lasts longer than the joy of what we have.

416.

Continuance dulls enjoyment, but not pain.

417.

A joy lost can become a lasting pain, a pain lost is never more than temporary joy.

418.

Great susceptibility gives extraordinary enjoyment rarely; extraordinary pain often.

419.

The pleasures of life are short, not so its pains.

420.

The pleasures of life are oft increased by others not enjoying likewise. The pains of life are seldom diminished by others suffering likewise.

421.

All can be taken from life, but not the pain of living.

422.

Of all else the more we have the less it becomes to us. The increase of pain alone fails to diminish it.

423.

"Pain is still a sign of life; the dead suffer no pain." Vain consolation. Pain is the one unwelcome harbinger of death, and the one thing that makes death preferable to life.

424.

Pain, when the result of goodness, is a privilege; when the result of badness it is a punishment only when it has failed as a mercy.

425.

One way of avoiding pain is to take pains.

426.

To fear pain is natural; to fear pleasure is supernatural.

427.

To escape unendurable physical pain we must become unconscious of self; to escape unendurable spiritual pain we need only become conscious of God.

428.

Physical pain is a sign that aught dying within us needs resurrection; spiritual pain is a sign that aught living within us needs crucifixion.

V.

OF SORROW.

429.

Of all else we know the taste from a single swallow: of life alone the taste can be known only after it has been drunk to the dregs.

430.

The ship's destination is the haven: its destiny the ocean. The soul's destination is rest: its destiny, the storm.

431.

Where'er we go we shall be surrounded by water. It is only a question on how large an island we shall dwell.

432.

There is more sea than land, and all the sea is salt.

433.

Men ever seek to sail an obstructed river and smooth; but the voyage is thro' a series of canals: to be first locked in and then dropped down.

434.

Man enters the world weeping, while all around him smile; man leaves the world with all around him weeping, and he himself does not smile.

435.

Before coming into life we must go thro' a baptism of water; before going into death we must go thro' a baptism of fire.

436.

Man is never so near the Satanic as when he laughs; never so near the angelic as when he smiles; he is never so truly human as when he weeps.

437.

In Nature even the longest winter is followed by a spring; in man the longest winter, if not broken into by Grace, is followed only by a still longer one.

438.

Disease runs its course either by killing or by recovery. Sorrow also runs its course, but by doing neither.

439.

Men are divided into those who know their misery, and those who know it not. And the latter are not the less miserable of the two.

440.

Of happiness there are many kinds, but hardly any degrees. Of misery there are also many kinds, but innumerable degrees.

441.

Two things are equally real in life: love and sorrow; but the joys of love are fleeting, the pains of sorrow are abiding.

442.

Joy shared is doubled, sorrow shared is halved.

443.

The highest mirth must be sober, but the deepest sorrow cannot be cheerful.

444.

Joy is seldom as high as it seems. Misery is but too often deeper than it seems.

445.

Their good fortune men overestimate—they know not its littleness. Their misfortune men underestimate—they know not its greatness.

446.

Misfortune brings other miseries besides its own. When the elephant is sunk in the bog, even a frog can croak on his head.

447.

The anticipation of joy is often more joyful than the joy itself: the anticipation of sorrow is seldom as sorrowful as the sorrow itself.

448.

Appreciation of our good fortune does not make it appear greater. The perception of our misfortune does not make it appear smaller.

449.

Prometheus at the rock is the type of the sorrow of him that knows. Pegasus in his yoke is the type of the sorrow of him that feels. Mazeppa on his steed is the type of the sorrow of him that works. The ancients have depicted them, the moderner has depicted him. Only the sorrow of him that lives has not yet been depicted, for he is chained to a corpse.

450.

The rose fades, its thorns do not fade.

451.

Philosophy reasons with sorrow, but the sorrow that can be reasoned with is only ignorance. Friendship consoles sorrow, but the sorrow that can be consoled is only hunger. True sorrow accepts neither argument nor consolation, but the reality that, Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward; and, Thro' many tribulations *must* we enter the Kingdom of God.

452.

Job's friends showed their sympathy in coming so far; their wisdom in keeping silent so long. It is when the silence is broken that they change from good sympathizers into bad comforters.

453.

It is shallow to console the afflicted as blessed in disguise. The flour is not yet bread, its value is in its being capable of becoming bread.

454.

Sometimes the superwise heart amuses itself with lecturing the agonized soul under the guise of comforting it. I myself have sinned thus when I wrote: "We strike the barrel to see whether it be empty or full, and shall not we submit to the same treatment at the hands of God?" But, O, my heartless player at comfort, are you so sure of God's need to pound away at *your* barrel to discover whether it be empty or not?

455.

The plaster for the scratch; but for the wound —my friend, do not waste your time with your reasonings, consolations and the rest. The only balm for grief is hope; and if you bring not hope, stay if you like, only be sure to hold your peace.

456.

The power of mind over body is real, and to this extent: that even imaginary ills may become real thro' delusion. But it does not extend enough to make real ills imaginary. And here is the whole fallacy about much well meant teaching with desire to comfort. Real ills are *ills*, not benefits. A brave soul displays its power of mind over body and bears the ills, but does not deny them.

457.

The noblest sorrow has no antidote. It can only have a counterpoise.

458.

In their care to escape great misfortunes men fall into small ones; and these make their misfortune truly great.

459.

Futile as is the search for perpetual motion, the search for perpetual rest is still more so.

460.

Great joys are, like the waterless clouds, fleeting; great sorrow is, like the scorching sunshine, stationary.

461.

Joy lasts only for hours, happiness hardly more than weeks; anxiety keeps on for months, misery can live for years.

462.

Sorrow like the wine cask is tested by its sound; the fuller it is the less it resounds.

463.

Who speaks of his miseries has certainly not yet died to them. It is only a question whether he has already been born to them.

464.

The joy that is not increased by sharing it with another is not yet the purest; the sorrow that is diminished by recounting it to another is not yet the deepest.

465.

Both the wise man of the world and the man of God soon discover the vanity of this life. But the man of the world rests not until he has expressed his woe in words; the man of God rests not until he ceases from words.

466.

To complain of undeserved misfortune is to prove yourself unworthy of undeserved good fortune.

467.

They tell me that misery loves company. If so, it is true only of those who in addition to being in misery are themselves also miserable. The miserable do like company, and this constitutes part of their misery.

468.

Of all chases the vainest is after sympathy.

469.

Better be unable to rise above sorrow than to be unable to rise to it.

470.

To mirth one must stoop, to sorrow one must rise.

471.

There is a sublime sorrow, but only a high joy and an innocent mirth.

472.

The tree is clad in spring with leaves and blossoms, and in summer with fruit. And when the fruit is ripe, it is dropped in silence. And in the autumn when 'tis time to shed the leaves, these too are shed in silence. And all winter tree standeth naked, amid blast and chill. Still tree is silent. This is only a tree; and thou, O man? . . . .

473.

The value of the tree is in the shade it gives in summer, the fruit in the autumn, the beauty in the spring, the fuel in the winter. The beauty, the fruit, the shade—these it can give without losing its life. But to give the heat, it must be cut and chopped, and go into the fire. And all the while it is winter . . . .

474.

Thou goest into the jewelry store and seest pearls and diamonds and jewels. They are not for thee, thou sayest—and covetest them no longer. Thou goest among men and seest companionship, sympathy, love; neither are these for thee, thou sayest—shall these also then be coveted no longer? . . . .

475.

The part of the conductor is to collect fares; of the brakeman to call out the stations; of the fireman to watch the fire; of the engineer to guide the train; and the part of the passenger is to sit still and be carried. Great the confusion were the conductor to apply the brakes, the engineer to collect fares, the passenger to guide the engine, and the brakeman to sit still and be carried. Thus in life too each hath his part: one to rule, the other to obey; one to rejoice, the other to grieve; one to enjoy, the other to suffer. Thou who wouldest fain have it otherwise, because it is thine to suffer, learn to sit still and be carried. It is thou that art the passenger . . .

476.

Sorrow is at its deepest when it is love in preparation; love is at its highest when it is sorrow in action.

477.

The sorrow that has never rejoiced has not yet reached its depth; the love that has never mourned has not yet reached its height.

478.

We are not truly mellowed until we can behold two things with a sad joy: others' joy, our sorrow . . . .

479.

To understand sorrow one may learn from only reading Job; but to love the sorrowing one must have been in Job.

480.

The drinking of the bitter cup twice is not escaped by breaking it after drinking it once.

481.

The wrinkles dug by passion are ugly, but there are wrinkles that have been paths for tears, and these are not ugly.

482.

The countless rays held in one drop of water are fit type of the countless sorrows compressed in a single tear......

483.

The sorrow that runs easily to tears is apt to run off as easily as tears.

484.

One laugh is worth a dozen groans, but not yet one sigh. One smile is worth a dozen sighs but not yet a single tear.

485.

There is an acidity in the salt of tears that washes away many a stain.

486.

The highest joy finds expression in silent tears. The deepest sorrow in tearless silence.

487.

It is the empty boiler that explodes, not the full one.

488.

Tears form for the eye one veil, they remove another.

489.

The glass lengthens the vision only when held before the eye. Tears widen the vision long after they are wiped off the eyes.

490.

The work of tears is not yet done until they veil our eyes to others' faults and open them to ours.

491.

It is a question whether life was meant to be hard, it is certain we make it so.

492.

It is not the water without the ship that sinks it but the water within it.

493.

The axe has such power over the forest because it is the forest that furnishes the handle.

494.

Misfortune, like a cloud, rises not from one direction but from all sides at once. This because misfortune is less in circumstances than in us. One mishap dimming our sight causes much else to appear as mishap.

495.

That the smallest cloud hides the stars from us is due not to their smallness, but to ours.

496.

The ills of life are nearly always our invited guests, and then we proceed to eject them as intruders.

497.

The secret of sorrow is, Men think God has a plan for them: He only has a plan thro' them.

498.

The sharpest thing of sorrow is the question: Why *must* it be thus? But sorrow is meant to teach us not to question.

499.

Our greatest misfortunes befall us either before or after their arrival, seldom at their arrival.

500.

The danger from lightning is past when the thunder is heard: the worst is over when misfortune *has* arrived.

501.

The lightning is brightest when the cloud is darkest: the wire sings clearest when the storm is fiercest.

502.

Calamities are the fires kindled by a merciful God for consuming the rubbish we have not courage or zeal enough to burn ourselves.

503.

It is the severe scouring which shows whether the pot is gold or only gilded.

504.

Like the shoe man can be made to shine only after being blacked first and then brushed.

505.

Sorrow is meant to be a sort of Midas, and change all it touches into gold.

506.

It is the driest wood that gives the quickest heat; it is the wrung-out heart that gives the speediest relief.

507.

To be hardened, the iron must first be softened.

508.

To burn brighter the candle must be snuffed.

509.

Small men may also expand, but only like mercury: when 'tis warm. Great men expand like water, also when freezing.

510.

The steak to be made the tenderer, must be beaten.

511.

The more shaded the plant, the tenderer it is.

512.

The hardness of fate hardens hard hearts and softens tender hearts.

513.

The moon which shineth with borrowed light can indeed be seen by day as well as by night; but to see the stars, which shine by their own, you must be in darkness.

514.

The cloud is fit symbol of sorrow in that it draws from salt water to give it back as fresh.

515.

Prosperity does to life what the tempest does to the ocean: blurs the clearness of its depth. Adversity does to life what the sun does to the ocean: attracts its waters to raise them towards its height.

516.

Who wishes to walk by the sun must give up the stars. Who wishes to walk by the stars must give up the sun. Only in the twilight can both be had.

517.

Plants and beasts profit most by the light which shineth by day. Man profits most by the light which shineth by night.

518.

Shells we find on the beach; for pearls we must dive.

519.

Howe'er hard thy fate, it is not too hard if it soften thee......

520.

The hardness of fate seldom softens the heart: the softness of fate often hardens it.

521.

Where the hardness of the lot has not softened the heart, it is because the lot is not yet hard enough.

522.

The pupil of the eye contracts in the light and dilates in the dark: suggesting the need of expanded vision in the presence of all darkness.

523.

The healing herbs are generally the bitter herbs.

524.

The Nadir is under each man's feet, but the Zenith is also over each man's head.

525.

The hurricane which blows down all that stands up before it passes over what stoops under it.

526.

Bear up under suffering, and it will soon bear thee up.

527.

Adversity does for the heart what the fire does for the city streets: enables it to become widened.

528.

In the furnace gold is melted, clay is hardened.

529.

It is in the winter that the view of the landscape is clearest.

530.

A man's best qualities are those which like birds' nests are hid from view in summer, but are easily beholden in winter.

531.

Constant rain rots, constant sunshine withers.

532.

In prosperity, I learn the depravity of others, in adversity I learn also mine own.

533.

To yield his best, man, like the soil, must be first torn up and then turned over.

534.

To find yourself you must first lose yourself.

535.

Even the volcano, tho' glowing within, may be ice-clad without if only high enough.

536.

The largest planet has its sun, the smallest hair casts its shadow.

537.

Misery feeds as much on doubt as on certainty.

538.

To be mindful of your folly is already part of wisdom, to reckon with your weakness is already part of strength, to be content with your poverty is already part of riches. Accept your sorrow, it may yet become part of joy.

539.

The first step in the art of painting is to learn the value of shadow. A first step in the art of living is to learn the value of misfortune.

540.

It is well to remember that no rose is without thorns, better still to remember that even near thorns roses are found.

541.

It is easy to endure the great misfortunes, not so easy to endure the little misfortunes.

542.

Even an evil may become a good if we make the best thereof.

543.

The surest escape from tribulation is to move right on. The smoke hovers long over the engine that stands still. It is left speedily behind the one running ahead.

544.

Every sorrow can be gotten over; it is only a question whether it had better be gotten over.

545.

The great blessing of real ills is their speedily curing us of imaginary ills.

546.

In misery the weak seek relief in lamentation, the strong in action, the wise in hopeful resignation, the saintly in adoring submission.

547.

The two certainties of life are sorrow and illusion. But the remedy for illusion must be found only in this life; the remedy for sorrow chiefly in the next.

548.

A bitter sorrow: to have your help rejected by those you love—a sorrow even a God may suffer.

549.

Sorrow is best dealt with as the telescope: which looked at reveals only itself, looked thro' reveals shining worlds.

550.

Misfortune is best dealt with as the pill is dealt with: swallowed, rather than chewed.

551.

For thee, many alas! must suffer. It is thine to see that none suffer through thee . . . .

552.

Two souls shed no tears: who has not yet begun to live, who has already ceased to live.

553.

Two sorrows are without help: the sorrow which comes from being overestimated by ourselves; the sorrow which comes from being underestimated by others.

554.

The highest joy in life is when one can say, It is done; the deepest sorrow, when one has to say, I am done.

555.

Our deepest sorrows are caused by our inferiors whom we love, by our superiors who love us not.

556.

To stand at the grave closed over your hopes —memory at least casts a halo round them. But to stand at their ever open grave . . . .

557.

The clouds hide the sun from those beneath, not from those above them.

558.

In storms the feather flies higher than the stone. Be then a feather if you like. I prefer to be an oak, even tho' in the same storm it is like to be uprooted sooner than the vine it supports.

559.

The surest remedy for the ills of life is: patience with others, impatience with ourselves.

560.

Life is indeed sad when truth is only half attained; it is no less sad when the whole truth is attained. After the whole revolution the wheel is no more right side up than after half a one. But the sadness of half-truth brings no joy with it; the sadness of the whole truth does bring a certain joy therewith.

561.

Fortune is best treated by us as the wheelbarrow is treated by the farmer: pushed from us when full, only dragged behind us when empty.

562.

We laugh at things too tragic to weep over, we grieve over things too ridiculous to laugh at.

563.

The sorrows of the noble are fewer in number but greater in kind. The sorrows of the ignoble are small in number and as small in kind.

564.

Every worthy life is a tragedy. It is only a question whether a noble tragedy or an ignoble. Your work bravely done spite of the tragedy ennobles it. Your work left undone because of the tragedy, demeans it.

565.

The rivers do not raise the ocean's level, they only keep it from sinking. Man's own efforts cannot make him happy, at best they can only keep him from being wretched.

566.

One of the best teachers of a foreign tongue is adversity.

567.

Men seldom need our sympathy so much as when we find their sorrow ridiculous.

568.

Those whom enjoyment unites are easily separated, not so easily those whom sorrow unites.

569.

Who think they suffer need our compassion as much as those who do suffer. Imaginary sorrow is still sorrow.

570.

There are folk who have only their misery to commend them, but this is enough; since it is man's misery that is his strongest claim upon our love.

571.

Learn from the fowl of the air; which, howe'er low they descend by day always perch high at night.

Learn from the nail: which, the more 'tis hammered, the firmer it holds.

Learn from the candle: which, tho' it be held downward, still sends its flame upward.

Learn from the rose: which, tho' its root be in dirt and darkness, yet sendeth forth grace and perfume.

Learn from the river: which, the more it is dammed, the wider it swells.

Learn from the sea: which is grand in storm as well as in calm.

Learn from the tree: which shades others while scorched itself by the sun.

572.

Of all creatures man alone can contemplate his misery: this is his wisdom; of all creatures man alone rejects the true remedy for his misery: this is his folly.

573.

It is the ripest fruit that falls when the tree is shaken. That would be a consolation if only it were not equally true of the poorest also.

574.

Anticipation of joy halves it; anticipation of sorrow doubles it.

575.

Tears are sorrow's safety valves. Who can no longer laugh can still cry; but who can no longer cry . . . . .

576.

The shed tears can still have a kind of sweetness in them. It is the unshed tears that remain unspeakably bitter.

VI.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

577.

Both rich and poor work with the sweat of their brow. But the poor work hard for their bread; the rich toil equally hard for their salt.

578.

Poverty and misery are relations, riches and happiness are only connections.

579.

Folk are never too poor, but often too rich to be happy.

580.

Unhappy with poverty? Then you will hardly be happy with riches.

581.

Poverty is apt to dispossess the man; riches, to possess him.

582.

It is from pride that folk wish not to be thought poor. It is not from humility that they wish not to be thought rich.

583.

The poor are accountable only for themselves; the rich are accountable also for the poor.

584.

Who has still a want is not yet rich; who has still a duty is not yet poor.

585.

The satisfied man is the richest and alas! also the poorest.

586.

The only real advantage the rich have over the poor is the one the poor should never crave: the ability to purchase rogues.

587.

"If only riches were mine, what good would not I do therewith!" Well, friend, is there then no good thou canst do without—dollars?

588.

To become rich, to remain well is not always in our power. But to become good, to remain true is ever in our power.

589.

Men think it is their present riches they put away in the safe. It is only their future poverty.

590.

To think oneself rich is not yet to be rich. To think oneself poor is to be poor.

591.

To crave more than one needs—that is poverty.

592.

Not poverty degrades, but neediness.

593.

Poverty may yet be a blessing; neediness is always a curse.

594.

Our necessaries are ever supplied us by a gracious God, if we take account of Him. It is for our luxuries that we are made to pay.

595.

All riches is sure to be lost in time. Its possessor's chief concern is that he be not lost therewith also for eternity.

596.

Among the rich there are ever two kinds: the golden few, the guilded many.

597.

Of the many ignorances of the rich the fatallest is their ignorance of the poor: ignorance of their standards, needs, worth . . .

598.

The tragedy of the rich consists in the abundance of bread with but little capacity to digest the abundance.

599.

I used to pity the rich until I saw many incapable of receiving aught but riches, and then I was thankful for at least this gift to them.

600.

Who have too little need our sympathy; who have too much may need our pity.

601.

Wealth supplies few needs, it creates many wants.

602.

Wealth is a life preserver: put on rightly it will save you; put on wrongly it will drown you.

603.

I do not object to riches having wings and flying away. If they only fly upward and carry me with them . . .

604.

Two men are foolish: who prizes riches, who despises riches.

605.

Who teaches how to get riches teaches much; but more he who teaches how to part therewith.

606.

Temporal riches is obtained by acquiring, eternal by renouncing.

607.

To have much, yet prize it little; to have little, yet prize it much—this is true riches.

608.

Poor indeed the man to whom sympathy is no longer of value. Yet it is only then that he attains to his true riches.

609.

He is truly rich who has nothing left to be deprived of.

610.

Riches is measured by what we own where'er it may be. The richest man is thus, who appreciates most, admires most . . .

611.

There is much sentimental chatter about riches being a trust, a special trust for being useful to your poor neighbor, for doing much good therewith in the world. Well, my friend, riches *is* a trust. But so is health, so is intelligence, skill, talent,, and even mere opportunity. Dear sentimental chatterer, by all means ever consider thy wealth as a trust; but do not for a moment forget that it is thy whole life that is the trust, and the proper use of riches is only a mere incident therein . . .

612.

Pity the man whose burden is greater than he can bear; but not less pitiful he whose burden is less than he can bear . . . .

613.

A common mistake of the rich: to cling to the dross after extracting the gold. A common mistake of the poor: to reject the dross before extracting the gold.

614.

Both rich and poor are often vulgar. But in the poor it is the vulgarity of ignorance; in the rich the vulgarity of conceit . . . .

615.

Our riches tempts others, our poverty tempts us.

616.

A peculiar snare of the rich: to descend from their superiority by reminding the poor thereof.

617.

Every station in life has its own mode of illu-

mination: the rich use electric candles, but dimmed by ground glass; the comfortably off use kerosene, but with Rochester burners; the poor must get on with flickering matches. . . .

618.

It has fallen to my lot to know not a few rich folk, with a goodly opportunity to look deeply into their lives. Hardly one of them would have been better off in poverty; but not a single one was the better off for the riches. My lot fell chiefly among the serious, philanthropic rich. Of honest aspirations and brave attempts at making the most of the opportunities of riches there was an abundance; but the almost invariable end was: the mountain labored and brought forth a mouselet. And even the mouselet proved a vague, shadowy thing. But the vexation of spirit, the life-weariness (where it was not balanced by delusion) was but too real . . . .

619.

On the other hand it is to be said of the poor: that nearly every one would have been a gainer not indeed by riches but by the relief from the pinch of poverty. Few, however, but would ere long have been found again where they were before. . . . . .

620.

Money may place a man upon his feet, righteousness alone will keep him there.

621.

Few perish from the lack of money; many, from the love of money.

VII.

OF TRUTH AND ERROR.

622.

As I stand on the shore and gather pebbles, the horizon with its unbroken silent circle limits all I can see. But though mine eye of flesh would fain tell me this is all, mine eye of spirit tells of much beyond. And if I enter my skiff, and sail boldly forth to the confines of the circle, lo, I am in sight of another circle; and advance I never so far I am still as ever in the centre of the same vast circle.

623.

In youth Truth is beholden as a circle, with only one point as its centre, and every point on the circumference equidistant therefrom. Its aspect is thus simple, round. But the mature man beholds Truth no longer as a circle, but as an ellipse, with every point on the circumference no longer equidistant from one centre, but from two foci. And now the aspect is no longer so simple, so round . . .

624.

To be in error on some one thing is to be slave in some one spot. Truth alone makes free, and the whole Truth alone makes wholly free. And as men ever live as they think, to think wrongly on some one thing is to do wrongly at some one time, if not at many more. Hence the all-importance of Truth at any cost. Let happiness go, let life go, let friends go, let all go, but Truth, God's Truth, let *it* be had at whate'er cost . . .

625.

Like the high-spirited heiress Truth must be wooed solely for her own sake. The riches that is hers, the happiness she bestows, must not bribe the suitor into the love of her. Truth must be loved not for what she has, but for what she is. She does not therefore mind to appear for a time in homely garb, even uninviting. But her richest treasure is bestowed only upon those who take her even thus—for her own sake.

626.

Truth is ever ready to be wooed, but only by those who would rather dwell in Gehenna with her than in paradise without her.

627.

Virgin truth is apt to appear cold and hard. It is the part of its marriage to the soul to disclose her as warm and tender.

628.

All else owes its beauty to its coloring. Truth alone loses its beauty when colored.

629.

Where there is a struggle between light and darkness, there is color. Color is thus a milestone on the way. It is not yet its end.

630.

The banknote is prized even if soiled much. Truth cannot be prized if soiled ever so little.

631.

Truth is like the coin: unfitted for legal tender with the smallest hole therein.

632.

There is a medium between all things, but not between truth and error.

633.

Yes and No stand at the extremities of Truth. Between these there is a world of half-truths, quarter-truths, tithes of truths, and the rest of the series of the infinity of falsehoods.

634

Even the inferior man recognizes that everything has its two sides. The superior man recognizes only the right side and the wrong side.

635.

Every truth has its contrary: the wise man looks to the truth; the fool, to the contrary.

636.

Truth is like the cork: howe'er often submerged, it rises again.

637.

Truth is like dust: trodden under foot it rises and soils your head.

638.

Truth is moral dynamite; and like dynamite, it can be laid down with ease, but thrown down only with an explosion.

639.

Truth is like the taper: which even though smothered, still emits white smoke.

640.

Men have to find truth not because it is lost, but because they are lost.

641.

Nothing is more common than truth, what is rare is the knowledge how to get it. The ocean has plenty of gold, the problem is how to extract it.

642.

Truth has ever these two marks. It can always be perverted by the competent few, it is seldom inoffensive to the incompetent many.

643.

The cold truth? Then it is not yet the whole truth.

644.

The truth that only discourages is not yet the whole truth.

645.

Truth also intoxicates, hence the need of sobriety as well as truth.

646.

Fanaticism is truth alcoholised.

647.

Enthusiasm is to the cause of truth what water is to fire. A little quickens it, much puts it out.

648.

Enlisted in the cause of Truth Indignation does not help it. Eloquence endangers it, Irony and Ridicule seldom serve it, Persecution always hurts it.

649.

Satirists may spare themselves the trouble. Truth, naked truth is the real satire.

650.

Truth has more to fear from friends who lose their charity in its defence than from foes who lose their sense in their attack.

651.

The cause of Truth fails as often through the injudiciousness of its friends as through the judiciousness of its enemies.

652.

Truth is loved by few, lived by still fewer.

653.

The common man only sees truth, the uncommon man also prizes it.

654.

Even the rogue regards truth, the honest soul loves it.

655.

All men love to see truth prevail in their neighbor's yard.

656.

Who follows truth is ever in sight of her, howe'er far ahead she be. Who goes ahead of truth soon loses sight of her, howe'er close behind she be.

657.

Who loves Truth even in the little will soon love her as a whole. Who hates truth even in the little will soon hate her as a whole. Even a small hole, close to the eye, gives the whole landscape. Even a speck upon the eye shuts off the whole view.

658.

To convict him the truth need be only in your mind; to convince him it must be also in his.

659.

Truth is a searchlight: in the hands of those wielding it it illumines; those who would fain hide therefrom it confuses.

660.

Truth is uncompromising even to harshness. What little it does relent is for the sole purpose of becoming more palatable: the pill not being the worse for its coat of sugar.

661.

The path of truth to lead to complete happiness should be like that of the planet: ever round its sun, never away therefrom, but never approaching it.

662.

Man is miserable until he finds truth, and is only less miserable when he has found it.

663.

To see the whole objectively apart from self, to see self objectively as part of the whole—this is the genius of truth.

664.

Every truth is useful, but not necessarily the whole truth: the blanket covering the rest of your body keeps you warm; covering the head also, it may smother you.

665.

We must deal with Truth as we deal with our reading: which is best done by attending to the

words as a whole rather than to the letters separately.

666.

Who looks beyond a truth has not yet reached it.

667.

Nothing hinders so much the seeing into a thing as the eagerness to see through it.

668.

A truth is best stated if the hearer is left with the feeling that he could have told it equally well.

669.

All martyrdom is merely paying the price of possessing truth in advance of others.

670.

Who loves the light even without the heat must still be ready to burn away his life in its flame.

671.

Always speak truth, do not always tell it.

672.

Be slow to give others your truth; they are ready only for theirs.

673.

Consistency is the surest mark of truth, but love of consistency is not yet a sure mark of love of truth.

674.

Men entertain truth as inn keepers entertain guests; who price them high when transient, but keep them at reduced rates when permanent.

675.

Two dangerous things: to give voice to new truth, to exact compliance with old truth.

676.

Who loves men only is apt to be loose with Truth. Who loves Truth only is apt to be rigid toward men. To be loving to men without disloyalty to truth, to be loyal to truth without unlovingness to men—this is to reach the mark.

677.

Genius and Truth are always roommates, but only occasional messmates.

678.

Peace and Truth are Siamese twins: united in separably, though not always joyously. Happiness and truth are solderwork: hold together well enough, till melted apart by the first fire.

679.

Peace and truth are like the stars: always shine together. Happiness is to truth like the moon: shines sometimes with the sun by day, sometimes with the stars by night, and is at times absent altogether.

680.

Who cannot argue for his truth can still live for it, and thus truly argue for it.

681.

The constant search for new truth is largely the unconscious desire to escape the need of practising the old.

682.

Into truth men must be led; into error they fall themselves.

683.

There are no mediators between the soul and truth—it is straight from the factory to the consumer. Error has its numerous middlemen: travelling agent, retailer, purveyor, peddlar.

684.

All like truth, few love it.

685.

Familiarity with falsehood makes it at last a truth to us. Familiarity with truth only makes it a truism.

686.

Who loves truth only because it is useful will not always hate falsehood even when useless.

687.

It is a waste of politeness to be courteous to the devil. Only too much care cannot be taken for his indentification.

688.

The best way to deceive a knave is to tell him the truth.

689.

Time always brings at last a lie to light. It does not always keep truth from being obscured.

690.

The many who hate a lie nearly always hate also the liar, the few who love truth do not always love also the truth-teller.

691.

For its foundation Society must have truth. Its superstructure is consistent with much fiction.

692.

Who tells falsehood about me misrepresents me, but who tells mere truth about me does not yet represent me. To represent me he must indeed tell truth, but truth told in love.

693.

Every error held in good faith by the many has some truth. It is for the large-minded to search it out.

694.

Every truth is eternal; but may become a falsehood in time.

695.

Truth can be had without being sought. Possessed it can be only after being sought.

696.

Falsehood only deludes; truth both sobers and intoxicates. At the last it disenchants.

697.

Even error satisfies when it enchants. It is the glory of Truth that it still satisfies even when it disenchants.

698.

A lie has no feet and cannot stand? But it has wings, and can fly.

699.

A lie is like a wasp: stings even when dead. Truth is like the bee: its honey is still sweet, even if the bee do sting.

700.

A man is divided by falsehood and united by truth. Men are often divided by truth and united by falsehood.

701.

All slang was once pure speech. Every error had once some truth.

702.

The preparation of truth in the pill needs little skill. It is the coating that requires art.

703.

All hate a lie, not all hate the liar.

704.

Illusion lost is never recovered, truth found is not always retained.

705.

In clouds we must all be. It is only a question whether we shall in the end find ourselves above or below them.

706.

Slander travels by express, the truth follows in an ox-cart.

707.

Naked truth is seldom the whole truth. Truth must be clad; only not in fiction, but poetry.

708.

The most important truths are oft arrived at by mere happy hits: but they are the hits of the falling hammer—falling for some time in the prepared groove.

709.

"What is Truth?" asked Pilate, and the Christ was silent. But the philosopher speaks: "Truth is correspondence with reality."

"What is a garden, father?"

"A garden, my son, is a place fenced in."

"And what is a Cathedral, father?"

"Oh, it is a tall building made of stone."

Philosopher dear, it was the greatest of your guild that defined man as a biped without feathers, to be instantly refuted by the wag with a plucked fowl in his hands.

Dear philosopher, do you now see why He who said I am the Truth was silent when asked what *is* Truth?

710.

Philosophy may seek for what is Truth. Religion finds Him who is The Truth.

711.

Philosophy is of value only when it is Truth in a frock coat; Poetry is of value only when it is Truth in full dress.

712.

Error does for the soul what the root does for the tree: assimilates all that is underground, in the dark. Truth is to the mind what the leaves are to the tree: seeks light and air for itself, and gives shade to all else.

713.

Error fishes with a net; truth, only with a hook.

714.

Error has its sole strength in obscurity: like the firefly which shines only in darkness.

715.

Error intoxicates the soul as wine does the body. But wine allures by its clearness; error, by its obscurity.

716.

Error is like smoke: dissipates at last; but not before darkening a wider area than the opening whence it issues.

717.

Errors are really few in number, only they differ in appearance. A line moving round a point gives a circle of countless points, but it is the same line.

718.

Errors are the only possessions we must pay to be rid of them.

719.

Errors are the same in all ages, but disguised in every age by a new suit of clothes.

720.

Error vanishes before truth, but only like water before the sun: to reappear again as cloud above, as flood below.

721.

Because folk seldom know both at once: what is Truth, and how to tell it, Truth is seldom told: by men, because they seldom know the truth; by women, because they seldom know how to tell it even when they have the truth.

722.

Deceit is the egg, suspiciousness is its hatched viper.

723.

Every error soon finds its champion, since every error can be made to appear plausible, and there are always folk able to make things appear plausible . . .

724.

Imagination rules the world by deceiving it. Truth rules the world only by remaining invisible —giving the imagination ample play.

725.

In error we have many companions. It is with truth one must walk lone.

726.

It is the mark of error that when brought to the fire, it does not burn, but brought to the light it vanishes.

727.

To start out with doubt in search of Truth is to go forth to furnish a house with only dust pan and broom . . .

728.

Never is lack of faith in one's cause shown so much as when willing to lie for it.

729.

Both truth and error keep open house; but the many visitors of error call when it is day; the few visitors of truth call in the night.

730.

One can ride two horses at a time, one can serve two masters for a time; one can even love two women at alternate times; but one cannot see the two sides of a truth at the same time.

731.

Repetition strengthens a lie, but is apt to weaken truth.

732.

Ornament ever adds to a lie, nakedness never detracts from truth.

733.

Ornament is apt to disguise truth; nakedness is apt to disguise error.

734.

The common mind first sees your error, the uncommon mind first looks at your truth.

735.

The craving for fiction is due as much to the hunger for truth as to the loss of truth.

736.

The great propagator of error is talk; its great preserver is silence; its great foe is discussion.

737.

The hideousness of sin fails to frighten its votaries; the plainness of truth suffices to scare its friends.

738.

The majority alone can sustain truth, the minority alone contains it.

739.

There is no error but what will soon unite folk; no truth but what will soon divide them.

740.

The ignorance of the learned is a malady peculiar to the craft. Who labors too near the light must expect to get off with weak eyes.

741.

Soaring high does not increase your light; diving deep does increase your darkness.

742.

The truth we owe to those who have injured us can best be told in anger. It is best told in love.

743.

The wounds inflicted by error can be healed by truth. The wounds inflicted by truth can be healed only by grace.

744.

To disillusion folk without giving them aught to take the place of their delusion is to crack their nuts for them only to show them that they have only worms.

745.

To maintain a truth, a thorough mastery of it alone suffices. To maintain a lie the mastery of several others is needful.

746.

To save our eyes we must not look too steadily at the sun, to save our hearts we must not look too steadily at truth.

747.

To the spiritual man truth is like steam—even when not readily visible, yet hot. To the common man it is like water—can be cold, can be hot, but fluid at all times. To the man of culture it is like ice: solid enough, but frozen.

748.

Truth adorned only borders on falsehood; falsehood naked almost passes for truth.

749.

Truth shines even in darkness, error prospers only in darkness.

750.

Truth for the worldling is like cod-liver oil: taken best disguised.

751.

Truth must indeed be as transparent as ice, but it need not therefore be as cold.

752.

To study error for the sake of refuting it is to marry a bad woman for the sake of beating her

753.

A great catastrophe: the collision of a truth-seeker with a loaf-seeker.

754.

The truth every age must learn for itself; error is handed down from generation to generation.

755.

Truth is always true, extending as it does backward and forward as well as in the present. Its friends need ever to remember that it extends also forward. Its enemies, unable to deny its extent in the past, comfort themselves with ignoring its extent into the present.

756.

Truth is always beautiful. But naked truth is apt to be loved for its own sake. Adorned truth is in danger of being loved only for the sake of the adornment.

757.

Truth is a vast pyramid with its base in the ocean. Only its small apex is seen by those sailing the wide sea. Only the bold diver is permitted to sound its vast depth and breadth underneath.

758.

Truth is brought to naught as much by mispronouncing it as by renouncing it.

759.

Truth should fit the head as the shoe fits the foot: which if too snug swells it; if too loose chafes it.

760.

Men first discern the truth, they then discover the arguments for it.

761.

Truth is seldom divorced, but too often jilted.

762.

Truth has two enemies: the whole liar and the one per cent. liar—with the latter as the not less dangerous of the two.

763.

Only the divinely commissioned are the ones to say with Nathan, Thou art the man! Others best witness to Truth by leaving each to cry for himself, I am the man!

764.

The best way to defend your error is to confess it.

765.

None deceive so successfully as the self-deceived.

766.

Error is like green chestnut wood: easy to split, but hard to burn.

767.

A great mind beholds truth; a great soul lives it.

768.

A whole lie is Satan in the open. A half truth is Satan in disguise.

769.

Light blinds more fatally than darkness.

770.

The sun drives one oft into shelter from both its heat and light. The moon, with no light of its own, and without heat, drives one into no shelter. From the moon only thieves have to hide . . .

771.

The liar needs two things: a long memory, a short tongue.

772.

The printer reminds me that owing to this page being supplemental, the next one will be left blank if not provided for. Dear printer, he is concerned only with the provision against mere typographical impropriety; little aware that he meanwhile teaches the poor author a most unex-

pected lesson: The original, unbroken order of the pages has been departed from; and forthwith is adopted the apparently harmless or even clever expedient of supplemental paging, numbering. And all goes on quite well, until that unexpected—blank. . . . Every human expedient, (once a departure has been made from the heaven-ordained order), be it never so clever, never so successful in the sight of men, brings with it in due time the unreckoned-with—blank; with its relentless demand to be duly filled in. . . .

773.

And the folly of all human Systems of Truth is this ever-recurring attempt to fill in therewith these from their very nature unfillable blanks. . . .

VIII.

PARABLES.

774.

Left out in the rain the cask swelled and burst its hoops. There, at last I am rid of those wretched bands, thought the cask. But when the sun came out it fell to pieces.

775.

The dove when flying observed that it had to beat against the air. It prayed to be spared its resistance. The dove had its prayer answered, and was put into a vacuum. But on trying to fly it fell to the ground.

776.

The acorn wished to become a mighty oak. But when thrown into the damp and darkness it demurred, and it was released. Now I shall at least be a clean acorn, it said, once more basking in the sunshine. But it did not bask long. A stray hog came along, and readily put an end to acorn's further career.

777.

The vine weary of clipping at last prayed to be delivered therefrom. The kindly husbandman heeded her request, and its growth ran all into wood. But when next year the new owner came, he cut down the unprofitable vine.

778.

"Which did you like best, the one that sang

soprano, or the one that sang alto?" "I liked best the one who sang solo." The youth on coming to manhood became a metaphysician.

779.

"My papa has a piazza on his house, yours has not." "And mine has a mortgage on his, which yours has not." When these children grew up, the one gave birth to a professor of Ethics, the other to a professor of Political Economy.

780.

An ass hearing the nightingale extolled decided to hear her for himself. The nightingale put herself out, and sang at her best. Most excellent, cried the ass, but if you will allow me a suggestion, a few lessons from my friend the cock would greatly add to your accomplishments. You will find him scratching on the dunghill. This critic dates only from Krylof's time, but he has an ancient pedigree and numerous offspring.

781.

A man was met of God in a hay field, and was there converted. Full of joy he meets his neighbor. "Have you found the Lord?" "Yes, praise His name, long ago." "Where did you find Him?" "One day in my chamber." "You are mistaken, friend. A man cannot truly find God unless in a hay field." This man afterwards became a theologian.

782.

The inhabitants of a quiet village were once alarmed by the cry of Wolves! They rush to the town hall. They debate, discuss, deliberate. At last they decide that each go home and get his

gun. But as they rushed out they were met at the door by the wolves. They had all been honest agnostics.

783.

"I tell you I once succeeded in taking in a whole town!" "Indeed! And how did you do it?" "You see, my name is Smith, and I told them it was Jones." When this man found himself, he became a successful writer of fiction.

784.

A cat was caught by its mistress eating its dainty fish. "O, you thief, skitch, skitch!" The cat still eats. "Well, did you ever! You beast, skitch, skitch!" The cat still eats. "You nasty thing, I will make you ashamed of yourself," and she grabs the poker. The cat now does start away, only to finish the fish in the shed instead of the kitchen. The husband of the owner of the fish was a writer on Education.

785.

On arriving at the summit of Vesuvius the rest of the party admired the view. He alone saw the lava, and observed, What a fine spot for baking potatoes! In due time he became the ancestor of a race of financiers.

786.

A belated owl found itself in daylight before it had time to return to its haunt. The glare hurt its eyes, and it prayed that the good Lord would be pleased to put out the sun. The Lord heard its prayer, but instead of putting out the sun He merely transferred it to its dark abode. Ever after the owl has had much to say about un-

answered prayer. Too-whit, too who! Two-whit, too who!

787.

A man was arrested on the charge of stealing a cow; but on proving that he owned the animal ever since it was a calf he was discharged. A fellow-prisoner, who was charged with stealing a gun, on hearing this, set up as his defence that he had owned the gun ever since it was a pistol. He was sent to prison, but he reformed, and in time became a successful lecturer on Evolution.

788.

A traveller ascended a high mountain carrying a parrot in a cage. When they came to the summit, an eagle flew by. "Well, well," exclaimed the parrot, "who would have ever thought that the parrot and the eagle would at last be soaring over the same heights!"

IX.

FAITH, LOVE, HOPE.

789.

All strength for action consists of two halves: faith and hope; love makes it shine.

790.

Faith, hope, love, is the order of their longevity. Faith may die in the autumn, hope may live into the winter, love lives through the winter.

791.

Faith designs the bridge, hope throws it across the gulf, love crosses it.

792.

The great end of life is love; its great means, hope; its great method, faith.

793.

The door of faith cannot be shut without shutting also the door of hope. And between the two love also is tightly shut in.

794.

Want of faith springs from too much knowledge; want of love, from too little; want of hope, from both.

795.

Which first, Faith, love, hope? I conceive them as an equilateral triangle: at every turn each of the three points is at the top.

796.

Pure faith can dwell only in a clean heart; pure love, only in a clear head.

797.

Faith is the sixth sense added to the natural man from above after he surrenders the other five.

798.

Anxiety and faith have the same ancestry: ignorance of the future; but faith takes account of the ever Present One.

799.

Shut the door against faith, in comes credulity.

800.

True faith is like the sunflower: keeps ever sunward even when not shined upon.

801.

It is a low faith that moves mountains. The higher faith crosses them, the highest lets them alone . . . .

802.

It is faith never to despair, and it is still faith to toil on even in despair.

803.

Reason is the eye; faith, the telescope wherewith to see the things beyond the range of reason.

804.

Probability of speculation as a guide of life is to the certainty of Faith what the odors of the roast are to the roast itself: they may stave off starvation for a while, they cannot sustain life in the end.

805.

There is an opposition between Faith and Reason, but it is the opposition of Upper and Under, of Right and Left, of Light and Shadow; each part of the other, distant but not separate. Faith is grounded in reason, reason rests on faith.

806.

Faith is that firm assurance of the verities which discards their proofs even to the point of being forgotten.

807.

Faith is a realization not so much that you feel better toward God—this is only repentance; as that He feels better toward you.

808.

True love betwixt human folk—not that silly thing betwixt the sexes that has stolen away all the glories of the genuine love of fellow-man for fellow-man of whate'er sex—is such a delicate, frail thing, so easily wounded, crushed. And yet its very glory consists in fluttering on, and beating on, and bleeding on, maugre the wormwood and gall that oft it receives for its support.

809.

The one thing in which human nature shows its greatest skill is in misknowing the true friend. The one thing few are able to receive, few able to understand, is disinterested love, where it is not clannish. (For the clannish love, even at its noblest, like that of the mother for the child, is only still a phase of *my*, though its beauty is assured by its having the divine stamp.) But dis-

interested love, nobler even than that of the lover for the unworthy maiden—it is not even misunderstood; it is simply not understood.

810.

Such a love is the only divine love. Blessed he who loveth solely because he loves to love; and the test of such love is the readiness with which is accepted its inevitable wage—bitter sorrow. Few are worthy of such love, and so seldom are even those few found that only disappointment can be its portion. Mayhap this was ordained to teach such divine souls to have fellowship with Him who is the great unappreciated, neglected Lover of men. God is the great Misknown Friend of man; unheeded, un-understood .... And not until one is born from above in the only God-appointed way is one able to bestow it, or fit to receive it.

811.

The soul has a skin as well as the body. But in the carnal it is self-will, or self-love; in the spiritual it is this divine Love. Both are easily wounded. But when self-love is wounded, it feels also resentment; when divine love is wounded it can feel only pain.

812.

What is loveable does not yet fully deserve our love as long as we see therein only what we do see. What makes it loveable is that it contains much more than we see therein.

813.

All may dispense love, no one can dispense with love.

814.

All greatness must begin with an uncommon head, it can continue only with an uncommon heart.

815.

Appreciation is sight, admiration is love. Folk do not appreciate because they have not head enough; they do not admire because they have not heart enough.

816.

Argument seldom even convinces, and this with many words. Love may even convict, and this with few words.

817.

Both love and hatred are blind; but love is blind to faults; hatred to merits.

818.

Both love and hatred prove themselves by telling the truth. But love tells it in love; hatred, in hatred.

819.

By loving the loveable you show forth their worth; by loving the hateful you show forth yours.

820.

Even the small soul can love in return, only the great soul hates not in return.

821.

Every lover has a literature of his own writ by his heart on the trees among which his beloved hath trod, on the stones on which she hath sat.

822.

Men may see best with closed eyes, they may hear best with closed ears, they may even speak best with closed lips; but they can love best only with open hearts.

823.

Men seldom love those they agree with merely because they agree; they often dislike those they disagree with because they disagree.

824.

Open mouth and open ears seldom go together; open heart and open hands must go together.

825.

The great love what they find in the beloved; the small, what they get from the beloved.

826.

Two loves are not yet love: the love that does not dare, the love that does despair.

827.

True love is known by its kinship; it must have knowledge for its parent; discretion for its child.

828.

The pains of love survive the love itself. Love is thus an annuity: yields an income long after the departure of the principal.

829.

The highest love is like the lightning rod, which shields those beneath by receiving the bolt itself.

830.

The only way to attain to your superior is to love him.

831.

The ministry to self-consciousness either in yourself or in others is the business of the vulgar. Noble it is only in lovers.

832.

The love that has stood one year's separation may stand twenty. But the love that has stood a thousand miles of separation may not stand a foot of nearness.

833.

Two wounds are long in healing: the wound from our love for others, the wound to our love of self.

834.

Do many love you? The merit is probably theirs. Do many hate you? The fault is probably yours as well as theirs.

835.

True love has these two marks: it is first tender, then enduring.

836.

True love to men reverses the housekeeper's way, and opens the windows to the setting rather than the rising sun.

837.

To be in love is to carry about a piece of coal in the belief that it is a diamond. To walk in love is to be ever transforming the coal into diamond.

838.

To love man is not necessarily to love men ...

839.

To love the loveable is human, to love the despicable—this is divine.

840.

Pure love is proof against all the deadly poisons but one: deliberate, protracted cruelty at the hands of the beloved—this alone kills a pure love, but solely because it kills also the beloved oneself.

841.

Love sees because it loves, hatred hates because it is blind.

842.

When the heart is given away, it is henceforth mortgaged with a veritable pledge of death. Shall we then not love? Not if peace is a higher prize than love. But if peace be the highest prize, then the graveyard is the one prized spot on earth.

843.

Nothing so bitter as injustice from those we love. Since mere justice we expect from all, from those we love we expect also partiality.

844.

When the heart changes lovers it is because it has not yet been in love with a soul, but only in love with love.

845.

Who loves only some men will be loved by many. Who loves all men will be loved by some and hated by many.

846.

Who is loved by many will surely be hated by some. Who is hated by many will not necessarily be loved by any.

847.

Our hearts were meant to be so filled with love to God and man, that every time we think of man we think of both: praying the One to bless, the other to be blessed . . . .

848.

High love with one's own heart is rare. Deep hatred with the heart of others is frequent.

849.

Unrequited love is hunger unsatisfied, thirst unquenched, sorrow unconsoled, agony unrelieved, misery that cannot be drowned.

850.

To rise you must love your superior; to keep from falling you must love also your inferiors.

851.

When we like others it is chiefly because we know not yet enough of them. When we dislike others it is chiefly because we know not yet enough of ourselves.

852.

Man is a natural lover when he lives either in the basement or upstairs. He is a hater only when he lives on the ground floor.

853.

Who is able to help is not yet poor, who is able to love is not yet old.

854.

Who has not known sorrow has not yet begun to understand life; who has not loved, has not yet begun even life itself.

855.

To become beloved one needs only to be able to give; to remain beloved one must also be able to receive.

856.

We love in others as much what we bring to them as what they bring to us.

857.

Love, like the sea, levels all things by covering them with itself.

858.

Love is the only possession of which the more one gives the less thereof he parts with.

859.

Love makes copper look like gold. Gold makes love look like copper.

860.

A great love shows itself even in little things; a great hatred is more politic and waits with its display for the great things.

861.

Fever consists of cold and heat: it is measured by the heat. Life consists of indifferences and loves: it is measured by its loves.

862.

Folk are liked chiefly for what they are; they are loved for what they have.

863.

Friendship is more like the echo, returning only what is given. Love is more like the pump: returns by the pail what it receives by the pint.

864.

Humility removes the cataract, love renovates the eye.

865.

If you have talents, love will enhance their presence; if you have none, love will make up for their absence.

866.

It needs as much charity to let folk be miserable in their way as to make them happy in yours.

867.

Justice without love is only hard, wisdom without love is foolish.

868.

Love has seldom much to learn, but always much to forget.

869.

Love is a flame; and like the flame loses naught of its own by lighting a thousand others.

870.

Love is an epoch before marriage, it is apt to be only an episode after marriage.

871.

Love is a passion which comes folk seldom know how. It goes—they but too often know why.

872.

Love is a vine: produces in abundance, but will not do its best till twined round another.

873.

Love is friendship dressed for a reception. Friendship is love fresh from God's hand: like Adam in Paradise, and equally—innocent.

874.

Love is like the seat in the coach; made only for two; friendship is like the settee, made for several.

875.

Love is indeed the greater of the three; since in addition to itself it is also faith and hope combined.

876.

Ice can be made even by means of heat; hatred can be evoked even by love.

877.

Love will not speak evil of any, but neither will it speak good of all.

878.

Man is a natural lover. It is experience and culture that make him a hater.

879.

One may think best in English and feel best in German; one may chat best in French and sing best in Italian; one may scold best in Russian and pray best in any tongue; but love is best uttered only in silence.

880.

Only he can truly love men who has first learned to despise man.

881.

Our borrowed hatreds are apt to be more numerous than our own loves.

882.

Precept stakes the path out, experience hoes it o'er; sorrow rakes it about, religion smooths it off; love tramps it down, and thus makes it good walking.

883.

Scientific charity—I know not how much good it does to those who receive it; but I do know the harm it does to those who give it.

884.

Men love their neighbors either when they know much of God or little of men.

885.

Some one has slandered Love by saying it is blind. Foolish love is blind, like all folly. But genuine love has keen enough sight. Only what makes it genuine Love is that it refuses to look at what is best not seen.

886.

Some souls are made for science, some for art; others for adventure, exploration, invention, affairs. Others again are made for farming, sports, fishing, sailing, animal love. But the pure, ethereal soul is made for just—love. Love is the element wherein such soul revels. What air is to the fowl, water to the fish, fire to smoke, the ether to light, the very heavens to the mind of God—that is love to such soul: love of the beautiful, the true, above all love to beauty in souls, to beautiful souls.

And the lover, alas! is seldom good for aught else than making love.

887.

Sternness is the best mode of instructing human nature, but as omniscience alone sees all the results thereof, love is for man the safest way.

888.

The fog enveloping the lover becomes the halo round the maiden.

889.

There is a kindness which is the ashes of love; but unlike ashes has no fertilizing value.

890.

There is no true friendship without much love; there is much love without true friendship.

891.

Those who love us most we seldom appreciate; those we appreciate most seldom love us.

892.

We must love the wicked: not because of what goodness is yet in them, but because of what badness is yet in us.

893.

When the need of love has been burnt into the soul it is fit for this life. When the need of patience has been burnt into the soul, it is fit for the next.

894.

Who loves too much does not yet love enough.

895.

True love is like the poplar: however old it ever looks young.

896.

To know men you must love them; to know the world you only need to have loved it.

897.

To know men you must love them; to love them it is not always best to know them.

898.

Charity should steer our lives as the rudder steers the ship, and like the rudder should be keep not in front, but behind.

899.

Knowledge may lengthen hands and feet; love adds wings.

900.

Lovers, the wider their separation, the nearer they are.

901.

Self-love is an excellent critic: but only of others and not of oneself. And this vitiates the criticism of others.

902.

To go through life without love—who would travel through the world with the curtains of the carriage drawn over the windows, to be shielded from sun and wind?

903.

Both selfishness and love have keen sight: but selfishness looks through a microscope, and sees only what is small or near; love looks through a telescope, and sees what is great or far.

904.

The discovery that I must beware of those who hate me came early, and this I found in nowise costly. The discovery that I must beware of those I love came later, and this I found very costly . . .

905.

Friendship is a well: however deep it never overflows. Love is a fountain: however narrow it always overflows.

906.

The Christless in his better mood knows that the best remedy against paralyzing pessimism is love. Christianity furnishes that love.

907.

The carnal man knows only Thou shalt love thy neighbor *as* thyself. The moral man knows also We ought to lay down our lives for the brethern—loving them more than ourselves. The spiritual man knows a love that is to be measured not even by a superlative: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy mind, and all thy soul, and all thy strength.

908.

Honesty is shown in the manner in which creditors are remembered; love is shown in the manner in which debtors are remembered.

909.

A great mind is content if he have but one great thought in the day. A great heart is not content until it has a great love throughout the day.

910.

The knowledge which does not make us love is not yet the highest; the love which does not make us know is not yet the deepest.

911.

Love is the one talent within reach of all.

912.

The envious by their envy confess their inferiority; the appreciative by their appreciation display their equality; the forgiving by their forgiveness show forth their superiority.

913.

The love that only covers defects is like paint and putty: useful, indeed, but equally superficial.

914.

The lesson the unsaved need burnt into them is the unceasing need of love. The saved need the same lesson, but with the additional need of patience.

915.

Many are the cures for a good lover; none for a good hater.

916.

God is Love; this is the character He gives of Himself in His Book. And love is that which can be comprehended by all. The mother has hers; the husband has his; the friend, the kindly, the compassionate—they all have theirs. Even the slave has his for the master, which love is duplicated even among the sub-humans in the devotion of the dog to his. But none of these

loves give yet even a glimmer of the love of God—the love of God *shed abroad in the hearts* of the regenerate BY THE SPIRIT. Only those begotten of the Spirit know it, only they comprehend it.

And but for one statement concerning it in Holy Writ it would remain mere sound to the unregenerate. "Like as a father pitieth his children so doth Jehovah pity them that fear him" furnishes them with at least a clue thereto. No mother would ever give her child in order to save thereby that of another except in war, where the case is complicated by the atmosphere. But God did give His only-begotten Son that others through Him be saved. Among all earthly loves—all noble (because heaven-ordained), in their way—the love of a father for a child stands forth unique: the only love to which *the* love of the Father can at all be likened. It is this alone that made David's cry "O Absalom my son, oh my son Absalom, would I had died for thee!" at all intelligible. *And Absalom was his father's enemy.* . . . God's hatred of sin, His holiness is measured by the fact that even His Son must die as long as sin was (not in Him but) upon Him. God's Love to even His enemies is measured by the fact that even His Only-begotten Son is given over to the shame and death of the Cross as long as this is the only means whereby to save perishing men . . .

917.

Love sees faults, hatred looks at them.

918.

Two souls lose our affection after gaining it: who progresses not with us, who has progressed beyond us.

919.

Love sees what is good in a friend, charity sees it also in the enemy.

920.

Charity is like the sun: which makes even the mud to shine.

X.

OF JUDGING.

921.

Who sees most censures least.

922.

Only look far enough, and even parallel lines at last merge into one.

923.

By all means expect no one to be without fault, only be sure not to be on the lookout for that fault.

924.

It is always safe to judge a man from one good deed; it is never safe to judge him from one bad deed. A bad man is always himself; a good man, not always.

925.

Of my neighbor tell me only what is good. What is bad I can find out for myself.

926.

You see him act meanly? Be patient—that is his heritage. You see him act nobly? Date him from this act—now he is himself.

927.

A frequent but great blunder: judging the quality of the honey by the sting of the bee.

928.

Praise is not so sure a proof that you already see all. Censure is a proof that you as yet see not enough.

929.

If you find out your neighbor's character all at once, it is because either he is a fool or you are one.

930.

In fighting unreasonableness, we are in great danger of becoming unreasonable ourselves.

931.

It is certain that no one is wholly good. Not so certain that any one is wholly bad.

932.

It is on the whitest cloth that the spot is most noticeable.

933.

"It is the poorest fruit that falls when the tree is shaken!" Not so fast, friend. It is the ripest also that falls then.

934.

It is the sweetest wine that gives the sourest vinegar.

935.

Men are never so forgetful of what they should do in their own place as when telling what they would do in another's.

936.

It is at the sweetest fruit that the birds are pecking.

937.

Half of what we hear is seldom so, the other half is not exactly so.

938.

A man may easily be judged from the kind of friends he makes, from the kind of books he likes. Not so easily from the kind of occupation he chooses, from the kind of wife he has.

939.

Condemn not one until you have been in his place.

940.

Condemn no one. If repentant, he has already judged himself. If unrepentant, God shall surely judge him.

941.

"Even the sun has its spots, you know." Yes, but they can be seen only through smoked glasses

942.

Laugh at the ass's bray to your heart's content, only do not let it prejudice you against his long ears.

943.

One of the hardest things to remember is that mankind consists of only men and women.

944.

One of the hardest things to remember: that your neighbor's blood is as red as yours.

945.

Who dwells with pleasure on the faults of others only shows forth his own.

946.

"The curtain is imperfect, it has a rent!" But it proves only to be the opening between its two halves.

947.

Hardly a noble piece of work but some flaw could be found therein. But our eyes are so made that they profit more by looking at the beauties than for the blemishes.

948.

There is a lesson in the Sun: its light and heat are to be enjoyed by all, its spots are to be looked at by the few.

949.

To remember his fault after his repenting thereof is to punish one man for the mischief done by another.

950.

What makes even just condemnation so unjust is that folk are seldom condemned for what they do without being condemned at the same time for what they are merely thought capable of doing.

951.

The weaknesses of others if dwelt upon become ours.

952.

Persistent condemnation of another is sure token of some subtle condemnation of self.

953.

To hate the unworthy is to punish yourself for their unworthiness.

954.

To judge the individual by the race is unjust to him; to judge the race by the individual is unjust to yourself.

955.

To praise one for not being as bad as he might be is unintelligent charity; to blame one for not being as good as he should be is equally unintelligent policy.

956.

Who speaks evil of others thinks he is describing them—he is only photographing himself.

957.

Before sitting down at his trial, make sure that you are at least his peer.

958.

Who has an eye for the weaknesses of others has seldom one for his own.

959.

It is well to see the littleness of others, only in theirs we must see also ours.

960.

Of all faultfinding the silliest is with what is past.

961.

When Satan fails in driving folk into their own Sin, he succeeds in setting them to judge the sins of others.

962.

To gaze long on the exceeding sinfulness of ourselves makes us weaklings; to gaze long on the exceeding sinfulness of others makes us tyrants.

963.

Only he has a right to reproach who is ready to correct or relieve; and even he had best not avail himself thereof.

964.

I never judge methods three thousand miles away, said Wendell Phillips once in my hearing. After nigh forty years I am compelled to add, I never judge motives even an inch away. Men seldom know even their own motives, and are still less competent to understand those of others.

965.

We need much time to learn that we are greater sinners than we think. We need more time to learn that others are not so great sinners as we think.

966.

Were we to spend our leisure in improving our own ills we should have none left for dwelling upon those of our neighbors.

967.

We must ever carry two standards: one for judging ourselves; the other for judging our neighbors.

968.

Two things we are safe in not believing: half the good said of us; nearly all the ill spoken of others.

969.

The ill in folk is discerned more readily than the good. Does this then prove his corruption? Possibly; but it surely proves yours.

970.

The vessel that holds not water may still hold grain. It matters not so much what one cannot do as what one can do.

971.

Shadows indicate the presence of light as well as its absence.

972.

Hesitation is the sign as much of the abundance of ideas as of their scarcity.

973.

We need much time to learn that we are greater sinner than we think. We need more time to learn that others are not so great sinners as we think.

974.

I hear it often said, "You cannot live on air," but hardly ever, "You cannot live without air." Deficiencies are more striking than merits.

975.

The pupil of the eye contracts in the light and dilates in the dark: perhaps to teach us the need of enlarged vision in the presence of all darkness.

976.

However dark the wall, the match can still be lighted thereat.

977.

If anything grows in ashes, something may yet be made to grow by ashes.

978.

Lay not up against your neighbor the sin of yesterday. He may have repented thereof today.

979.

A man's work may be freely criticised; his actions, not so freely.

980.

A great desideratum: an imagination as active in finding excuses for others' imaginary offenses as for our real ones.

981.

Not in vain are only men's faces exposed, but not their hearts. Only he is fit to judge men's motives who has X-Ray eyes, able to look thro' the waistcoat. But none are apt to be so blind as those who deem themselves to have X-Ray eyes . . .

982.

The good things about folk are not believed till we see them for ourselves. The bad things about folk are readily believed long before we see them for ourselves.

XI.

THE AGES.

983.

At twenty one feels wiser than at fifty, but at thirty one feels only wiser than at forty . . .

984.

It is a wise youth that keeps accumulating for future use. It is a wise man that keeps ridding himself of the accumulations of youth.

985.

The child learns only from loveable teachers; he is not a man till he learns also from hateful teachers.

986.

The child pets the lamb; the man eats the sheep.

987.

Parents expect children to be grateful for what they have done for them. Foolish parents, you have been getting your reward while doing for them.

988.

Parents' love is best shown by timely severity; their wisdom by timely gentleness.

989.

Certain vices in the young may be only virtues in blossom. Certain virtues in the aged may be only vices in decay.

990.

In youth the days are short and the years are long; in old age the years are short and the days are long.

991.

Old age complains that youth shows no respect for age. But my aged friend, have you taken pains to make old age venerable to youth?

992.

With men we can afford at times to be children. With children we must ever be men.

993.

With the child the first motive should be fear; with the youth, duty; with the man, love.

994.

Who wishes not to break the heart of the man must not fear to break the will of the child.

995.

The younger grow wise chiefly by learning; the older, by unlearning.

996.

Good men stay good with age; bad men do not stay bad, they grow worse.

997.

To retain the simplicity of the child with the power of metamorphosis in old age—this is the essence of the higher life.

998.

In youth one has tears with transient grief; in mature life one has abiding griefs without the tears.

999.

Laughter may preserve to old age. Tears alone restore to perennial youth.

1000.

The child should always survive in the man; the boy only at times.

1001.

The unknown is apt to rouse fear in the child, curiosity in the youth, indifference in the man.

1002.

To be a good child he needs but little of the man in him; to be a good man he needs much of the child in him.

1003.

A child may oft be left to play alone; children, hardly ever.

1004.

Age needs a critic; youth, only a model.

1005.

A good child is surely to its parents' credit; a bad child is not so surely to its parents' discredit.

1006.

All wish for long life, few know that it means old age.

1007.

A man is more a child of his age than of his parents.

1008.

An easy art: to keep young; a most difficult art: to grow old.

1009.

Any life worthy of the name is spent: in youth, losing its illusions; in manhood, sobering from delusions; in mature age, regretting the loss of both yet desiring the return of neither.

1010.

At twenty one is apt to be infallible. Happy if at thirty one is only about to become so.

1011.

Children are happiest when their future is made present; old folk, when their past is made present.

1012.

Children do not appreciate enough their parents, and the parents do not remember enough that this is because they are children.

1013.

Even the common man may grow old in a night. It is the uncommon man that keeps young in the midst of years.

1014.

Imitation is surely wisdom for the young, but only for the young.

1015.

In youth I used to look for the hidden genius in every man. I now have to look for the hidden man in every genius.

1016.

In youth we hope to avoid errors; in mature age we are content if we have succeeded in correcting them.

1017.

That there is an ape in man is true, but only of healthy childhood and sickly manhood.

1018.

Openhandedness the child learns much later. To clinch its little hand it knows almost at birth.

1019.

To be the complete man the boy must die in him wholly, the child must survive in him much.

1020.

To love a story is the mark of healthy childhood; to love fiction is the mark of sickly manhood.

1021.

To value things more than their worth is the folly of childhood; to value men less than their worth is the folly of womanhood.

1022.

The danger of youth is to be led astray by the abundance of passion; the danger of age is to be led astray by its scarcity.

1023.

The child laughs at the ludicrousness of the scarecrow; the youth laughs at the crow's folly in being scared thereby. It is for the man to learn from the scarecrow that it watches for others the corn it cannot itself enjoy.

1024.

The child must have right living before right thinking; the man cannot have right thinking without right living.

1025.

Flesh and blood makes the child; 'tis the heart that makes the parent.

1026.

Older folk are best controlled by holding out to them some pleasure and much fear; the young are best controlled by holding out to them much pleasure and some fear.

1027.

How should old age be venerable to youth when every one is frantically striving not to grow old?

1028.

Stories for the young, maxims for the old.

1029.

The language of a people is the history of its past; the language of a child is the history of its present; the language of a man is the history of his future.

1030.

Two great mistakes: to think oneself young at thirty; to think oneself old at fifty.

1031.

It is always wise to accommodate ourselves to our surroundings. It is not always wise to accommodate ourselves to our age.

1032.

And so you have concealed your age? but not your folly.

1033.

Men born the same day are hardly ever of the same age.

1034.

Every age walks by its own light: youth, by sunlight; middle age, by moonlight; old age, by starlight.

1035.

Ignorance in old age is a vice; vice in youth is mostly ignorance.

1036.

The child is not complete without a certain manly roughness; the man is not complete without a certain feminine tenderness.

1037.

The child's education is not finished till it has learned to obey; the man's, not till he has learned to command.

1038.

Indulgence to children is seldom more than indulgence to ourselves.

1039.

This life is only a preparation for the next, hence education does not end with any age, but is meant to last through every age. Only in childhood and youth education consists in learning; in middle age it has, alas! to consist chiefly in unlearning. Blessed he who in his old age needs no longer to unlearn, yet can keep on learning . . .

1040.

The cyclopedia that is never outgrown, the text book that never becomes out of date, that meets the requirements of every department of life, of every age in life is after all the—Bible.

The pseudo-scientist glories in the discovery that his "science" contradicts the Bible. The true scientist (who, however, is not yet in sight), will find that only that is science which is found supported by the Bible. And it is the utter failure of our modern education to appreciate this fact that makes our race a miseducated race: fit for everything except the one thing it is designed for: the future, eternal life; the relentless great certain Beyond, which our modern education makes for its but too well "educated" elders even at best only a huge Perhaps . . .

XII.

SAINT AND SINNER.

1041.

By nature men are sinners; by grace, saints; by inclination they are both.

1042.

A sinner one is born and this without his consent. A saint is made; and this only with his consent.

1043.

To make a sinner not even one other is needful; to make a saint it needs at least three.

1044.

Men can change a saint into a sinner, but not a sinner into a saint. The chemist can reduce the diamond to carbon. He cannot make the carbon into diamond.

1045.

The saint abstains from sin for lack of desire; the sinner only from lack of occasion.

1046.

Sinners do their greatest harm when alive; saints can do their greatest good also when dead.

1047.

The sinner needs to learn that it is wrong to live only for the day; the saint needs to learn that it is wrong to live other than in the day.

1048.

The sinner is not safe as long as he condemns not himself; the saint is not safe as long as he condemns others.

1049.

The message to the sinner is, Come down lower; to the saint: stay below, and thou shalt be taken higher . . .

1050.

The sinner needs to look for the truth of the Bible only within himself; the saint can afford to look also without.

1051.

The sinner needs to know first God's holiness; the saint can afford to look first at God's love.

1052.

The sinner needs to learn that God can be a merciful judge; the saint, that He can also be a stern Father.

1053.

The saint has no reason to complain of God's ways, the sinner has no right to complain.

1054.

The sinner blunders in demanding an explanation of God's ways; the saint, in endeavoring to furnish an apology for God's ways.

1055.

God's wisdom even the sinner can see; His love, only the saint; but His justice only he can see who has been both sinner and saint.

1056.

The capacity for getting highly displeased is the only thing in common between the great-hearted saint and the low-minded sinner.

1057.

The images of saints have a better market and a higher price than the saints themselves; and saints in marble the world permits to be more potent than saints in flesh.

1058.

That they are sinners few are willing to deny; that they are sinning, few are ready to admit.

1059.

When a man confesses that he is a great sinner, he is already a smaller one.

1060.

Who talks much of sin still finds time to commit it. Who talks much of virtue has seldom time to practice it.

1061.

Sin grows fat on the want of three things: a loving heart, an elastic head, a pliable will.

1062.

Sins like a spot can be washed out in blood; sin like a stain, can be burnt out only in fire.

1063.

Sins like writing in pencil can be rubbed out; sin like writing in ink can only be scratched out.

1064.

Into sin man is born, into righteousness he must be brought.

1065.

The bad seldom deserve all the hatred they get, the good seldom deserve all the love they get.

1066.

The bad man makes enemies, the good man already has them.

1067.

The good as well as the bad take comfort from the knowledge that others have suffered as they. But the good are encouraged from seeing others conquer; the bad, from seeing others fail.

1068.

The honest man can hardly understand the knave; the knave cannot at all understand the honest man.

1069.

Good men are seldom loved when all is known about them. Bad men are often loved even when all is known about them.

1070.

Many remain bad without growing worse. No one remains good without growing better.

1071.

A bad man is known from the manner in which he bestows censure; a good man from the manner in which he receives it.

1072.

To be a bad man, he need only work out what is already within him. To be a good man, he must work out what is put into him.

1073.

Bad men are often worse than they seem, good men are seldom as good as they seem.

1074.

No one is as good as he should be; hardly anyone is as bad as he can be.

1075.

It is not so difficult to do the right as to abstain from doing the wrong.

1076.

To do right one needs help from above. To do wrong he needs none from below.

1077.

Two men soon find the world too small for them: the saint and the rogue.

1078.

The honest man errs in thinking all to be as good as he; the knave, because he thinks all as bad as he.

1079.

The honest man is deceived most about others; the rogue, also about himself.

1080.

There are two kinds of sinners: who do not the right, and do the wrong,—these are the wicked sinners; who do the right, but do it wrong—these are the righteous sinners; and it is their self-excuse here that makes them also wicked sinners . . .

XIII.

WISE AND FOOLISH.

1081.

Carlyle somewhere invites folk to contemplate the fact that there is actually somewhere the foolishest man on earth. But this rests on a misconception of folly, which is distance from God. From God the centre to the fool on the circumference of the furthest circle, every radius is equidistant, but the number of the radii is endless.

1082.

Men are wise enough as long as they seek wisdom, they are not so wise when they think they have found it.

1083.

The only way to avoid the sight of fools is to remain in one's chamber, and break the mirror.

1084.

The highest wisdom has this mark: after remaining for a while the wisdom of the few, it ere long becomes the folly of the many.

1085.

The wisdom must be in both: him that commands and him that obeys. But who commands must be wise for both; who obeys needs to be wise only for himself.

1086.

All rascality is foolishness, all foolishness already verges on rascality.

1087.

Hardly a man but he has much wisdom for others, the wise man has the most thereof for himself.

1088.

It is as difficult to hide our wisdom as it is easy to disclose our folly.

1089.

Silence may sometimes be foolish before the wise, it is always wise before the foolish.

1090.

The fool is a rogue incomplete, the rogue is a fool complete.

1091.

Yesterday's folly if not speedily put away, becomes to-day's precedent, to-morrow's vested right.

1092.

The apparent foolishness of others is seldom more than our own want of either head or heart or both.

1093.

It requires courage to be always your best self. It requires wisdom not to be it at times.

1094.

Two men live only in the present: the very foolish, the very wise.

1095.

Two men are wise: Who knows how to live his failures into successes; who sees even in his successes possible failures.

1096.

There are no consummate wise men, there are consummate fools. Most men are combinations of both wisdom and folly, with folly in the lead and wisdom bringing up the rear.

1097.

There are two kinds of fools: Who do not what is wise because they know it not; who do not what is wise even though they know it. The one is an honest fool and little hope there is of him. The other is a dishonest fool, and still less hope there is of him.

1098.

There are three kinds of eyes: Who see the pin and keep away before it pricks them—these are the wise. Who see the pin and keep away after it pricks them—these are the simple. Who see the pin and keep not away after it pricks them—these are the fools.

1099.

We learn more wisdom by renouncing than by acquiring.

1100.

The wisdom of the wise is often greater than they think, the folly of the foolish is seldom less than they think.

1101.

To be purified water must be boiling; to be drunk it need be only warm. The very wise man is unendurable to men. To become enjoyable he must be wise in much, foolish in not a little.

1102.

The wise man thinks himself even if he makes

not others think. The fool makes others think even if he think not himself.

1103.

The wise and the fool are alike in at least this: each fails to understand the other.

1104.

The wise man is known more by his likes; the fool by his dislikes.

1105.

A great misfortune: never to have been unwise.

1106.

Among the wise it is dangerous to speak what you do not know. Among the foolish it is dangerous to speak what you do know.

1107.

A piece of wisdom: To make sure of your getting off at the right station by getting acquainted also with the last station but one.

1108.

Before the wise half our wit suffices, before the foolish the whole is not enough.

1109.

Both wise and foolish of the world are foolish in the long run. What makes the fool is that he is foolish also in the short run.

1110.

Both wise and foolish make mistakes. But the foolish try to prove their mistakes to have been the best that could have been done. The wise try to forthwith make the best of their mistakes.

1111.

Common wisdom rests after tiring. Uncommon wisdom rests before tiring.

1112.

Even the wisest are seldom wise in their own affairs. Most wisdom is spent chiefly in noting the follies of others.

1113.

From the School of Wisdom no one ever graduates. The most attained therein is that its ablest scholars are given professorships while still retained as pupils.

1114.

His ignorance the fool has in common with the wise. What marks him as the fool is that he alone insists upon imposing it upon others.

1115.

In controversy the fool has this advantage over the wise man. It needs but few words to assert folly, it needs many to refute it.

1116.

It is easy to tell what a wise man will do, the difficulty is in telling what a fool will do.

1117.

It is safer to hide our wisdom than our folly.

1118.

It is safer to reveal our folly before the wise than our wisdom before the foolish.

1119.

Men are distinguished chiefly by their punctuation marks: the wise look at what is beyond

them and make liberal use of commas; the fool looks not even at what is before him, and makes liberal use of periods.

1120.

Men are divided into wise, foolish and rogues: with the difficulty of drawing the line between the last two.

1121.

Men attain their ends as often through others' blunders as through their own wisdom.

1122.

No folly but can be made plausible by partiality; no wisdom but can be made to appear foolish by prejudice.

1123.

Our follies even a fool can see; our wisdom, not always even a wise man. Fools are all on a level; of wise men there are degrees.

1124.

Silence is necessary for the wise often, it is good for the fool always. But what makes the fool is that he cannot be silent always.

1125.

The choice of wise counsellors is a mark of wisdom in those who as yet have none. The choice of foolish counsellors is the mark of folly in those who already have some.

1126.

The discovery that a thing is beyond his reach kills the desire for it in the wise, but raises it all the more in the fool.

1127.

The folly of the fool is a wiser teacher than the wisdom of the wise: even fools perceive the folly of fools; only the wise perceive the wisdom of the wise.

1128.

The crowd calls two persons fools: him who has very little wit, and him who has very much.

1129.

The folly of casting pearls before swine is only equalled by that of trying to persuade them that the mire they so love is filthy.

1130.

The fool dislikes equally the wise with the foolish. In a vacuum the gold piece and the feather fall with equal swiftness.

1131.

The fool is easily definable, not so easily the wise man. It takes many things to make a wise man; only one to make a fool.

1132.

The wise man is never so near becoming a fool himself as when trying to instruct one.

1133.

The wise may bring the world round to their wisdom in the long run, the fools are sure to bring the world round to its folly in the short run.

1134.

The foolishest personage—I had long thought it was never given to any mortal to meet just that one. Well, I have met her: one who had not heart enough to be generous, yet not head enough to be consistently cruel.

1135.

The wise word should never be thrown away, the kind word is never thrown away.

1136.

The wise man learns even from a fool; the fool not even from a wise man.

1137.

The fool's favorite weapon is a sword; the wise man's, a shield.

1138.

The fool takes his umbrella when it rains; the wise man also when it shines.

1139.

The gods fight in vain against folly? What makes the fool is that he obliges God to cease fighting against him, and leave him to his folly.

1140.

The lack of two things makes fools: the lack of sense, the lack of sensibility.

1141.

The politic man gets on with all. What makes the wise man is that he will not get on with some.

1142.

The wise act in the present with reference to the future; the foolish wish for the future with reference to the present.

1143.

The simpleton has no judgment of his own: he becomes a fool when he refuses to borrow it.

1144.

The wise man has his thoughts in his head; the fool has no thought even on his tongue.

1145.

The wise also begin with Nature, fools alone end with Nature.

1146.

The wise man changes his mind sometimes: the fool either always or never.

1147.

The wise man has rarely a friend; the fool has hardly one; but he has the advantage over the wise man in not knowing it.

1148.

The wise man walks into danger, the fool runs.

1149.

The wise see even without their eyes; the foolish, hardly even with their ears.

1150.

The world would be full of sages if all could be as wise for themselves as they are for others.

1151.

To contradict you can learn even from fools. Only from the wise you can learn to affirm.

1152.

Who waits with his wisdom for others to do wisely will remain foolish long after others have ceased to be foolish.

1153.

Wisdom consists in the knowledge of great things, but only when coupled with due appreciation of the little things.

1154.

Your attention even the fool can compel; your reflection, only the wise man; but your action can be compelled sooner by the fool than by the wise man.

1155.

The wise man makes us first weep and then laugh; the fool makes us first laugh, and then weep.

1156.

The wise man must be like the sponge: absorb without pressure, but yield only after pressure.

1157.

Wise men borrow their experience, common men buy it, fools pay for it without using it.

1158.

The wise hold their opinions, fools are held by them.

1159.

The wise man prints his opinions, the fool stereotypes them.

1160.

The wise man sees in the pillar a support for the house; the fool, only something to lean against.

1161.

The rich man is he who though he has little thinks he has much. The wise man is he who though he knows much thinks he knows little.

1162.

The wise host entertains so that on leaving the guest feels more pleased with himself than with his host.

1163.

One should never be assumed foolish till proved foolish—in justice to him. He should never be assumed wise till proved wise—in justice to us.

1164.

Selfishness makes at last a fool of one who without it would be wise indeed.

1165.

All things move. It is the part of a wise man to find his rest while moving with them.

1166.

Foolish nearly all are. Only the wise strive to be otherwise; the foolish think they are otherwise.

1167.

The fool also has abilities; the wise man makes right use of them.

1168.

The fool wishes for all he sees, believes all he hears, tells all he knows, spends all he has.

1169.

Intelligence is shown in the choice of means; wisdom, in the choice of ends.

1170.

Learning in the fool is like snow on ice: much covers it; a little makes it only more slippery.

1171.

Men are seldom as wise as they look, but often as foolish.

1172.

The fool is oratorical in his conversation; the wise man is conversational in his oratory.

1173.

The wise man can understand all men except a fool.

1174.

A man should never be assumed foolish till he has proved himself foolish—this we owe to him. A man should never be assumed wise till he has proved himself wise—this we owe to ourselves.

1175.

A word will show our folly; to show our wisdom it needs more than a word or—less.

1176.

Even a wise man makes a mistake once; what marks the fool is that he makes it twice.

1177.

Breadth of base and narrowness of top—the strength of the pyramid, the weakness of the fool.

1178.

Even the fool recognizes necessity as a master; the wise man turns her also into a servant.

1179.

Even the fool soon learns to take others as they are. It is only the wise man that learns to take himself as he is.

1180.

Two great fools: who always goes by his own watch; who corrects his watch by every clock he sees.

1181.

Even the fool may know how to use riches, only the wise know how to use poverty.

1182.

Fools are of no particular age, and there is an abundance of them in all ages.

1183.

Two men live only in the present: the very foolish and the very wise.

1184.

How great the number of fools in the world one does not realize until he meets them.

1185.

From the wise man we scarcely need hide even our folly. From the fool we must hide even our wisdom.

1186.

When a man confesses that he is a great fool, he is only a small one.

1187.

Wearisome as is the fool without brains, the fool with brains is still more so.

1188.

The fool ever expects more than what is there; the wise man ever sees more than what appears there.

1189.

What makes the fool is that he is fit for nothing. What makes the common man is that he is only fit for something. What makes the wise man is that he is not fit for everything.

1190.

The fool vexes at all times, like the coal: touch it hot, it burns you; touch it cold, it blackens you.

1191.

Both the wise man and the fool yield to necessity; but the wise man yields first, the fool last.

XIV.

SUB-HUMANS.

1192.

Animals are never cross-eyed, it is men that are.

1193.

There may of course be some cross-eyed animals. If so they have the good sense of never letting themselves be seen.

1194.

Animals, when once they have gained our affection, never lose it—they cannot talk.

1195.

Naturalists tell of a parrot with a tongue longer than his body—once more suggesting the possibility that every inferior creature is type of some species of a superior sort . . .

1196.

Vanity over personal appearance is displayed only among certain birds—another confirmation that the fowl of the air are type of the hosts of the Prince of the powers of the air.

1197.

His vanity over his personal appearance man has in common with certain sub-humans; and it is uncertain whether even this they have in common with man.

1198.

The owl is therefore the bird of wisdom, because even a fool can see when it is light; it is the wise man that can see when it is dark.

1199.

Animals do what is right for them without reflection—instinctively. Man's highest attainment is to have wisdom and righteousness become suchwise that he too should do what is right for him—instinctively.

1200.

Animals neither laugh nor cry. The one keeps them from being Satanic, the other prevents them from becoming angelic. Man both laughs and cries—he was only meant to smile and weep. Hence though he cannot yet become angelic, he can already become quite Satanic.

1201.

Animals we can afford to imitate in several things, but chiefly in this: their character is the same in the dark as in the light.

1202.

All other animals strive to make life agreeable to themselves; man alone invents much that is injurious to himself.

1203.

Do sheep ever follow a stranger? Yes, but only when they are sickly.

1204.

Even the lion must crouch before the victorious spring.

1205.

He wags his tail at every passer-by. Poor beastie, he has only lost his teeth.

1206.

The woman that imprisons the bird to hear its song is the real prisoner. The bird shows its true freedom by singing even in the cage.

1207.

The worm you may crush today might feed on you tomorrow.

1208.

The goose to be enjoyed must be plucked.

1209.

We cannot teach beasts to speak, we can learn silence from them.

1210.

The eagle does not stoop after a grub and would starve where the barn-yard fowl thrives; but this because he is an eagle and not a barn-yard fowl.

1211.

The penalty of walking among apes is an occasional cocoa-nut shot at your head.

1212.

The dog, though whipped many times, licks his master's hand again if petted but once. And shalt thou upbraid thy God who hath fed thee twenty times where he hath left thee to sorrow but once?

1213.

"He has great physical courage, great domestic virtues!" Glad to hear it, friend. But there is

not a single virtue of this sort wherein even the best of folk may not be equalled by even vicious or dull beasts. "He was *so* good to his children!" Well, so is the cat, the hen, the buzzard, the tiger. But if you wish to talk of his *human* virtues, tell me not of his animal virtues, not even, if you please, of "self-sacrifice" for others, as long as every dog with a master is like to shame therein many a human.

1214.

I heard the other day a tragic-comic tale of a faithful member of dogdom, which is characteristic as well as instructive. He was proudly carrying home his master's prospective dinner in a basket betwixt his teeth when he was set upon by other dogs with socialistic propensities. He fought bravely for some time in protection of his master's belongings. But when he saw at last one piece after another of the chunky roast carried off, he too grabbed at what was still within his reach, made off therewith into a corner by himself and there dined thereon in peace. Poor beastie, how like the modern business man, who accepts all manner of distasteful crookedness with the plea, "But they all do it!"

1215.

On seeing Bucephalus reined in by Alexander the crowd thought: "What a fine rider to tame such a horse!" If there was a wise man nigh, he surely added: "What a fine steed that is tamed by only such a rider!"

XV.

SPIRIT, FLESH, WORLD.

1216.

The flesh is indeed to be satisfied first, but the spirit should be provided for first.

1217.

For health in the flesh a cool head must be joined to warm feet. For health of the spirit it must be joined to warm hands.

1218.

In every one there is strife betwixt flesh and spirit. In the common it is the flesh that lusteth against the spirit; in the uncommon it is the spirit that lusteth against the flesh.

1219.

Physical heights once climbed are reascended easier than before. Spiritual heights once descended are hardly ever reclimbed as easily as before.

1220.

Physical strength is measured by what one can carry; spiritual, by what one can bear.

1221.

Physical enemies are best fought at close range; spiritual, at long range.

1222.

When the body is exhausted man is best prostrate on his back. When the spirit is exhausted, man is best prostrate on his face.

1223.

Where the presence of life is uncertain hold the mirror over the face. Life in the flesh then announces itself by moisture on the glass. Life in the spirit, by moisture in the eye.

1224.

Whether the body be on its knees at prayer is a matter of convenience. That the spirit be on its knees even when not in prayer is a matter of necessity.

1225.

To remain hungry after being fed is the sign of a sick body. To be satisfied after being fed is the sign of a sick spirit.

1226.

There is a strength of body that comes from strength of spirit, and this is genuine. There is a strength of spirit that comes from strength of body, and this is spurious.

1227.

The wounds of the flesh are sooner healed by its indulgence; the wounds of the spirit, by its mortification.

1228.

Overwork starves the flesh, underwork the spirit.

1229.

With the deaf in the flesh it may be well to be loud; with the deaf in the spirit it is best to be still.

1230.

Of the body the pulse is felt in the wrist, and the temperature is taken at the tongue. Of the soul the reverse is the case.

1231.

Water will not mix with oil, but neither can it sink it. Water is the symbol of the world, oil of the spirit.

1232.

Temporal blessings make us joy in life; spiritual blessing makes us joy also in death.

1233.

Knowledge of the world is mostly knowledge of the evil therein.

1234.

The ambition of all worldlings is summed up in one word: to have a large tomb in exchange for a small life.

1235.

It is futile to try to conciliate the world to us. We can only reconcile ourselves to the world.

1236.

The world is ever ready to prescribe the cut of your coat, but leaves you to pay the tailor's bill.

1237.

To a purse the world is willing enough to help a man. It is the filling thereof it leaves to himself.

1238.

The world cheerfully offers a prop to him that can stand alone.

1239.

The world does not change, it is only your world that changes.

1240.

I know an affectionate child who never cuddles up to his papa without mischievously tickling him —striking illustration of the world's kindness to us.

1241.

The world consists of day-dreamers and night-dreamers. And the day-dreamers are not the less harmful of the two.

1242.

The world is ever in conspiracy against the best, not by patronizing the bad, but the good.

1243.

The world is governed neither by right nor by wrong, but by an inextricable mixture of the two.

1244.

The world pays those it owes most in debased coin, but it is the best it has.

1245.

In the world even the best dissipate their lives, it is only a question of the kind of dissipation.

1246.

You who are making such a fuss because you have to conform to the world—it is to your pride that you conform, not to the world.

1247.

The world loves a man as much for the bad qualities he has not as for good qualities he has.

1248.

The pleasures of the world are like the leaves of the tree: shelter only in summer, and even then only in fair weather.

1249.

None are so weak for helping the truly needy as the great of the world.

1250.

The world is an inclined plane: downward things go therein of themselves; to be kept where they should be they must be held up.

1251.

The worldly wise man finds fewer sages than he expected; the spiritually wise man is apt to find more fools than he expected.

1252.

The only way to conquer the world is to forsake it.

1253.

The world has use only for those who let themselves be used by the world.

1254.

Those to whom the world appears to be growing worse do become better without it, those to whom the world appears to be growing better do not grow better with it.

1255.

To be successful in the world a man's life must be rather wise as a whole, rather foolish in detail.

1256.

To be successful in the world one needs only to float with the current; to be successful in the kingdom one must intelligently handle the oars.

1257.

To be wise in the world we need only suspect men as much as they deserve. To be wise in the kingdom we must love them more than they deserve.

1258.

To know the kingdom you must have at least begun to be in it. To know the world you must have ceased to be of it.

1259.

In the world our highest ambition is to make others like ourselves. In the kingdom to make ourselves like the One Other.

1260.

To make the world it took only six days, to give the law it took forty; this perhaps to teach us the relative value of both.

1261.

To succeed in the kingdom one must have no vices. To succeed in the world he needs only a few virtues.

1262.

To succeed in the world you must know how to assert yourself. To succeed in the kingdom you need only to know how to deny yourself.

1263.

To succeed in the world you need a past to cling to; to succeed in the kindgom you need the past only to break from.

1264.

In the world the original man is he who imitates none. In the kingdom only he is original who is ever a copy of the One.

1265.

To shine in the world it is enough if another's light rests upon you. To shine in the kingdom the light of only One other must burn through you.

1266.

To gain this world much trust in self is needed. To gain the next a little trust in God is enough.

1267.

The good learn early that there are wicked folk in the world; the bad learn late that there *are* good folk in the world.

1268.

The world tolerates even sins if they are only on a scale large enough.

1269.

The world that it takes all kind of people to make is a bad world. To make a good world it takes only one kind.

1270.

The worldling distrusts men at first because he knows them not as yet. Christian distrusts men because he knows them already but too well.

1271.

The worldling is apt to err in deeming himself coachman charged with driving and sitting in front. Christian is apt to err in deeming himself mere passenger: to be driven and sitting behind.

1272.

The worldling who at first loves men ere long learns to despise them. Christian soon learns to despise men, and then—loves them.

1273.

The earth turns once a day: to teach us that it is not for man to set the world aright.

1274.

Rest in the world is got by first enduring and then striving. Rest in the kingdom, by first striving and then enduring.

1275.

For walking in the world nothing short of a lantern will do; for walking in the kingdom flashes of lightning must suffice.

1276.

In the kingdom no success can be attained with even a trace of delusion; in the world no success can be had without at least some delusion.

1277.

What if the world know thee not? Enough if He knoweth thee who made the world.

1278.

The great reliance of the worldling is strength from within; of Christian, strength from without, from above.

1279.

There is only one way to avoid the desperate need of an occasional escape into the higher world —to stay therein constantly.

1280.

To be fit for earth you must first know what you can do. To be fit for heaven you need first only know what you cannot do.

1281.

To see earth we must open our eyes, to behold heaven we must shut them.

1282.

To know how to use every one is the height of earthly wisdom. To know how to be of use to every one is the height of heavenly wisdom.

1283.

True success is attained in the world by at all times holding on; in the kingdom, by first letting go.

1284.

To remain hungry on being fed is the sign of a sick body; to be satisfied after being fed is the sign of a sick spirit.

1285.

In the world men are strong in proportion to their feeling themselves strong. In the kingdom, in proportion to their feeling themselves weak.

1286.

In the world the great desideratum is to know how to distinguish yourself; in the kingdom, how to extinguish yourself.

1287.

For success in the world a man's wisdom must first be hid; for success in the kingdom his folly must first be manifest.

1288.

The fish in the net darts aimlessly up and down, the bird sings even in the cage. The fish lives in the water, type of the world; the bird lives in the air, type of the spirit.

1289.

In the world success is measured by the amount of good-will obtained from men; in the kingdom by the amount deserved.

1290.

In the world men are dissatisfied first with what they are not, and then with what they are; in the kingdom men must be dissatisfied first with what they do, and then with what they don't.

1291.

The growth of the flesh is only increase; the growth of the spirit must be also transformation.

1292.

To outgrow one's clothes is a sign indeed of healthy physical growth, but of unhealthy spiritual growth.

1293.

In the world the great desideratum is to know how to distinguish yourself; in the Kingdom, how to extinguish yourself.

1294.

Discontent is a mark either of your not yet having found your place in the world, or of your having already lost it in the Kingdom.

1295.

In the world success is measured by the ability to go up; in the Kingdom, by the ability to come down.

1296.

There are in the world no good folk; there are only the bad and the not so bad. There are in the Kingdom no bad folk; there are only the good and not so good.

XVI.

OF HAPPINESS.

1297.

The envy happiness causes is always real, the happiness itself is not so real.

1298.

Singers are best enjoyed when not looked at; happiness is best possessed when not contemplated.

1299.

"Happy am I, for I do what I like!" And so does the—beast . . .

1300.

To deserve happiness we must keep our eyes open; to have it, we must keep them shut

1301.

Only fools and philosophers go through life happy; and the philosopher, to keep happy, must at last also become a fool.

1302.

To happiness the shortest road is generally the longest.

1303.

Much happiness comes to men from what they know; more from what they are kept from knowing.

1304.

The surest way to leave happiness behind is to run after it.

1305.

Happiness itself is indeed of some importance, but the important matter is to—deserve happiness.

1306.

Your concern is only that you deserve happiness. That you have it, is God's. All misery of spirit is due chiefly to the transposition of these two facts.

1307.

The joy of happiness is like the rubber on the pencil: which never lasts as long as the pencil itself.

1308.

And so you are not happy? Well, you will stay so as long as you remind yourself thereof.

1309.

Men are happiest when least aware of happiness.

1310.

Folk are seldom as happy as when they bore.

1311.

Men are made as unhappy by the ills they fear as by those they suffer.

1312.

Only he can serve men who is happy, only he can love men who has been unhappy; only he can know men, who has been both.

1313.

Who has got so far as never to be unhappy, can he really be happy?

1314.

To be happy one needs very much mind or very little, with the chances much in favor of the very little.

1315.

To be happy one needs to know but little, to be good one must know much; to be useful, one must know neither much nor little.

1316.

To make us happy one must surely be good; to make us miserable he need not be bad.

1317.

Who has happiness without the peace is farthest from Christ. Who has the peace without the happiness is nearest to Christ. Who has neither the happiness nor the peace is meant to be on the way to Christ.

1318.

The only way to be less unhappy is to become more so.

1319.

In its ultimate analysis unhappiness always comes from laying claim to what one has no title.

1320.

There are two kinds of happiness: the possession of the beautiful and the admiration of the noble: and this second is also a possession of the beautiful.

1321.

We cannot make ourselves happy, we can make ourselves perfect. We cannot make others perfect, we can make them happy.

1322.

Whether you shall be unfortunate depends also on others. Whether you shall be unhappy depends mostly on yourself.

1323.

Happiness easily purchased is like installment goods: found rather high-priced in the end.

1324.

The senses are only tyrannous, logic is merciless. Now we often need emancipation from the senses, we rarely need succor against the mercilessness of logic.

1325.

Perfect happiness! But what makes it imperfect is that it cannot last.

1326.

The only successful search for happiness is that which begins with looking for it just where you are.

1327.

The noblest happiness is being happy in that of another. Unfortunately this we cannot have until happy ourselves.

1328.

Life to be made happy must be made so by God, since human nature has made it a tragedy long ago.

1329.

It is a low happiness that comes from doing only what you would; a higher comes from doing what you should; the highest from doing what you could.

1330.

The one thing happiness will not stand is—close scrutiny.

1331.

The only truly happy folk are found in the asylum.

1332.

Two things make for the happy life: independence from those by whom we are not loved, independence with those by whom we are loved.

1333.

There are two kinds of happiness: one given by surroundings, occupation, friends—this men often have, but seldom profess; the other derived from elevation of thought—this men often profess, but seldom have.

1334.

"Man has his source of happiness within him." Unfortunately the happiness that is only from within is merely a feigned escape from misery.

1335.

It took men long to learn that happiness is found not without but within; it will take them longer to learn that neither can it be found within, but above.

1336.

It is not a great mistake never to commit one. It is a great misfortune never to be unhappy.

1337.

To make one happy many things are needful; to make him miserable one thing is enough.

1338.

To destroy one's estate it needs a conflagration, to rob him of his peace a mosquito is enough.

1339.

There is only one sure way to be happy, and that is not to be thinking of happiness . . . .

1340.

The mountains are therefore type of the Promised Land, because from the distance they charm with the view of themselves; from their own summit they delight with the view off themselves.

1341.

We must learn to detach ourselves from all that can be lost that we may become attached to the only one that is ever ready to be found.

1342.

Life is too short for regrets, and for mourning it is only long enough when its tears fertilize the heart.

1343.

Every earthly hope is an egg, but the serpent hatches thence as often as the dove . . . .

XVII

HEART AND HEAD.

1344.

Only hard diamond cuts hard diamond; but the hardest heart can be cut only by the tenderest.

1345.

The head can never form a good heart, but it can rule an evil one.

1346.

The head should always be kept old; the heart, never.

1347.

The mouth should seldom be open; the ears often; the heart always.

1348.

There is no question as to the uncovering of the head indoors; the question is as to the uncovering of the heart out-of-doors.

1349.

By all means keep your head covered in cold weather, but keep your heart uncovered in all weathers.

1350.

The mind may be changed as oft as needful; the heart must be changed only once.

1351.

The passions can seldom be trusted; the head oft, the heart nearly always.

1352.

The key to the heart of others is carried within our own.

1353.

The head needs for its growth new things, the heart, only old truths.

1354.

All noble joy is due to the heart; every ignoble pain, to the head.

1355.

We all need smooth heads. It is in our hearts we can afford a few folds.

1356.

Where explanations do not explain it is because they are addressed from head to head, whereas they should be addressed first from the heart to the head, and then from the head to the heart.

1357.

Where prosperity turns the head it shrivels also the heart. Where adversity enlarges the heart it in nowise shrivels the head.

1358.

Head and heart move on parallel lines only with fools or rogues. With the wise and honest they soon enough converge.

1359.

An obstinate head is surely a defect; an obstinate heart, not so surely.

1360.

A noble heart will be resigned to all troubles, even to that of being a trouble.

1361.

A great mind may be content with one great thought in a day. A great heart is content only with one great love throughout the day.

1362.

An uncommon head is nearly always an enjoyment; an uncommon heart, only rarely.

1363.

A pure heart surely makes for transparency, a clear head not so surely.

1364.

Be sure to put the heart in the right place, that of the head will come of itself.

1365.

Hardly a man but is at times cruel. But half of mankind is cruel from lack of heart; the other half, from lack of head.

1366.

Contempt which may spring from a clear head is compatible with a pure heart. But hatred which springs only from a foul heart is incompatible with a clear head.

1367.

Corruption of the heart—confusion of the head.

1368.

I have seen a well-written letter by one who had neither hands nor feet. I am yet to see a good deed done by one who has neither head nor heart.

1369.

What the President is to nominations and the Senate to their confirmations, the heart and the head should be to our intentions.

1370.

When her favorite cup was broken her heart too was broken. Well, she had just heart enough to be held by the cup.

1371.

A black heart is after all a misfortune as well as a fault, and needs our pity as well as condemnation: only condemnation first, pity afterwards.

1372.

Who addresses the head may write in black. To reach the heart he must write also in red.

1373.

The great fact for the heart is sorrow; the great problem for the head is submission.

1374.

To gain entrance into the hearts of others we need only the opening of theirs; to abide in the hearts of others we need also the opening of ours.

1375.

The journey from head to heart may be long; the journey from heart to hand must be short.

1376.

Ready habitual assent in conversation is a mark of either a weak head or a corrupt heart. Ready habitual contradiction is a mark of both.

1377.

All greatness must begin with an uncommon head; it can continue only with an uncommon heart.

XVIII.

CHRISTIANITY, TRUE RELIGION

1378.

Much of Christian's tribulation is due to misapprehension of the nature of his journey. He deems himself passenger in the coach, to be carried to his destination. He is meant to be conductor: getting on and off at every station.

1379.

Like the candle Christian also must be consumed in giving out his light; but unlike the candle he must keep on shining after he is consumed.

1380.

Like the Master's, Christian's visage will also be marred, and the world will see no beauty in him that is to be desired. Christian is in his service to the world like the chimney which is lined all over with black, but long after the house is burned it alone stands.

1381.

When a man begins to fear for himself he is ready for Christ; when he ceases to fear for himself, Christ is ready for him.

1382.

The magnetic needle vibrates only as long as two opposing forces affect it; it rests soon enough when one is withdrawn. But its very vibration is due to its faithfulness to the north star. The needle is only type of the vibrations of Christian.

1383.

Two things are required of a well: it must not freeze in winter, it must not run dry in summer. Two things are required of piety: it must not be chilled by adversity, it must not wither with prosperity.

1384.

Christianity was mature in its childhood; Christendom is childish in its maturity.

1385.

It is the sun that raises the fog which obscures it. It is the munificence of Christians which sustains agnostic professors.

1386.

Humanitarianism is like the car detached from the engine: may shelter, but cannot move you. Christianity is the car with the engine on.

1387.

Christianity has suffered little from those who bear not the name of Christ, it has suffered much from those who do. The sun is obscured not by other stars, but by the fog it raises itself.

1388.

Folk tell me my religion, the Christian religion is narrow. But they see only the fence round my garden, while I am after the flowers raised therein.

1389.

To bear the Master's image, Christian also like the wax, must first be melted.

1390.

The secret of Christian's life is to walk upon a narrow path with a wide heart.

1391.

The true Christian is like the figure 6. Turning it upside down, only increases its value.

1392.

The puddle does not contain the heavens, but it can reflect them. What if I have not the Master's power? I can still reflect the Master's image.

1393.

The pagan is sincere enough if he believes what he maintains; the Christian is not sincere enough till he also maintains what he believes.

1394.

A Christian has been defined as a fulfilled man. If filled with the Spirit, yes; otherwise Christian is first of all an emptied man.

1395.

Since the blood of Christ has been shed for us we need not always condemn ourselves; but since the blood of Christ yet pleads for us we must ever still suspect ourselves.

1396.

Christian has God for his silent partner, who furnishes the capital, but leaves it to man to carry on the business. Man was meant to double, fivefold, tenfold his endowment, but only by the mercy of God does he barely escape bankruptcy.

1397.

The non-Christian must either conquer circumstances or be conquered by them. Christian must live in circumstance.

1398.

Wise prayer asks that in the supplicant's case two and two ever remain four. Foolish prayer asks that they become at least five.

1399.

Man's daily task is to diminish what he has in common with the beast, to increase what he has in common with God.

1400.

Keep on rising—you will at last find yourself alone, but with God. Keep on sinking—you will at last find yourself not alone, but with Satan.

1401.

The Bible, like the star, was not meant to dispel the darkness, but it was meant to guide the mariner.

1402.

To believe all the Bible tells needs only a little faith, to do all the Bible bids needs much sight.

1403.

The Bible is the only book that furnishes not only a photographic gallery for every one of the race, but also a list of the stations on whatever road one may be travelling. The gallery is indeed a rogue's gallery, but the way it leads on is from Satan's prison unto God's throne.

1404.

Waters in Scripture symbolise the powers of the world, because they run down hill; never

up. Water in scripture also symbolises the word of God: because it descends earthward in visible showers, and ascends heavenward in invisible vapor.

1405.

The most helpful commentary on the Bible is affliction.

1406.

Literature is my gymnasium—I only go there to stir up my blood. The Bible is my pantry—I go there for something to eat.

1407.

Washed you may be in water, cleansed you must be in blood.

1408.

Many a preacher is to the kingdom what the bell is to the Church: calls others to come, but enters not itself.

1409.

For a long time I could not believe that preachers of the Gospel could themselves be unbelievers until I observed that the spoon can convey the soup it cannot taste.

1410.

The Gospel, long after it has lost its power in the heart of man still lingers in his life: like the accompaniment which continues to be played some time after the song itself is ended.

1411.

Higher criticism is a torrent: which rising in the mountain may be harmless to the mountain, but it is sure to bring devastation to the valley.

1412.

True religion should enable us not so much to overpower our enemies as to win them; like the wings of the ostrich: which enable it to overtake what it pursues, but not to fly over it.

1413.

That is true science which teaches that we do not know; that is true religion which teaches us that we do know.

1414.

Two great enemies of pure religion: forms, formulae.

1415.

Education does not even mend nature, religion changes it.

1416.

To die for their religion many are ready; to live for it, few. It is easier to die bravely than to live bravely.

1417.

Men are religious naturally, they are Christian supernaturally.

1418.

Religion offers no immunity from storms, it does offer an anchor in the storm.

1419.

Morality is a vestibule to religion, but with the door bolted inside.

1420.

Mere morality is a pyramid: broad where earth is touched, a mere point heavenward. True religion is the reverse: touches earth at a mere point, but its vast base is grounded in heaven.

1421.

It may cost much to be religious now. It will cost more later not to be.

1422.

Many things give zest and flavor to food, religion alone gives zest and flavor to life.

1423.

Religion alone truly separates from the world, religion alone truly unites to the world.

1424.

When born religion rushes through the head to get to the heart. When it dies religion lingers in the head long after it has left the heart.

1425.

Religious incredulity is only misdirected credulity.

1426.

When Theological bric-a-brac becomes useless, and is to be removed, science engages the bull, literature the monkey; religion calls in the housewife.

1427.

Religion must begin with binding us to the power of God, but it must not end till it binds us to the frailty of man.

1428.

True religion is to be filial toward God, fraternal toward man.

1429.

Men truly pray only for what they persistently work for.

1430.

No prayer reaches the height without a groan, no groan reaches its depth without a prayer.

1431.

In the street you may learn his manners; at home, his breeding; at church you may learn his creed; in the shop, his religion.

1432.

None are in such need of change by religion as those eager to change the Christian religion.

1433.

To be fit for earth you must have once been in the heavenlies.

1434.

For heaven's opportunities men are too slow; for heaven's rewards men are too fast.

1435.

Where heaven is you need not know till later. Where your heaven is you must know at once.

1436.

What are we to do with an eternal life if we know not how to use best our brief life here?

1437.

To be on the way to heaven is already to be partly in heaven.

1438.

The way to the heavenly sublime is through the earthly ridiculous.

1439.

Heaven for those who merely think thereon? It is not yet even for those who merely sigh therefor. Heaven is for those who first die for it and then live for it.

1440.

Two things hide the stars: the light of the day, the clouds of the night. Two men forget God: the prosperous Christian, the failed worldling.

1441.

It is the mark of true holiness that it at once attracts and repels.

1442.

Earthly prizes men mostly lose because of the worthiness of others; heavenly prizes men lose always only because of the unworthiness of themselves.

1443.

Covetousness of the earthly is a vice; of the heavenly, a virtue.

1444.

To be truly holy a man must have known sin as deep as holiness is high. The height of the tree is in proportion to its depth.

1445.

The theologian is apt to be made by his temperament, the man of God becomes one in spite of his temperament.

1446.

When you can greet a stranger with an inward God bless you! the blesser is not far off.

1447.

For witnessing two are needful, three are enough. "At the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established." But as only that is truly enough which is a little more than enough, a fourth is added. Hence four Gospels where one was not sufficient, two are needful, and three were enough.

1448.

Men are seldom as good as their religion, always as bad as their irreligion.

1449.

Their religion men are apt to use as they use their life preservers: only during the storm.

1450.

To shed judiciously one's blood for men after Christ has done it is now quite easy. To shed one's ink judiciously for men after the Bible has been written is now quite hard.

1451.

True religion like the rope of the Royal Navy is distinguished by the scarlet thread which runs through its every part.

1452.

Christian, like the miser, always lives poor that he may die rich; but unlike the miser, Christian takes his riches with him.

1453.

Christian is like Cyprian wine: purest indeed when white; but becomes such only after being red.

1454.

Men clamor for religious liberty; they mean irreligious liberty.

1455.

The town in which the writer lives bears the name of Grafton; some five miles southeast therefrom is the town of Upton, and a railroad called the Grafton and Upton connects them.

One day the superintendent of the railway had occasion to write to the inspector of steam roads. In reply he received a letter giving the needed information, but signed "Grafton Upton." The Grafton and Upton railway, being some twelve miles long, is the smallest in the State of Massachusetts, and its officials are frequently joked about the size of the road. The superintendent, on receiving the communication signed Grafton and Upton, at once sat down and warmly remonstrated with the inspector for so far forgetting his dignity as to sign an official communication with "Grafton Upton."

A reply came, stating that neither joke nor discourtesy was intended; that the inspector had simply the good or bad fortune of having for his name actually Grafton Upton.

The mistake of the superintendent was natural; the chance that a man's name would have the same combination as that of the very road he was officially to inspect, seems, *a priori*, infinitesimal. Yet that chance did occur; a striking lesson of the foolishness of judging on any evidence short of actual knowledge.

1456.

To overestimate one's merits is conceit; but to underrate them is not yet modesty, it is only ignorance. Modesty is only that which appraises one's own merit at its true worth. Newton did not disparage that genius of his which discovered gravitation, but he did describe his work as merely gathering pebbles on the shore of the ocean of knowledge.

1457.

It is a mark of the heavenly origin of the religion of Christ, that its God permits Himself to be painted therein, as Cromwell wished his portrait to be painted—with the wart on. That which so repels mere man, the Cross, the *Blood*. which, in order to win men, a man-made God would fain leave out, is made the chiefest of its pillars.

1458.

The chief value of great men is in reminding us that by no manner of means can we become like them. That, if we are to be great ourselves, it must be not in their way, but in ours. The great man whose like I can become is not yet the great man.

If you are a modern St. Bernard, then, my friend, I had better learn what you are about to teach me, not from you, but from St. Bernard.

If your book is, as the critics tell me, a modern chapter from "The Imitation of Christ," then I can safely leave your book with the critic's opinion about it, and betake myself to "The Imitation of Christ" instead.

In so far as you remind me of anyone else, however strong, however skilful, in so far you are weak. Your strength must lie only in the fact that none other is like you. "Never man spake thus," was the true literary criticism of the discourses of Christ. They did not remind His hearers of Rabbi Hillel, or Gamaliel. "Since the world began it was never heard that anyone opened the eyes of a man born blind," was sounder criticism than "A new Elijah has arisen."

There is only One into whose image we are to be

fashioned. And we are to be fashioned into *His* image, not because He is the greatest of men, but because He alone of all men was also at the same time God.

1459.

Without the word of God man is only a traveller wandering without map or guide in a strange land in search of hid treasure. If by some good fortune he at last reach it at all, it is only after much aimless wandering and search. With God's word man is a traveller who carries with him the map, with the chief features of the lands he is to traverse carefully noted. Earthly maps may still omit much, or even be inaccurate, and thus cause the wandered now and then to be out of his way; but even thus the map itself soon apprises him thereof, and affords the means of correcting the very error caused by its own imperfections. But the map from heaven, the word of God, has not even this imperfection therein.

1460.

Right and wrong are in nowise fixtures; and whatever rhetorical force there be in the phrases Eternal Verities and Everlasting Righteousness can well bear a goodly microscopic look thereat. *Right* and *wrong* must ever remain mere relative terms if the wisdom of man is to be the sole standard. The only fixity here is, that to violate the known and revealed *will of God*, known in nature, revealed in Holy Writ—this is surely wrong. All else is mere metaphysical suspense, mere drifting. What is right to-day may be wrong to-morrow; what is right here may be wrong there; what is right for thee may be wrong

for me. Nay, the great God Himself commands in His Book as right one day what He forbids as wrong in another. Even the same deed may be right and wrong; right for God to ordain; wrong for man to carry out. That His Son be crucified God surely foreordained; that Judas carry out what is foreordained concerning himself and the Christ only sends him *to his own place.* "It must needs be that offences come" is God's right. "But woe unto him through whom they come" is man's wrong. God's purpose is ever right. His own appointed man's carrying out may oft be wrong.

1461.

Thus it comes to pass that apart from Holy Writ—obedience to which, when once understood, is paramount—it behooves men to walk rather softly in the matter of right and wrong. With yourself you can afford to be exacting even to the last drop of blood; but with others—beware lest even the one superfluous drop exacted cry out against thee on the great and terrible day of the Lord. If wrong makes cowards of men in the end, pseudo-right makes tyrants of them at the start. And of all tyrannies, that of self-satisfied being in the right, unfortified by Holy Writ, is the most tyrannous.

1462.

The horse is the ideal Mohammedan; when whipped, it submits. The Mohammedan submits because he has to; Christian submits because he wishes to. The Hindu is resigned because he is hopeless, Christian is resigned because he hath hope.

1463.

The first thing implanted into those newly born of the Spirit is a hitherto unknown joy in the apprehension of the Truth, in the newly found knowledge of God. This joy does not always abide; but its whilom presence is the reason for faith during those seasons when joy, at best only a rare visitor, has taken her but too frequent departure.

1464.

God nowhere promises that if men obey Him evil shall cease. He does promise that if men obey Him, evil shall cease for—*them*. Reformers ever start out to what they call make the world better, a rather problematic undertaking for aught short of omnipotence. Whereas every one can diminish the number of evildoers by beginning, not with the world, but with himself. God has declared that the world cannot be made better from within. Whate'er mending so far done herein had to come not from within, but from above the world. The world itself is not Light, but darkness; "*I* am the Light of the world," had to be said by Him who is not of the world. And all the disciple can do is not to make the world other than it is—Darkness—but to become himself a light of the world. Christian is here first to keep himself alive in the midst of death around him, and by his life be a witness unto the One Way of Life for such as recognizing their own death, yearn for the Life which is Life indeed.

1465.

With all the evolution and progress of species, Human Nature ever remains the same Pandora

Box with its lid only temporarily on; the same volcano with only the night-cap on. And no civilization, no science, no art has yet been discovered that can prevent the lid from now and then coming off, the volcano-cap from periodical blowing off. So that Jew-baiting in darkest Russia is matched by negro hatred in brightest America; Armenian massacre under the unspeakable Turk, by Congo chopping-off of hands under highly European Belgians.

1466.

Christianity at once gives notice unto men that unless their eyes be anointed they cannot see its truth, unless their ears be circumcised they cannot hear its truth, unless their hearts be humbled they cannot appropriate its truth, unless the will be surrendered they cannot continue in its truth. Christian therefore can indeed belong to the multitude and be with the myriads that follow the Master because of His mighty works, or even the loaves and the fishes. But to be His disciples, His learners, receiving from Him not the things which He dispenseth to all freely as He goeth about, but to the fewer as He sitteth down—they must follow Him up to the mount, even at the expense of some weariness of the flesh.

1467.

Christianity, whose first law is that man walk not by sight but by faith, does not pretend to give answer to the problems of life that press for solution. The problems are indeed real, but the answer thereto in man's way is not ever needful. As for fevers Christianity offereth not quinine, but cleansed blood which makes fevers impossible,

and quinine needless, so it offers not so much solutions of problems, as a trustful spirit before God—before Him, in whose presence problems vanish. Christianity thus offers a clue which if a man follow will in time lead him out of the labyrinth; but if he follow it not, he is doomed for aye to wander, and to be devoured by the monster dwelling therein. But the following of the clue is slow, and the journey through the labyrinth long; while man, ever pressing onward from sheer restlessness would fain take the gates of heaven by storm. But heaven is to be stormed neither by the Self-Reliance of Emerson, nor by the self-abandonment of Carlyle; neither by the humanitarianism of Ruskin, nor by the culture of Arnold, nor even by the self-effacement of Tolstoy. Heaven is to be stormed solely by self-abasement before God through Christ, by self-abandonment unto God in Christ.

1468.

Christianity is indeed a democracy where all are equal, but it is an equality before God, not men; it is equality not so much of rights as of duties, not so much of privileges for enjoying as of privileges for enduring; as much of dying for one another as of living for one another. Democracy is a manner of rule where each shall be able to get the most out of the other, Christianity offers a mode of life where each shall endeavor to put the most into the other; remembering the words spoken: It is more blessed to give than to receive.

1469.

Christianity indeed commands its disciples to toil: Let each, says the Spirit through Paul, labor

with his hands that which is good. Let each man —not some men; let each labor—not sit in idleness; let each earn his bread, not so much by his wits, as by labor of his hands; and let each labor with his hands, not so much that which is useless, or even hurtful, like cannon balls and battleships, but that which is good . . .

1470.

The ancient sage in answer to the question of the passer-by, How long will it take me to get to Athens, could only answer: Go! Since the first requisite to the proper answer was a knowledge of the gait of the inquirer. In contrary thereto the first demand of Christianity assumes that regardless of station in life and intellectual equipment, or native endowment, all are headed the wrong way, are facing the wrong point of the compass, are going down the broad road that leadeth to Destruction. And so Christianity lifteth up its voice unto men in the palace and in the hovel, to the ruler and to the slave, to the exalted and to the despised—"Whithersoe'er, O man, thou art going—Stop!" God ever cries unto men: Halt! The road of man is a veritable highway which every now and then displays unexpectedly a gigantic "Stop!" before him. "Danger ahead. Look out for the steam cars, Look out for the electric cars, Look out for the steam-roller, State Road is building ahead, Dangerous passing through here! Beware, O man, Stop, Look, Listen!"

1471.

Christianity is indeed an account of Christ, a theory about Christ; it is indeed a faith in Christ,

a witness unto Christ, and a love for Christ: but that which makes the history of Christ probable, and the theory about Christ plausible, that which makes a faith in Christ reasonable and a witness unto Him possible, that which makes the love for Christ intelligible, is that the blood of Christ has been poured out for men, that the risen life of Christ be put into men.

1472.

Philanthrophy without love unto Christ does for men what the towel does for the soiled glass; it wipes off indeed the dust, but it leaves behind a lint, which obscures the vision through the glass only less than the dust itself so that the wiping by the towel must be followed by that with linen kerchief. The wiping away of the filth of man by mere philanthropic effort leaves the lint still on men; and needs to be followed by the pure linen kerchief of Christ to make them thoroughly cleansed.

1473.

Men cannot be made to move by trying to push their shadows. Move the man, and the shadow moves also. To reform man's doings without reforming the man is to attempt to make powder less explosive by making it merely smokeless: But it is not the smoke that makes the powder explode. All proposed remedies for the ills of men—Socialism, Nationalism, Associated Charities, Single Tax—begin with the pushing of the shadow. All these are honest attempts to put out the fire by turning the bellows against the smoke. Hence, though poor human nature hath never yet lacked right earnest philanthropy, philanthropic

Dame Partington is ever still kept busy sweeping away Atlantic Ocean with mop and broom.

1474.

To remedy the ills of men, not circumstances must be changed, but men: and for changing men is needful, not best equipped earthly machinery (even though it be run by pity and love), but that grace from heaven which is given in answer to bended knees rather than to full hands. Christ alone can change men, and only those who through Christ have been cleansed by His blood from the past, have died through His cross unto the present, have risen through His resurrection unto the newness of life in the future. All else is mere endeavor to retard the earth in its swiftness of course as it rolleth on some one thousand miles an hour.

1475.

The sole trouble with all optimism is that it has not yet seen sorrow, has not yet seen sorrow enough. And in God's great universe, whate'er else is unreal, sorrow is real. If the babe as he cometh into the world may be uttering his cry, if not of immediate pain, at least of prophetic sorrow, the mother at the incoming of every man into the world knoweth with the proof of the bitterest agony that the command "I will greatly multiply thy pain and thy conception. In pain thou shalt bring forth children," was not the mere raving of an oriental tribal God, as the Harvard Professor, with his eyes gazing upon the motto on its every wall—Veritas, Christo and Ecclesiae—so flatulently styles Him; but every mother knows that this is the ever recurring, never ending verification of the word of Him

whose goings forth are from Everlasting to Everlasting. Optimism is all well, when Jeshurun is fat, and he can indeed kick; and gambol as the calf in the stall; but when there is need of bitter crying and tears, lest otherwise the heart break for silence, then, indeed, bridge whist may drown the sorrow for an hour, the bare-bosomed prima-donna for two, and be-swallow-tailed Browning lecturer for two and one-half hours, but the lasting comfort is not to be found until the soul can cry out triumphantly:

Thou art my refuge, Thou art my God;
In Thee alone do I put my trust.

1476.

Next to the science of keeping well, is the science of getting well. As a practical science, therefore, medicine, covering as it does both needs, is indeed the needfullest; yet, after some sixty centuries of experience with the ills of flesh, Wendell Holmes can still say unto men: If all the medicines were cast into the sea, mankind would be much the better off, though it would be so much the worse for the fish. And after some centuries now of real experimental science, and the therapeutics and anatomizings and inoculations, Christian Science, so-called, can still vociferate, not without some show of justice, that the seat of bodily ailments is after all not so much in the flesh as in the spirit . . .

1477.

And the Sarsaparillas, and the pills, and the pellets, and the powders and the waters, for the Spirit are not to be discovered in the chemist's laboratory, or on the anatomist's table, or in the current through Leyden jars . . .

1478.

Man hath indeed been driven out of paradise, but the gate of paradise hath in no wise been shut against him. The tree of life in the midst of the Garden hath in nowise been allowed to wither. Rather the contrary: the tree of life is still in the midst of the garden, and the garden is still open unto men, only it is to be entered not in man's way, but in God's way; not through the broad road, but by the narrow path; not through many gates, but through the one gate, that of the East, past the cherubim; and the tree of life can be reached only through the flame of the sword that turneth every way . . .

1479.

But man has ever been prone to follow not God's ways but his own ways.

1480.

Adam covers his nakedness not with the heaven-supplied goatskin got through the shedding of blood; but with his own made fig-leaf with no blood therein; and the law of heaven is: Without shedding of blood is no remission. Cain offers not the firstling of the flock, with the shed blood, but the bloodless fruit of the ground; and the law of heaven is: Without the shedding of blood is no remission. The builders of the Tower of Babel say, Come, let *us* make us a name, and climb to heaven in a way other than the God-appointed one; but the law of heaven is: Without the shedding of blood is no remission. And so the history of man is ever: God calling unto men to follow His way, the way of the cross; men ever

seeking to reconquer Paradise in their own way, the way of the crown. But God ever calls unto men: "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than yours. As the east is far from the west, so are my ways removed from yours."

1481.

Christianity, like Omar of old, can also afford to burn the whole of the Alexandrian library, and for precisely the same reason. If the books are against the Bible they are useless; if they corroborate the Bible, they are needless. But there is this difference between the spirit of Mahomet and the spirit of Christ. Omar, for this reason, good in itself, forthwith burns the library, thus becoming the executor of his own wisdom. Christian is content to leave to God the execution of this corollary of his own thought, and considers this useless library as part of the great world *of* which he is no wise part, however much he be in it. A world, which even he in due time may yet use, if so it be that he *abuse* it not. The Mohammedan is thus stern because he still fears what is not useful to his truth. Christian is equally stern, but he has no fear for his truth; and with that perfect love which casteth out fear he can well afford to be liberal even to the books that oppose his Book.

1482.

The Capitol at Washington cannot be exploded by a bundle of matches, though a goodly quantity of dynamite may. And the Christian religion has hitherto been assailed only with matches. The explosive that alone can shatter its fortresses has not yet been discovered, though for some eighteen

centuries folk have been busy with the invention thereof. Let them go on seeking, they shall not find, for He that hath said: "Upon this rock I build my church and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it," was also the one of whom it abideth eternally true: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

1483.

Men are hardly ever brought to Christ by external evidence. "No one cometh unto me except the Father draw him," is the primary law, and the external or historical evidences of the truth of Christianity are thus at best not the compelling power itself but the line along which the compelling power works. The evidences that appeal to the reason, to the emotions, to the will, are not yet the moving current itself, but only the wave along which the current runs. Our hearts, like that of Lydia of old, have first to be opened by the grace of God, ere the evidence can at all have lodgement within them.

We know that had we, left to our own selves, been waiting for proof, evidence, and the rest, we should still be waiting for it till now. We thus know that if we believe on our Lord to-day it is because God drew us unto Himself through His Son, and it was by Him that our hearts were first opened to receive the Word of Life; and our eyes opened, so that we can say, Whereas before we were blind, we now do see. *We*, in short, though all outward evidence were to fail us, have the evidence within that Christ is the Son of the Living God, since flesh and blood cannot reveal this rock of the Christ's church, this goodly con-

fession, but only the Father which is in heaven. We have the witness within, the Spirit bearing witness with our spirit that Christ is the Saviour from sin, that the Bible is His book.

But howe'er sure this subjective experience of ours, it cannot be binding upon others. They must have reasons binding upon them, or they must have the same subjective experience as ourselves. Our faith to be proved unto them as true must be proved unto them not by reasons which are only subjective to us—in which case they would only be resting upon their trust in us—but also objective to them. Now, believers are in danger of magnifying their own subjective evidence; unbelievers are in peril of minimizing the objective evidences for the truths of Christianity, which if candidly examined are enough to be decisive even in a case of a capital crime before a jury.

1484.

The objective reasons are as compelling of assent as the corollaries of the propositions of Euclid. And while it is true that when the present gainsayers of the faith are at last convinced, it will, like our own whilom conviction, be brought about by subjective experiences like our own, rather than by external evidences; by light from above rather than by conviction from without; yet when the truth is rejected by them these reasons, compelling as they would be to an unsullied heart, will testify against them on the great day of the Lord; and their defence: I forsooth sought light, but it came not nigh me, was not brought to me—is forever barred.

1485.

Unlike the millionaire benefactor who gives a million on condition that another million be raised by their own efforts, God's grace is at first offered free and unconditional. It is only when man has already become alive unto God through the acceptance of that gift, that God becomes no longer unlike the millionaire, but like him, and offers *His* new million on condition that the receiver now raise his own million. The Holy Spirit, the one talent, is entrusted that more talents be made therewith, ten if need be, five if possible, but at least one other as the minimum.

1486.

The law is: First the natural, *then* the spiritual. Men must indeed begin with obeying even the letter of the Sermon on the Mount—even to the extent of giving to the child the razor it asks for; but this only so long as you also are a child, and know not as yet how to discern the things that differ. But when thou too art become a man, then thou art free, being now led of the Spirit, and *then* thou canst afford no longer to obey the letter which killeth . . . This distinction Tolstoy who ever remains a babe has not learned.

1487.

The idea of a Christian state before the return of Jesus to reign in person rests on a misunderstanding of Christianity as well as of the state, Christianity recognizes the state, but only as something different from itself, at times even hostile to itself, and therefore it commands to pray for the state, just as it commands to pray

for enemies. The state is appointed of heaven to bear the sword, Christianity threatens that those who take up the sword shall perish by the sword. Michael and Satan belong to opposing hosts. But Michael recognizes Satan, and when rebuke him he must, he rebukes him only in the name of the Lord, giving him his due as one who has received his authority from God.

1488.

Tolstoyism, Socialism and even Fors Clavigera, are at bottom only zealous attempts to bring in everlasting righteousness without the Righteous One; Peace without the Prince of Peace; the Kingdom without the King; an attempt to make man Lord of Creation without Him who is Lord of Lords.

Peace, blessed be God, there is indeed already now on earth, but it is only for those of whom it hath been said Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee; and, Great peace have they that love Thy law. This for the individual; and there is also a peace for the mass; but not until He reigneth of whom it hath been foretold that a King shall reign in righteousness.

1489.

Christian Socialism is an attempt on the part of many who profess the name of our Lord, to bring about worldly comforts for all by means of the spread of the teachings of the Master, so that all shall have abundance of food, raiment, shelter, leisure, books, theatres, lectures, culture—worldly happiness in short. But to make His disciples "comfortable" in food, raiment and shelter, as the world understands comfort, never was the

intent of the Master. He Himself had no place to lay His head, though the foxes, and the birds of the air, who without Him were not created, have their holes and nests. He bids His apostles go forth without purse, scrip or change of garment. And, moreover, He promised that the poor we shall *always* have with us, so that the abolition of "poverty," as the world understands poverty, was *not* what the Master came for. He expressly told His disciples that in the world they shall have tribulation. He makes His disciples rich by making them care little about comforts whether of body or mind, and they thus cease to be a factor in Christian life. If a disciple of the Master is called into a palace, he praises the Lord; if called into a hovel, he praises likewise. If fed three meals a day, the disciple giveth thanks; if fed once, the disciple giveth thanks likewise. For our Father knoweth the things we are in need of. If Christians have no "comforts," it is because their Father knoweth that of these they are not in need.

1490.

Christian Socialism is, therefore, a movement based on a fundamental misconception of what our Lord came to do and to teach. If this earth were to be man's permanent abode as he now is, the search for comforts and for the means of bringing about universal happiness would be to the purpose. But *this* earth is for Christian a mere passenger station the disciple is here a mere sojourner, until the Lord come to take His own into the mansions prepared for them. "My kingdom is *not* of this world," says our Lord; and the church of Christ says with Paul: "Our citizenship

is in heaven." So that the energies spent by Christians in endeavoring to establish *now* before the Lord come (when there shall indeed be a new earth) an age of physical and intellectual comforts for all, are devoted to the things of the flesh, and the Lord Christ came to enable men to walk in the Spirit which ever lusteth against the flesh.

1491.

What marks the Christ as the greatest psychologist is among other things, the order of His five "Ye have heard's" in the Sermon on the Mount. He is there indirectly showing the impossibility of mending the natural man, the old man: that what is needed is not a mending, a patching up of flesh with spirit, but a new birth, a new creation from above, preceded by a death, not only to our bad selves, but also to our good selves. Accordingly, the first three "Ye have heard's" deal with the need of dying to the bad self—anger, lust, corruption of heart as attested by idle words. But resisting wrong, and hatred of enemies, the subjects of the last two "Ye have heards," are not vicious things, they are virtuous things. Without the one it is impossible to assert oneself as a man; without the other it becomes impossible to assert oneself as a citizen. And mere human society would at once collapse without these two virtues. But the Christ came to found not an earthly society, howe'er ideal, but a heavenly one; hence, He insists that *these* men must die even to their best selves, for even the best of earth is still earth and not heaven. For heaven things must become altogether new. Old wine in old wine skins, but new wine in new wineskins.

1492.

Indignation, therefore—the root of the last two "Ye have heards"—as a mere earthly thing, is rather laudable; at its best it is even a noble thing, for it is then essentially only love inverted, or wrong end to. But even this bit of excellent earth is unfit for heaven, since oftenest it is the combination of two of the most heinous sins of man; of anger, the greatest fault of the heart, (it being embryonic murder); and of condemnation, the greatest fault of the head, since it is a sort of full-fledged self-righteousness. The one is the sin against Love, the supreme law betwixt man and his fellow; the other is the sin against Humility, the supreme law between man and his Maker.

1493.

But, even at its best, Indignation is still essentially a judgment, a condemnation. For all indignation with men, even when most righteous is due largely to the expectation of better things from them; so much so that if men but knew it they would consider indignation against them a kind of compliment to them. As soon as we see that what we look for is not there, we are no longer indignant, we only pity. I am not indignant with the ox for chewing his cud, howe'er graceless the motion of his jaw, though I am indignant with my masculine fellow for chewing his weed, and with my feminine fellow for chewing her gum. The ox is only doing what is ox-like; these are not doing what is manlike, womanlike. Of the ox, I expect only oxy things; of men and women I expect human things . . .

1494.

I used to be indignant with the hard, cold, self-satisfied Philistine. I now almost love that dear, hard, cold, self-satisfied Philistine. It is only the ox chewing his cud . . .

1495.

Religion is the one land that cannot be visited for mere sightseeing. One must move thither for permanent abode.

1496.

A Christian metaphysician is a mesalliance between a good intellect and bad piety.

1497.

All other nations have made their gods. Zeus was a Greek; Mars, a Roman; Thor, a Norse. The Jews alone did not make Jehovah: the God of Mercy *and* Vengeance. The God who uttered upon His chosen people the curses of Leviticus and Deuteronomy was not made by a Jew.

1498.

Barbarian, Greek, Jew, Christian: The barbarian had no wisdom; the Greek had its elements; the Jew had its substance; Christianity has its perfections.

1499.

A man is not fit for heaven till he finds earth too large for him first, too small for him afterwards.

1500.

A man's religion may not always be a comfort to himself, but if true it will always enable him to be a comfort to others.

1501.

As to their worldly station mankind consists of those in the blue book and those without. As to their heavenly station, the division is between those in the red book and those without.

1502.

The distance from earth to heaven is infinite and can be bridged only by God. The distance from heaven to earth is but a span, and can be reached by any suppliant hand.

1503.

Eternal life can be gained only by recognizing God. It may be lost by ignoring Satan.

1504.

The door to heaven must be forced. The door to hell needs no forcing. It opens of itself as soon as man places his whole weight thereon.

1505.

The light of Christ in the disciple is like the screen in the banker's window; enables those within to look out, prevents those without from looking in.

1506.

The road to heaven is equally long from every point. The road to hell equally short.

1507.

There is certainly the divine in man. It is only a question whether the divine is in every man.

1508.

Happy he who hath a friend in need; but happier he who hath Him for friend that maketh friends needless.

1509.

Greatness in the world is like the lofty mount: can be seen from afar, with glories of sun and cloud playing thereon, but without refreshing the weary. Greatness in the Kingdom is like the deep well: can be seen only close by, with only a bit of sky playing therein, but it quenches the thirst.

1510.

True religion adorns a man's life, his life cannot demean the true religion. The flower gives fragrance to the pot; the meanness of the pot detracts nothing from the flower.

1511.

That is true religion which enables even the poor to become givers, even the rich to become receivers.

1512.

All that is bad in us is ours. All that is good in us is only a loan from above to become ours with interest by good use of the principal.

1513.

In our talk to men we need a smiling face to show forth our love. In our talk to God we need first, a tearful face to show forth our fear, and then a cheerful face to show forth our trust.

1514.

The Christian life is also a profession to be learned. Acknowledgment of one's ignorance is its primary school; willingness to obey, its grammar school; and diligence in the pursuit of the goal, its high school.

1515.

The evidences of Christianity that were never meant to be out of print are the lives of Christians.

1516.

Christian's life was meant to be not so much like the European Station where the agent is settled with his household; rather like the American Station, planned only for the passengers' getting on or off.

1517.

The less men know the harder they find it to believe the natural; the more they know the easier they believe the supernatural.

1518.

True health requires a healthy soul in a healthy body. It is a mark of man's fallen state that many a soul can be kept healthy only while confined in a sick body.

1519.

To see earth we must open our eyes; to behold heaven we must shut them.

1520.

To the unregenerate the Bible is a mere checker-board with squares of alternative black and white. But the regenerate is taught of the Spirit which are the squares to be played upon.

1521.

The non-Christian must either conquer circumstances or be conquered by them. Christian must conquer in circumstance.

1522.

The difference between true Christianity and its counterfeit is this: both recognize sin and the need of washing it away. But the one demands for it nothing short of Blood; the other is content with rosewater.

1523.

To be a miniature Christ is the only way to be a great Christian.

1524.

"You cannot guide the multitude without deceiving it," said the wisest of the Greeks. And truly enough, if it is to be guided without commission from above. It is a mark of the divine commission of Moses and the Christ that the one did guide God's chosen visible host, that the other does guide God's chosen invisible host—without deceiving . . .

1525.

Every un-Christian teacher, howe'er high his aim, is at best only a kite: flies and soars, and even dashes now and then straight for the heavens —but that string! . . .

1526.

Culture is like a fire in the grate: shines, and warms your front, but leaves cold your back. Religion is like the oven wall; the fire is out of sight, but one can lean against the wall, and be warmed from head to foot.

1527.

Both culture and religion may leave a man angular; but culture leaves him a mere triangle; religion doubles him, and leaves him four-square for awhile, rounds him out at last.

1528.

Culture makes the round man, religion the square man. Culture, like a sphere, rests on only one point. Religion, like a cube, rests on a whole surface.

1529.

The dear critics—they mean well!—ask me to give up Moses to save John. Well, Philip of Macedon asked the Athenians to give up the dogs to the wolves to save the sheep. And he too, dear Philip, may have meant it quite well . . .

1530.

In the early centuries Christianity suffered most from its avowed enemies; in the last, from its professed friends.

1531.

Are you tempted? Prayer will sustain you. Have you yielded? Prayer will restore you. Are you disheartened? Prayer will encourage you. Are you at last in peace? Prayer will keep it for you.

1532.

You will have to believe sometime. It is only a question whether it shall be before sight is lost or after.

1533.

The simplest way to get to the top of the tall building is to step into the elevator, and there stand while lifted on high. The simplest way to get to the heights of heaven is to step into Christ, and in Him stand while He too lifts you on high.

1534.

All the spiritual ills of men have only two causes, the confounding of things that differ, the sundering of things that belong together.

1535.

Does the jury declare the prisoner innocent because he has been untried? No, rather because he has been tried and found innocent. Do I believe Christianity true because it remains untried? No, rather because I have sat at its trial and have found it true.

1536.

My friend of the world, whoso you are: Either Jesus Christ was mistaken or you are. The answer that neither might be is only evading the issue, not settling it. But the ages have decided that Jesus Christ was not mistaken. It is for you to decide whether you shall continue to be.

1537.

Where the wisest of the heathen says: To be very good and very rich is impossible, the Son of Man saith with poise only: How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of the heavens.

1538.

I am not averse to humanitarianism, but it is not Christianity, not even Spirituality. Many a dog has more humanity to him than perhaps two-thirds of the folk I know. But this does not make the dog a Christian, though there very likely are many Christians among these two-thirds.

1539.

Christian like the statue must also ever keep to his pedestal, only he must not remain equally immovable.

1540.

The boundaries of the Spartans were on the points of their spears, and these took them if need be to the ends of the earth. The boundaries of Christian are on the points of his prayers, and these take him to the heights of heaven.

1541.

The typical land of Christian is Switzerland. He can afford to be as cold as its mountains, if only as high; as narrow as its valleys, if only as fertile.

1542.

In all else man does well to hold the important matter back to the last. In his religion alone Christian must be otherwise. Here he must be like the notice which at once announces itself that it is a Notice.

1543.

In the Kingdom there are things permitted, things forbidden, things tolerated; the last, like smoking on the cars: only on the rear seats.

1544.

Grace at meat may easily become a cordial.

1545.

I used to wonder at the striking resemblance of some of the false religions to the true, until I learned that the difference between the goose and the swan is only a few inches of neck.

1546.

Why are the dead raised no more? Presumption says, Because the dead do not rise. Meekness suggests, Because there is no more faith to raise the dead with. The One who alone could say, I am the Resurrection and the Life, explains, If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead.

1547

The Bible must be read through at least twice: first with eyes shut, then with eyes open.

1548.

No binding to the Bible is lasting that is not sewn together with scarlet thread.

1549.

Unitarianism is the religion of topheaviness par excellence.

1550.

Which is true, optimism or pessimism? It is a mark of the heavenliness of the religion of Christ that, while in the world one must be adherent of either, Christian must adhere to neither at any time, to both at all times.

1551.

Religion is man forcing himself upon God, Christianity is God implanting himself in man.

1552.

Christianity does indeed demand from men belief in its truths; but it is content for a while with only asking of men doubt of the grounds for their unbelief.

1553.

Religion, if it make men no better than it finds them leaves them worse.

1554.

The blood of Christ cleanses if accepted; stains, if rejected.

1555.

Heaven is where'er there is rest from earth with God.

1556.

Heaven has only one door, though many gates. The believer errs in limiting the number of the gates; the unbeliever, in multiplying the number of the doors.

1557.

Folk think Sunday the day for religion. Sunday is indeed the day for worship. It is the other six that are for religion.

1558.

Folk think the object of the thought of heaven is to improve earth for us. But the thought of heaven is meant to improve the earth for others and to spoil it for ourselves.

1559.

In the Kingdom all is God except man. In the world all is God except God Himself.

1560.

The strings which pull men earthward are stronger than the ropes which tie them heavenward.

1561.

The paper entering the press white, but leaving it black, to begin its usefulness only then—sad symbol of man's career.

1562.

Paradise begins only in the next life; hell may begin already in this.

1563.

Of him who has once been in the heavenlies only the risen baloon is apt type; can return to earth again only with a collapse.

1564.

In the world when one thinks he can do much he can at least do something. In the Kingdom one can only then accomplish something when he feels that of himself he can do nothing.

1565.

It is a mark of truth that Jesus cries "Thy will be done!" before "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Invention would have reversed the cries.

1566.

Christianity does not change night into day, but it does dispel the clouds and restores the stars.

1567.

Black we all are; only some are bleached blacks.

1568.

Everyone begins with what God has made him; he ends with what he makes himself.

1569.

In his anchor as in all else Christian is the opposite of the world. The anchor of his hope is upward, not downward.

1570.

The heavenly journey is measured not by the number of miles travelled, but by the height of the mountains climbed.

1571.

The conditional, the optative mood, are frequent in the Bible, but not the doubtful tenses.

1572.

Education furnishes only a sword, which is, however, two-edged. Legislation only clips the beast's claws, but leaves it still wild. Morality furnishes clean garments, but these may still cover a foul heart. Christianity alone cleanses the heart, tames the beast and wields safely the sword.

1573.

Both Arion of Herodotus and Jonah of the Bible are thrown into the sea; but Arion is saved on a dolphin's back; Jonah, out of the fish's belly. The dolphin's back is the mark of fiction; the fish's belly the mark of truth. Invention must furnish a likely means of escape. Truth can afford to furnish the farthest from likely.

1574.

Analogy and simile are the most pleasing kind of writing, because Nature itself is only a type, and God speaks chiefly through symbols.

1575.

Between heaven and hell is a gulf that cannot be bridged; but on earth they may be so near as to overlap.

XIX.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE SO-CALLED.

1576.

The modern disease is megalo-Kephalitis; a classic Greek, truly orthodox medical term: in English, *big-headedness*; in Yankee speech (which seldom fails to hit the nail on the head, though often splitting the board at the same time) swelled head. The disease began articulately enough in the mild, suave, velvet-covered Channing, but he merely chattered, though at times he also chirped, of the—Dignity of Man. In Emerson, however, this dignity of man began to pipe itself out, with an occasional deep, hollow basso accompaniment, as the Divinity of Man. Both Channing and Emerson, however, had still a goodly number of quarts of honest Gospel blood in them; generations of Christ in them still keeping down the self-glorification that would fain burst to the surface of even these. Whitman had no such restraint. His was other blood than theirs. Channing and Emerson had at least aristocratic, blue blood in their veins, pulsating therein rather swiftly, with some sort of noble tumultuousness. Not so Whitman. His was the skimmed blood, the viscuous gravy blood; the unadulterated plebeian, democratic, vulgar blood, with corpuscles of brick red, and Pittsburg-fog-gray, but without a speck of blue therein.

1577.

Channing and Emerson had at least a certain

jungle dignity and beauty about them; and like the whole family of felines are ever interesting to behold in their moments of peace, as long as they display no mien of transforming their human beholders into that much steak and chop for feline supper. On occasion the frail Channing and gentle Emerson could roar, but their roar had at least some awe therein. But Whitman . . .

1578.

Kant's Critique of Pure Reason is justly praised as a noble piece of architecture, a kind of cathedral of Divisions, subdivisions, sections, paragraphs, and parentheses, of diverse dimensions and statures—if all this were only a peptic piece of utility. If the ailment of Society, butterflydom, is that it lacks seriousness, the ailment of metaphysical owldom is that it takes itself with altogether too much seriousness. And here as elsewhere extremes meet. If the frivolous remind one of the antics of monkeys, metaphysicians can only remind us of circus—gymnasts. But gymnastics, however startling its evolutions, are after all only antics; and the metaphysics of even a Kant are only so many intellectual antics. Kant, however, was still sober, from a goodly remnant in him of the sense of religion; and the insanity of soul is in him only embryonic. But what is embryonic in Kant becomes fullfledged in his diverse intellectual offspring of Schelling and Hegel, Schopenhauer and Hartmann and Spencer and James. The graceful play of the kitten in Kant becomes the capering antics of the goat in his successors. But, whether harmless kitten or china-smashing bull, the net sum of

the performance of either is—emptiness. And life is in nowise meant to be kept empty with metaphysical windbag fulnesses . . .

1579.

Philosophy has surely its use, as in fact everything conceivable has. The saddest of all emptinesses, the freshly dug hole in the ground, with the waiting casket for its fulfilment, has at least the use of supplying the undertaker with his porridge and ale. But this does not make grave digging a desirability in the life of man. Nay, rightly looked at Gehenna itself has its use . . . And metaphysics, which has its origin in some one having made a hole in heaven shortly after that episode of the Tree of Knowledge, has simply ever since had for its business the filling in of said hole in the heavens, with occasional making of new ones, when it is seen that the old ones cannot be filled in. Philosophy has indeed high pretension, its ultimate goal, on paper, is to be a sort of Science of Science, the Theory of Theory; but in practice nearly the whole of Philosophy and by far the largest part of Science, have become a kind of imperial eagle with two heads; both supported by the same body—illegitimate curiosity: the one peeping uselessly into Universe Invisible, the other prying needlessly into Universe Visible.

1580.

So-called Science is a body without a head; philosophy is a head without a body; the one has feet of gold without a head of even clay; the other is a head of brass without feet even of iron. But the combination of the two far from being a head of brass over feet of gold is, as in Spencer's

case only a torso; head gone, arms gone, feet gone. All attempts at the Scriptural Image of a head of gold o'er a trunk of silver on feet of iron by science and philosophy are vain; since *this* image is molten only in the crucible of Christ.

1581.

Philosophy has so far been only a vast pyramid upside down: and the slightest breeze blows it o'er. It has so far been only a series of card houses which fall first one against another, and then all together as soon as even one is seriously touched. Aristotle leans on Plato, Abelard on Aristotle, Leibnitz on Abelard, Kant leans on Descartes, Schopenhauer on Kant, Dr. Abbot on the rest; when lo, touch at one end, touch at other end, touch at middle, touch anywhere with the mere tip of Reality's finger, and forthwith as systems they collapse with the speed of inflated industrial stocks on a Black Friday . . .

1582.

Metaphysics is like climbing of Alps or chasing the North Pole. If the risk of life and limb is incurred for profitable scientific result, it is indeed heroic. But if undertaken from sheer love of adventure, from sheer Pandoraness, from sheer desire to do what none else have done before and thus get a name for oneself, it is but a vain thing, a dead thing.

1583.

Now much of the theology of the day, nearly all of the metaphysics, and not a little of its science is wholly of the latter, ignoble sort.

1584.

Savage is hardly my attitude toward Metaphysics. As far back as my Sophomore year, I was already Vice-President (who veritably vice-presided) of the Harvard Philosophical Club. And for many succeeding years I was a faithful attendant upon the lectures of America's mightiest metaphysician delivered all to myself, at times far into the wee hours of morn, going over the length and breadth of its vast domain; from the isingness of being to the finalities of the finities, and even to the infinitudes of the Infinities, and the Everlastingnesses of the Eternities. So that in the inextinguishable fraternity of philosophers I am in nowise a first year student, rather a sort of adept of the thirty and third degree. Speaking thus from the inside I solemnly assure you, my friend, that Metaphysics is essentially the science of putting questions which the healthy do not ask, the wise do not take up, and the metaphysicians themselves, after elaborately putting them, do not answer. Thus where the first plain sick man you meet knows that pain is an evil, the healthy metaphysician discusses the question, What is Evil? Where the first plain man you meet tells you that if he is useful it is reason enough for his being here, the metaphysician elaborately discusses the question, wherefore is man here at all?

1585.

At its best philosophy seeks to establish by reason what is already known from Revelation: God, Immortality, Duty. It thus seeks to swim the Mississippi at the very spot where a bridge already is. But philosophy is seldom thus

at its best. Its ordinary business is to give new names, where science gives new facts; while religion proves itself ever sufficient by putting the new facts, where they belong, under the old names. Metaphysicians have thus honestly tried to remove some dust, they have raised new clouds. And how little of genuine substance is to be found therein is best seen from this: The utter impotence of Philosophy with its huge apparatus in the presence of a single sorrow—the one moment in life where it could be of utmost use, were any use at all therein. "Philosophy—guide of Life," is its claim. But Philosophy is ever triumphing over only future, not present ills. Where religion supports the man, his philosophy has ever to be supported by the man. At the pangs of childbirth philosophy is silent, at the grave it is dumb. In the presence of sin, sickness, of the success of the wicked, the failure of the righteous, in the presence in short, of every true problem of Life, Philosophy ever hobbles bandaged about with all manner of verbiage. And if perchance a crumb is handed out at last by it, and a wordlet of Life does escape its lips, it is invariably found that these come not from its own store—it has none—but were taken from the ever abundant store-house of—Religion . . .

1586.

Metaphysicians are thus to the soul what flies are to summer; they buzz much, they annoy much, but they disappear with the cold. At the first real, deep sorrow, the most enamoured metaphysician puffs away his metaphysics like so many bubbles, if like Gulliver of old, he has not yet been irremediably laid low by the innumerable fine threads wound about him by the pigmies . .

1587.

My whole quarrel with Philosophy and Metaphysics is here: The one thing Truth Incarnate came to bestow upon man is the restored approach to the bosom of God where he at last may once more—rest. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you—rest. Learn from me, and ye shall find—rest unto your souls," is still the call of the ascended Christ, as in the days of yore it was the call of the descended Christ. But our modern activities based at bottom on false metaphysics are of the tumultuous, restless sort. And it has become the fashionable disease of men as well as of women to be so busy with their multitudinous activities as to leave hardly time for even the ordinary humanities. And the cause thereof is only one: men have weaned themselves from the bosom of God where the soul of man belongs as naturally as the babe at its mother's breast. And metaphysics is merely the indulgence of the soul of man in the for the moment rather intoxicating restlessness . . .

1588.

Not in vain are the birds of the air, specially those of the seaside, type of the Adversary's host. Behold them restless: most of the while on the wing: fly, fly, fly. Mostly too with wings large, body but little, feet scarcely visible: sailing, sailing, sailing; circling, circling, circling, hardly ever seen resting. True emblem this of business and society which is dissipation with the crowd; and science and philosophy, which is dissipation apart from the crowd; but with the crowd or without the crowd, it is still dissipation, the dissipation of restlessness.

1589.

As I cross Harvard Bridge betwixt Boston and Cambridge, and watch the gull in its flight over the waters, methinks I see philosophy in its white garment, with only the tip of its wings just blackish . . . It soars and circles; and circles and soars; now and then it even dives, but it is ever aimless, it ever remains accomplishing naught, *but catching some poor unwary fish.*

1590.

The presence of the so-called Science of Ethics betokens the decay of Integrity; since Ethics has become the science of proving that the association can do with a clear conscience what the individual can do with only a guilty one. The presence of the so-called Science of Political Economy betokens the decay of Love; since Political Economy is essentially the Science of making Nature the scapegoat of man's selfishness. The abundance of so-called Fiction in Letters and Art betokens the decay of Truth; since the working of Fiction is only an unblushing confession that one is lying; so likewise the presence of Metaphysics only betokens the decay of true reverence and worship.

1591.

Religion draws men; literature cattle; science, freight; philosophy, empty cars.

1592.

Religion rounds out the man; literature broadens him; science lengthens him; philosophy flattens him.

1593.

Religion smooths out the wrinkles; science discovers them; literature describes them; philosophy looks at them.

1594.

To the devout soul the world is a mirror to reflect the glory of God in; to the artist the world is a park—a place to walk in; to the scientist the world is a pond—a place to fish in; to the metaphysician the world is a bed—a place to dream in.

1595.

Religion ever furnishes a blanket adapted to the bed, and covers the whole man, while both science and philosophy furnish blankets that are too short. Science covers the feet, and leaves the head to shift for itself; philosophy pulls it over the head, and leaves the feet to flounder for themselves.

1596.

Religion at last furnishes the house within and without, which science and philosophy start to build. But science gets at least as far as the roof. Philosophy stops at the staging.

1597.

Science is a kind of magician's borrowed hat from which he produces all at once yards of reeling tape, boxes of candy and a live duck. Metaphysics picks up all these things and frantically endeavors to put them all under one hat.

1598.

Two men are in equal darkness: who dives beyond his depth, who soars beyond his height.

The modern scientist is apt to do the one; the metaphysicians of all ages have been doing the other.

1599.

Said General Sherman: The only good Indian is the dead Indian; I venture to say: Even the best philosophy is a dead philosophy. For philosophy is essentially a business of furnishing grounds for things that either cannot or need not stand thereon.

1600.

Metaphysicians are essentially folk, who like the sages of the East, meditate in the Jungle on the Immensities and Eternities by fixing their eyes for days and weeks on the tip of their—nose. And like these Sages they seldom get farther than the tips of their noses. But whether they get farther or not, the result is ever cross-eyedness for aye . . .

1601.

Metaphysics is essentially a business of furnishing either poor reasons for facts which no one disputes, or still poorer reasons for disputing what every one else knows to be indisputable.

1602.

Philosophy, like drinking, smoking, card-playing, theatre going, dancing, is in nowise forbid in the Book of God, being of itself neither right nor wrong. But the whole tendency of these with all their surroundings is downward; and as such is ever deadly. And so with speculation, metaphysics. Philosophy—its whole tendency is never upward, always downward. Occupation therewith is a most gentle incline asylumward,

a sober, solemn search after perpetual motion in the region of spirit. And every system of philosophy is thus like the ever recurring discovery of perpetual motion, which works admirably on paper, but fails wretchedly with the real wood or brass . . .

1603.

After all has been said, it is not I that declare Philosophy and Religion to be at eternal war. That great arch-enemy of God, Schopenhauer, has done it before me. Says he:

"Positive Religion usurps the throne that belongs to Philosophy. *Philosophers will therefore make war against her.*" What makes Schopenhauer *the* great philosopher is that he of all philosophers recognized the eternal conflict, and unflinchingly faced it . . .

1604.

A theory is to facts what the string is to the pearls: good only to hold them together. The folly of all system-makers is the gathering of pearls for the sake of the string.

1605.

Of course I believe in Science, which is simply a high-sounding name for—Knowledge. Only it must be Knowledge, not guessage. The "Science" that influences the thought of the day is not Science at all, it is only the guesses concerning things they do not know by the men who are accepted as authorities in Science because of the things they really do know. But the mere guesses of folk, of even scientific folk, are after all not yet knowings, they are still mere guessings.

1606.

Modern philosophers consist of two distinct species of foxdom: the tailless and the betailed. Who have lost their own tails would fain persuade the rest that taillessness is the eternal law of all respectable foxdom; and that those who are still possessed of this token of uncompleted evolution had best forthwith divest themselves thereof by patent chopper or otherwise. The betailed ones, however, stoutly maintain that foxdom minus rear-bushiness is a gross sin against the eternal spirit of truth; and that to apply these surgics to fox's rear with or without anesthetics might seriously derange the now established Kosmos. But what is true, they go on to affirm, is: that though grapes are indeed luscious, and ripe enough to be eaten, they are in relation to foxdom forever sour, since they are being so high, and beyond the reach of even tailful foxdom . . .

1607.

When Harvard Philosopher No. 1. tells me that Truth is only relative, temporal, evanescent, and can in nowise be known, even if there be such a thing as Truth, which latter fact is as yet not established, at least at Harvard, I say: Friend, I pity thee from the bottom of my heart; for thou art a liar at heart; thou has lost thy heart as a man, and thy tail as a fox; and now thou wouldst fain persuade the rest that they too had best part with their tails . . .

1608.

When Harvard Philosopher No. 2. tells me that Duty is a relative term, a kind of elastic rubber band, with an ill smell thereto when thrown into

the fire; that the sole "duty" that is at all clear in life is to meditate on the exposition of the Dutilessness of Duty—I say again: I detest, O philosopher, thy philosophy from the bottom of my heart; thou art a thief to thy very bone, thou hast indeed still thy tail; and the luscious grapes are still hanging above thee; but they are too high for thine elastic conscience, and they remain for thee—sour grapes . . .

1609.

Civilization polishes the savage into a barbarian. Religion shapes him into a man.

1610.

Culture creates many desires; religion, only one longing.

1611.

Science needs religion as the bicycle needs the man: which without him cannot even stand; with him not only runs itself, but even carries the rider along.

1612.

Philosophy would fain vie with religion in alleviating the ills of men. But religion furnishes a tonic; philosophy, hardly even a plaster.

1613.

Education lengthens the man, culture broadens him; experience colors him, religion ripens him.

1614.

Philosophy seeks for what is truth. Religion finds Him who is the Truth.

1615.

I have a clock which instead of keeping time for me obliges me to keep time for it—sad example of the help so far given by science to religion.

1616.

The comet—true type of the metaphysician: dragging a long nebulous tail behind a solid but slight head.

1617.

The value of science is seldom disputable, its price often is.

1618.

The metaphysician is like the moth: hovers round the light, but only to be scorched therein.

1619.

Two men have no need of philosophy; who has no leisure for it, and who has.

1620.

The light given by science is like that of the lantern: may still leave its bearer in the shade.

1621.

Both Nature and Creation are each a whole. But Creation can always be seen as a part. Nature is at best beholden only as a fragment.

1622.

I used to have great respect for all manner of science until I found that my business with the Chinaman is to get my linen clean, not to watch him handling it in the washtub.

1623.

Metaphysics transgress against the great law of conduct which is: Nothing too exact—the great rule of art, of life.

1624.

All other intoxications reveal the true man. Metaphysics alone chokes the true man.

1625.

The metaphysician seeks to discover the meaning of life. Poor soul: he lost it long, long ago.

1626.

The metaphysician like the rest of men has also his pillar of fire to lead him through the desert, but he speedily converts it into an ignus fatuus . . .

1627.

Piety comes seldom from theology; goodness, rarely through ethics; and knowledge alas! not yet always from science.

1628.

Metaphysicians like volcanoes throw up a great deal of smoke and stones, only they are not so picturesque.

1620.

The trouble with metaphysics is: though aspiring to be winged biped, it is only corner sexaped.

1630.

A system of philosophy is a pyramid upside down: a vast structure built upon a point. Hence a little wind blows it down.

1631.

A system is for thought what the horn is for the powder. It keeps it well—confined.

1632.

Perhaps the best use of a system is that of the band around the garments when carried about: good only to hold them together when they are not to be displayed.

1633.

A theory is to fact what the string is to the pearls; good only for holding them together. The folly of all system-making is the gathering of pearls for the sake of the string.

1634.

When folk speak of not accepting things "contrary to reason,"—as if there were a universal reason laid up somewhere like the standard yard or pound at Washington—they mean their *own* reason: but what appears wholly unreasonable to one appears most reasonable to another who has had wider experience. To speak, therefore of rejecting some things as "contrary to reason," is generally to confess one's own ignorance in such matters; and there is an educated ignorance as well as an uneducated ignorance; only uneducated ignorance believes too much; educated ignorance believes too little.

1635.

It is blessedly true that reason is supreme, only it must not be *your* reason.

1636.

Revelation is to reason what the telescope is to sight: an aid, not a substitute.

1637.

Only that is true science which increases not my doubts but my faith.

1638.

Who writes out his system only exposes it to argument. Who lives it out can prove it.

1639.

Philosophy is to religion what tissue paper is to parchment.

1640.

It needs much knowledge to doubt intelligently, and as much to believe intelligently.

1641.

Who doubts may be using a broom against the dust. Who remains a doubter stays in the dust.

1642.

The highest attainment of reason is to know not its competence but its incompetence.

1643.

The Gossip: "Just think, I did not of course see the sun last night, but I did see the moon this morning."

The Scientist: "It is a matter, friends, of universal experience that the sun is never seen by night,—but the moon is sometimes seen by day. It thus constitutes a law of nature."

The Philosopher: "It is, ladies and gentlemen, an *a priori* law of the mind that it shall not perceive the sun by night, but may perceive the moon by day."

The Fool: "Well, what of it, anyhow?" And the fool is not the foolishest of the four.

1644.

To give out most heat the soul like the stove must have its upper door shut.

1645.

The spider in the garret in the delusion that he is a winged eagle soaring heavenward—this is the metaphysician.

1646.

The only way to solve the problem of life is to live it. Metaphysicians only guess at it.

1647.

Credulity slays its thousands; unbelief, its ten thousands.

1648.

Unbelief is at bottom only ignorance, but ignorance of one's own ignorance.

1649.

The difference between false science and true: a Darwin ignores revelation; a Newton writes a Commentary on Revelation.

1650.

The difference between all false teaching and the true is in one word: Philosophy says, Stand! Science (so-called) says, Go! False Religion says, Do! Christ alone makes all these possible by prefacing them with, Come!

1651.

Reason alone is seldom content with fact alone, it seeks also the reason for that fact. And it is this that makes mere reason often so unreasonable.

1652.

The light given by Science is like that of the lantern, which may still leave its bearer in the shade.

1653.

Metaphysics is the art of bringing illegitimate offspring to birth with things.

1654.

The metaphysician is a man who having through trifling lost the meaning of life sets about in all seriousness to account for life.

1655.

Every system of philosophy is like the ever-recurring discovery of perpetual motion: works well enough on—paper.

1656.

Both Metaphysics and Science have legitimate fences around them. Science breaks them down and finds itself lost: Metaphysics vaults over them and is caught hanging in the air.

1657.

There are two kinds of superstition: of faith, of unbelief. Faith is at times superstitious as to incidentals; unbelief is always superstitious as to fundamentals.

1658.

Credulity believes without evidence; faith knows that the evidence is forthcoming. Credulity only believes with insufficient reasons; faith trusts for sufficient reasons.

1659.

Both faith and doubt give reasons for themselves; but faith gives the reasons it found before believing; doubt gives those it finds after doubting.

1660.

The metaphysician starts out with questioning what little knowledge he has. He ends with losing it altogether.

1661.

The wise man is concerned with the fact *that* the Universe is administered; the philosopher, with whether it is administered; the fool, with how it might be administered. And here for once the fool is only as foolish as the philosopher.

1662.

Idolators and metaphysicians have this in common: the God of both is man made; but the idolator's God is an ideal; the metaphysician's is only an idea.

1663.

The metaphysician suffers from having more wing to him than body.

1664.

The metaphysician suffers from a peculiar misfortune: his pillar of fire becomes for him an *ignis fatuus*.

XX.

THE MODERNS

1665.

Modern Art, Science and Letters have become largely a habit of using volcanoes for boiling eggs and roasting potatoes, and earthquakes for shaking out mice.

1666.

The temper of Modern Science is: If you study God's ways you are only a mystic. If you study Man's Spirit, you are a metaphysician. If, however, you study man's flesh, you are already a physiologist. But if you study worms and bugs out-of-doors, and ill-smelling gases indoors, you are true scientist . . .

1667.

Modern Science consists of a few newly-discovered facts with many exploded theories: the theories being largely deemed to be the Science.

1668.

Nature is the mirror of God. The fundamental error of Modern Science is in forgetting that mirrors are not for the blind.

1669.

Modern Science is afflicted with the cataract of the eyes, and now it expounds the eclipse of Faith.

1670.

Of the numerous marvels of the Twentieth Century, not the least is the ease with which folk

persuade men, after putting out their own eyes, that now they can help men to see all the better.

1671.

The men of Babel strove to climb heaven by means of a tower; the men of to-day are scaling the heavens with telescope and spectroscope. Prometheus stole fire from heaven by mere cunning; the men of to-day play with the fire from heaven in their laboratories by sheer wit. The men of Babel met with confusion of tongues and were scattered abroad. Prometheus was given an eagle to tear his liver, after being chained to a rock. The men of to-day are meeting not only with confusion of tongues, but also with confusion of head and heart; they are not scattered abroad; they are left where they are, and not even chained. But their vitals are left to be eaten whether abroad or at home . . .

1672.

Modern Science is to the Soul what the morganatic wife is to royalty; offspring legitimate enough, but cannot be crowned.

1673.

The storm in the city begins with dust and ends with mud, the rain having gone between. Modern Science begins with mud and ends with dust, leaving the man between.

1674.

Modern Scientific men are apt to be like the gaspipe: which conveys illumination, but ceases not thereby to be dark itself.

1675.

Modern Art and Science have become true yokefellows: Modern Art strives to make the mean appear ideal. Modern Science makes the ideal mean.

1676.

Education and Science have so far only lengthened man's hands and feet, they have elongated his ears, and sharpened his eyes. But they have not enlarged his heart, nor even expanded his vision. The same healing art which gives quinine to the fevered and ether in surgery, practices vivisection if not on paupers' babes in hospitals, at least on defenceless beasts in the laboratory. The spread of intelligence has made roguery more successful, honesty more difficult. It has added many luxuries that make for loss of stamina in soul as well as body, but have not made the struggle for existence less fierce. And the railways that take us across continent in a few days are operated only with the slaughter or maiming of some one hundred thousand human beings a year, some two thousand a week, some three hundred a day, some dozen every hour, one soul during the few minutes that this paragraph is being written, during the very time it takes you, dear reader, to read it . . .

1677.

The wrong is not in possessing the hot water but in letting it scald others. Modern Civilization to the cry of the scalded flesh only answers: But I have a right to my hot water!

1678.

Theoretically, Modern Civilization is supposed

to enable every man to make a wise man out of himself. Practically, it only leaves him free to make a fool of himself.

1679.

The difference between the old so-called superstition and the modern so-called emancipation is: In the days of old folk feared to go to the theatre lest they roast after they die. In the days of to-day folk brave going to the theatre even with the reasonable chance of roasting before they die.

1680.

No prince of ancient times was ever known to be eager to prove that he was the son of a —hod-carrier. On the contrary, the hod-carrier's son, once he got into power, was eager to prove himself the son of a god. But in Modern Science the men who had hitherto been held to be the offspring of God are more than eager to prove that they are really descended from a tail-carrier . . .

1681.

A product peculiar to the Nineteenth Century, and its prolongation, the Twentieth, is a literary man losing his head in his youth, and then going about the rest of his life to establish the beauty of headlessness.

1682.

In an evil moment Lessing said that Raphael would still have been a great painter had he been born without hands. Ever since, many an artist who has lost his head still continues in the belief that he is a great artist.

1683.

Our literary men are now chiefly hodmen for publishers (just as editors of periodicals are chiefly clerks in the upper story for the counting room in the lower) who are long of dollars, tho' short of wit and taste. These in turn are chiefly hodmen of readers who are long of ennui and short of aims in life, and need to be—amused . . . The nations of Canaan were hewers of wood and drawers of water to at least God's chosen people, but these have not even this consolation. "The public wants this, the public wants that!" Madame Roland would now cry instead: "O Public, how many the literary Follies committed in thy name!"

1684.

The chief characteristic of modern book-making is first, their outward voluptuousness, and then their inward leanness. Superficial wealth covering abject poverty.

1685.

At first the appearance of books was padded, now it is their contents.

1686.

The modern ambition in letters seems to be: To tell without genius in a big book what has already been told with genius in a small one.

1687.

Old Midas touched paint and it became gold. But poor Midas soon saw that he was under a curse. Our modern painters also touch paint, and it becomes gold. But they do not yet see themselves under the curse . . .

1688.

A special product of the Nineteenth-Twentieth Century is the man whose wisdom decreases as his knowledge increases. Our learned men are many of this sort. The Chicago professor who discovered that our modern Rockefellers are really the whilom Shakespeares was dismissed: not, however, because he thought foolishly, but because he spake foolishly . . .

1689.

Some of our recent religious movements remind one of the bicycle tandem, which is a treadmill with the poetry of riding taken out.

1690.

So-called Christian Science is a cult devised by a woman, and largely for women. Accordingly, only a woman could sum it up most neatly as "a splendid institution for those who have not brains enough to exert their will power without joining a sect."

1691.

A male Christian Scientist is generally a feminine man. A female Spiritualist is generally a masculine woman.

1692.

The cry for young ministers is rebellion not so much against gray heads as against gray hearts.

1693.

The craving for fiction is due as much to the hunger for truth as to the loss of truth.

1694.

The abundance of pictorial illustration illustrates only the decay of imagination.

1695.

Commerce is becoming the art of convincing folk that they need what you don't.

1696.

Metaphysics betoken the decay of religion; Ethics the decay of Integrity, Political Economy the decay of Love, Fiction the decay of Truth.

1697.

Once Charity covered a multitude of sins. Now it is not even the money given for charity, but "success" that covers every sin committed in attaining it.

1698.

Fashions were meant originally to change only with the climate and the person. Now they change only with the tailor and milliner.

1699.

The ancient women sat at the loom: the modern sit at the piano at home, and in the committee-room (if not at the bridge table) abroad. And the difference is between weaving cloth and weaving air.

1700.

Society was first made by men; it then began to be ruled by women: it is now about to consist of and for children.

1701.

The modern complaint: How shall we get the time? is uttered largely by those whose chief burden is, How shall we spend the time?

1702.

It was not ever thus; but now they may well have music at a wedding. Soldiers are led into slaughter also with music.

1703.

A modern Virtue: Contentment with the bitterness of the river at its mouth because of its sweetness at the head.

1704.

In the modern struggle for existence failure from our own weakness is certain; and success without the weakness of others is problematic.

1705.

Speak that I may see you! could be said by the ancient sage. See, that I may speak with you! must be said by the modern one.

1706.

There is expansion by growth and by bloating. Modern expansion is chiefly by bloating.

1707.

It used to be: Like priest, like people. It is now: Like people, like priest.

1708.

No one nowadays is free without money. It is only a question whether there are any free with money.

1709.

The discussion whether our age is better than former ages or worse is only an academic one. No age was ever as good as it could be, and every age is worse than it need be.

1710.

The symptom best attesting the wide degeneracy of the present is the entire lack of real admiration or even appreciation on the part of even those capable thereof. Every one thinks himself competent to have an opinion on everything, to sit in judgment over everyone, each deeming himself the peer of the best. This temper begins in self-sufficiency, continues with self-conceit, and ends in self-deceit.

1711.

A modern bugbear: the cry, But this is not original! All good thoughts are sure to be old; and all new thoughts are not so sure of being good.

1712.

Said the Scotchman on his death-bed: My Son, make money: honestly, if you can, but—make money. The apocryphal Scotchman was a rogue; the real modern Philosopher is only a—Pragmatist.

1713.

Modern Science is very patient with the untying of the knot; and toward the end it deliberately—cuts it.

1714.

Without God modern civilization is as fatal as ancient barbarism. The fire of the noblest oak burns as fatally as that of the meanest scrub.

1715.

Old age complains of the times, that youth shows no respect for age. But, my aged friend, have you taken pains to make old age venerable to youth?

1716.

How shall old age be venerable to youth when everyone is frantically striving not to be old?

1717.

Brass may not resound louder than gold in Nature. It always does in contemporary Letters and Art.

1718.

Their social certificate folk nowadays carry mostly in their purse; a few still carry it in their head. I prefer mine in the heart.

1719.

Modern Science often invites folk to throw a firebrand into a keg of powder, with the assurance that no harm will come therefrom. Unfortunately it has hitherto failed to prove that the experiment has ever been successful.

1720.

There is much groping these days for the guide, when all that is needed is to get into the path.

1721.

They make it their special business to live for man—I am somewhat suspicious of them. It is just possible that they have turned philanthropists after finding themselves unable to live with men.

1722.

The woman that sits nowadays for her portrait displaying her teeth—beware of her, as you do of that other animal that displays his teeth . . .

1723.

For meeting the mean a short walk is long enough. For meeting the noble even a long journey seldom suffices.

1724.

The ancients wrote aphorisms; the moderns write essays. And the distinction is characteristic. But the moderns do not wholly repudiate the aphorism. Only they give the matter a new turn. So that if your disconnected paragraphs are separated by numbers or dashes, you are an aphorist. If they are joined together without marks of separation, you are an—essayist.

1725.

All literature so far consists chiefly of two kinds: truth as groundwork with vast supersturcture of fiction; fiction as centre with occasional bits of truth around it.

1726.

A great victory may prove only less disastrous than a great defeat. The modern victory of man over Nature and the elements is one of those disastrous victories . . .

1727.

My quarrel with modern so-called art is that its messages are seldom worth delivering; and when they are, too much liberty is taken with the dotting of the i's and the crossing of the t's.

1728.

A great mistake: to expect fruit from seed regardless of soil and weather. Modern education is powerless about the seeds, heedless of the soil, and wholly ignorant as to the weather.

1729.

In every age evildoers have had their apologists. In our age the monopolistic corporations have theirs. The Standard Oil folk have forsooth given us cheaper oil. And I begin to feel as if I ought to cultivate a new admiration for the despised worm. The dear worm, he has use for even a corpse. It is his paradise, in fact, it is! . . .

1730.

We wonder at our ancestors who warred against each other for the sake of a religion of love. Our descendants will wonder at us for going to war for the sake of peace. And we must wonder at ourselves for refusing help to our fellows in the name of Scientific Charity.

1731.

"Know thyself!" The ancients needed this exhortation in the objective case. The modern man needs it also in the nominative.

XXI.

OF LIFE.

1732.

Two men have hardly yet begun to live: who is already weary of life, who has not yet wearied of life.

1733.

The problem of life? The very use of the phrase by you shows that you either have not yet even grasped the meaning of life, or have already lost it.

1734.

Life is a tragedy to the poor, a comedy to the rich; to the wise it is both, to the fool it is neither. And herein is the fool for once wiser than the wise.

1735.

Life itself is little, it is its duties that make it great.

1736.

Length of life is measured by the number of days lived by us; breadth of life by the number of folk known to us; depth of life by the number of sorrows borne by us; height of life by the number of folk loved by us.

1737.

Fear not lest thy life come to an end; rather lest it ne'er begin.

1738.

Life is small if measured by what may be gotten out of it. It is great enough if measured by what can be put into it.

1739.

Life is measured not by its horizontal but by its vertical extent. Pressure is determined not by the breadth of the column but by its height.

1740.

This life is only a parenthesis of eternity.

1741.

The secret of life is to turn on a small pivot over a wide circumference.

1742.

The secret of life is that each must learn it for himself.

1743.

The great end of life is love; its great means, hope; its great method, faith.

1744.

The art of life consists in keeping earthly step to heavenly music.

1745.

Signboards are good during the journey. It is the art of life not to carry them about after the journey.

1746.

The art of life consists in putting ourselves first in the place of those we do not understand; and then in the place of those who do not understand us.

1747.

Every real need is supplied us. It is the art of life ever after to hold thereto.

1748.

Enjoyment in play consists in recognizing the limits which must not be passed. Enjoyment in life consists in recognizing the limits which can never be reached.

1749.

That is the great life which is equal not only to its great opportunities, but also to its small duties.

1750.

The ideal life is like the ideal book: which must be of the best paper, clearly printed, and strongly bound.

1751.

That is the great life which though having nothing to hide has yet much to disclose.

1752.

That is the great life which is like the clock in the tower: its very usefulness distracts the attention from its great size.

1753.

Every life has its tunnels: if short they only chill you; but if long they freeze you.

1754.

That is the longest life which consists of short years.

1755.

You cannot begin a new life, it is begun for you. You can only continue it.

1756.

The first part of life is wisely spent in endeavor to become somebody. The second is spent still more wisely is learning to stay a nobody.

1757.

Life without religion is like the open street car: not built for stormy weather.

1758.

In life the parts are always greater than the whole.

1759.

"Thay or coffay?" "I will have some tea, if you please." "We ain't got no thay, you will have to take some coffay." We smile at the scene in the restaurant, but every choice we make in life is perhaps equally free, though not equally humorous.

1760.

The life of most folk consists in reading a dull text for the sake of a few piquant notes.

1761.

Common folk wish for more of life, the uncommon wish for more in life.

1762.

In the lottery the more tickets you hold the greater your chance of winning. In life the more tickets you hold, the greater the chance of losing.

1763.

For two things life is too short: for hatred, for regrets.

1764.

Life is too short for regrets; and for mourning it is long enough only when its tears fertilize the heart.

1765.

Mournful the fate of him that hath swerved to the right of his ordained path, and pitiful the fate of him that hath swerved to the left of his ordained path. But pitifullest the fate of him who is a living pendulum: swerving now to the right, now to the left: ever returning to his centre, never abiding there. And all that is left is to thank God for the *centre*, which maugre all swerving cannot be gotten away from . . . .

1766.

The rule to pass out in front and enter by the rear is well observed all through life as well as in the cars.

1767.

A pure life is like the sky: the clouds pass over it, even hide it, but never stain it.

1768.

It is difficult to know one's place in life, and far more difficult to keep it after knowing it.

1769.

It is urged by several reputedly wise folk, Goethe among them, that we be either hammer or anvil. I intend to be neither: certainly not hammer; and anvil I must be only when it is God who holds the hammer . . . .

1770.

Your words tell what you hold, your life tells what holds you.

1771.

The sermon is the man discoursing, the life is the man preaching.

1772.

To have nothing worth more than life is to have a life worth nothing.

1773.

Even the best life can only make the best of life.

1774.

Amusements may do for the filling in of the chinks of life; for filling in the spaces labor alone will do.

1775.

The advantage of being dead is that for once folk know where you are.

1776.

The sick at heart death seldom takes. Instead he prods them oft with the point of his scythe.

1777.

Who leaves not death behind him, need not fear death before him.

1778.

To be truly dead folk must die not only to their bad selves, but also to their good selves.

1779.

Beautiful the thought that even the godless are laid away so that they too look up to heaven.

1780.

The dead ashes improve the field, the living crops exhaust it.

1781.

We do not learn to die by helping others to die, we do learn to live by helping others to live.

1782.

The display of strength after a heavy fall is seldom more than the natural rebound. The art of life is to prepare during that rebound for the unavoidable return downward . . .

1783.

We must all die once without our consent, let us die once with our consent that we may live the life which, once obtained, cannot be lost without our consent.

1784.

All men at first merely live; the many soon outlive; some revive; the few survive.

1785.

The most apt type of man is the moon, which is full only two or three days, and is dark only two or three days, but is partly bright and partly dark the rest of the month, and its realm is the night . .

XXII.

OF SOCIETY.

1786.

The ideal society is the one in which everyone has his work and is given his due.

1787.

Society is organized largely for the mutual maintenance of self-complacency.

1788.

Circulating decimals—the chief constituent of fashionable society.

1789.

Fashionable society is faulty chiefly in its grammar. It knows no *them*, only *us*.

1790.

In a democracy every city has its own "society"; but there is no society in the nation; unless contiguous but separate ant-heaps with now and then a path from the one to the other can be called national society.

1791.

Every field of life has its fatal mistake. In society it consists in mistaking the beanpole for the stalk.

1792.

Yes, my society friends; gold also can be made to float; but only when beaten thin or as a hollow tube . . . .

1793.

What makes society folk is that they are most at home when not at home.

1794.

The safest bond of society is confidence; its most dangerous is familiarity.

1795.

Two great calamities: when society unfits us for sober pursuits; when sober pursuits unfit us for society.

1796.

In society a man is measured first by what others take him to be, and then by what he takes others to be.

1797.

In society, folk like the moon, always present us the same face.

1798.

Even merciless law is more charitable than "society." Law holds one innocent till proven guilty, and gives him the benefit of the doubt. Society treats the accused as guilty till proven innocent, and gives him the benefit of—suspicion.

1799.

Where society between folk of different stations in life is found it is not because of the superiority of the inferior, but because of the need of the superior.

1800.

The insincerity of speech in French society comes from loving folk more than the truth. The insincerity of speech elsewhere is apt to come from loving neither.

1801.

It is the empty house that has its blinds always shut. The exclusive display by their exclusiveness only their emptiness.

1802.

To be fit for circulation the gold must be alloyed.

1803.

There are folk with whom the living together not only wears off the fuzz of their own velvet, but they cover us, like the brown-tail moth, with a fuzz of their own which irritates and poisons.

1804.

The true aristocrats are only three: who toils honestly with his hands, who thinks clearly with his head, who loves forgivingly with his heart.

1805.

Of a new acquaintance I always ask first: Is he on the lookout for appreciation? And then, Is it appreciation of himself or others.

1806.

The small soul out of society is like the fish out of the water, darting hither and thither, though only for a time; the great soul out of its society is like the bird without air—choked at once.

1807.

A man is best known when seen apart; he is best understood when seen as a part.

1808.

To pass true judgment on ourselves we must be in society, to pass true judgment on others we must be in solitude.

1809.

Against vexation by things the one remedy is patience; against vexation by folk patience is also a good remedy, but the patience born of love.

1810.

I am never so much alone as when looking to my fellows by day. I am never so much in society, as when looking to the stars at night.

1811.

A great tragedy: for copper to be passing for gold; but there is a greater: for gold to be taken for copper.

1812.

The vice of low breeding is obliviousness of what is above it; the fault of high breeding is a certain scorn of what is beneath it.

1813.

The brute is indifferent to what is below him; the boor, to what is above him; the refined man, only to what is beyond him.

1814.

The superior man is content even among his inferiors; the inferior man is content only among his equals.

1815.

By hating our inferiors we sink to them, by loving our superiors we rise toward them.

1816.

By hating our inferiors we descend to them; by persecuting them we sink below them.

1817.

It is the mark of a great man that while his height above his fellows makes him small in their eyes, their distance below him does not make them small in his.

1818.

From others to ourselves we must ask only justice; others from us have a right to expect mercy.

1819.

All need our pity. It is only a question to whom we should also give our sympathy.

1820.

All have a right to expect others to do their duty; few have a right to demand it.

1821.

Unlike steam and trolley roads folk cross each other best not above grade or below grade, but at grade.

1822.

The esteem of folk is gained more by what is said of them than by what is done for them.

1823.

It is easy to gain notoriety, and as easy to lose reputation.

1824.

Confiding in another is not always a sign that you trust him. It may be the sign that you cannot be trusted yourself.

1825.

Our dislike of folk can be destroyed by reason. Our liking of folk cannot be built up by mere reason.

1826.

It is only Nature that never loses its charm by our familiarity therewith. Familiarity with man's work, however beautiful, causes loss of at least vital interest.

1827.

The pleasure of finding folk agreeing with us is seldom due to finding ourselves confirmed in the truth; oftener it is in the confirmation that we are so wise.

1828.

A searching test: whether you like him as much for the things about which you agree as you dislike him for the things about which you disagree.

1829.

Who cannot endure the society of the bad has seen too little of the world; who can has seen too much.

1830.

An insult is only mud thrown at you; and like mud is best brushed off when dry.

1831.

A simple test: whether you are more distressed by the wrong you do than by the wrong you suffer.

1832.

As long as every one dislikes you there may yet be hope. It is when every one likes you that your case is most desperate.

1833.

The man who is content in solitude is a remarkable man, but chiefly from the fact that he is an abnormal man.

1834.

Forgetfulness of names is a sign of incipient decay of mind; forgetfulness of persons is a sign of incipient decay of heart.

1835.

The ideal man, though nowhere at home himself, will make every one at home with him.

1836.

It is futile to try to conciliate the world to us. We can only reconcile ourselves to the world.

1837.

Of Pegasus and the ox is only Pegasus to be pitied? No, the ox also. Only the fate of Pegasus is one to make angels weep; the fate of the ox is only one to make oxen bellow.

1838.

The surest way to win men's hearts is by frankness and sincerity, but also the surest way to lose them.

1839.

Every one is interesting enough for a time at a distance. Few are abidingly so at close range.

1840.

In the upper classes it is chiefly the embroidery that is fine, while the texture is rather indifferent. In the lower classes, it is the reverse.

1841.

Society and specialism in learning have this in common: both create an artificial state of mind which makes impossible both the perception of truth where it is not had, and its right expression where it is had.

1842.

Of all the figures the zero is the most pleasing to the eye because it has no angles. And that is why it is always safer to take the place of zero in society.

1843.

Rank is to the person what the stamp is to the coin: adds nothing to its value, but aids its circulation.

1844.

It is a great hardship to be an exile from one's country, a greater hardship to be an exile in one's country.

1845.

The vulgar mind is not given to admiring; the refined soul is not given to being admired.

1846.

All have some hairy clothing; but the few have silk hair, the rest have goat's hair; happy their case if it be not swine's bristles.

1847.

The foundation of all society is the craving for company; the foundation of all noble society is the craving for companionship.

1848.

Sincere we must be with all; confiding, hardly to any.

1849.

High society—high satiety: with constant search for an appetite.

1850.

It is in society as with money; the precious metal is hid in the vault. What circulates is apt to be mostly printed rags with values stamped thereon.

1851.

Their social certificate folk nowadays carry mostly in their purse; a few still carry it in their head. I prefer mine in my heart.

1852.

The possession of what we need is comparatively inexpensive. It is the possession of what others like that is so expensive.

1853.

There are two kinds of lonely folk: who really are above their fellows; who only fail to recognize their fellows.

1854.

Who sharpens his wit against others is only sharpening their memory against himself.

1855.

Folk in society are like the advertisements in the street cars: all that is best in the articles you learn there: but the other side—that you can learn only in the privacy of home use.

1856.

Geese keep together by nature, the fellowship of souls must be cultivated.

1857.

My exclusive friend—even the cold car becomes readily heated when packed with people enough.

1858.

To despise the common is the vulgar error of the cultivated. And the good is not so common among them because they despise it as common.

1859.

The butterfly, to spread its wings, needs the sunshine of the day; the owl gets on with the darkness of the night. Not in vain is the one symbol of society; the other, of wisdom.

1860.

The two meanest souls on earth—I have known them both: one, the wife of a loving husband who in all the score of years of their wedded life saw naught in him to praise, and nearly all to blame; the other, the maiden of the lover who in all the twenty years and five of his passionate devotion unto her was meted out scant cheer only rarely, but stern reproach nearly alway. There is no question as to these two being the meanest souls under heaven. The only question is which is the meaner of the two.

1861.

Petty interests only freeze men together; common interests glue men together; noble interests melt men together.

1862.

A great misfortune: to be so busy with the great duties to man as to neglect the small duties to men.

1863.

It is a mark of weakness to be unable to endure the imperfections of others; and it is a cause of weakness to endure them.

1864.

By humanitarianism I understand for the present all those well-meant theories of whatever name which start out with the hope of regeneration of society; of lifting man from his acknowledged selfish depth to a noble height by means of philanthropic effort, but without the great God and His annointed Christ; to make man taller by means of his own hand-made stilts; to lift man to heaven by means of his man-made pulleys, to ascend thereto with his own-built ladders. In temper Philanthrophy is thus not superior to the Postdeluvians with their: "Go to, let *us* build us a tower that shall reach unto heaven." If not so grossly presumptuous, it effects the same inevitable confusion of tongues and scattering among men.

1865.

The other night a man came here to lecture on the Life Saving Service, and illustrated it with the stereopticon. He came to make others see some interesting things; but he himself was—blind.

I have a friend who is successfully giving his life to the healing of the sick, though he himself is an invalid much of the time, walking on crutches oft.

And thus it ever is: Sinful folk devoting their lives to the turning of their neighbors into saints; ignorant folk eager to enlighten their fellows, unhappy folk devoting their lives to making others happy.

But the audience of the blind man was wiser than the lecturer. It did not come to be made to see some things by him: they paid their quarter of a dollar to see how a blind man would make others see.

XXIII.

MEN AND WOMEN.

1866.

A boy is not a boy as long as he is much of a girl; the man is not a man until he is not a little of a woman.

1867.

A man is not complete until he has not a little of the woman in him. A woman is not complete as long as she has much of the man in her.

1868.

A feminine man—something may yet become of him; the masculine woman—what, pray, is here to become of her?

1869.

A foolish man is apt to talk more of himself; a foolish woman is apt to talk more of others. He is vain, she is curious.

1870.

A man likes you for what he thinks you are; a woman, for what you think she is.

1871.

A great woman can afford to be only unknown. A great man must afford also to be misknown.

1872.

Men's eyes are in their heads; women's in their hearts.

1873.

A man sells himself at times from his love for others; a woman sells herself nearly always from love of self.

1874.

A man's second advice is apt to be better than his first, a woman's is seldom as good.

1875.

When a man loves a woman beneath him he seldom descends to her; when a woman loves a man above her, she seldom rises to him.

1876.

A woman is no longer herself when she has ceased to be given to tears. A man is not yet himself as long as he is not yet given to tears.

1877.

The woman is at her best when given habitually to smiles; the man is then only not yet at his worst.

1878.

It is always well for a man to have a woman's heart; it is hardly ever well for a woman to have a man's head.

1879.

Men fall easier into love, women into hatred.

1880.

It may be true that woman is man's inferior in logic. But she is oft his superior by being less in need of logic.

1881.

A man's love for a woman is best shown by his wishing to share his wealth with her. A

woman's love for a man is best shown by her readiness to share his poverty with him.

1882.

Women are more likely to love those they hate than those they deem ridiculous. Of the ridiculous we deem ourselves the superiors. Those we hate are seldom our inferiors.

1883.

Not even indifference will drive out from a woman's heart a certain tenderness for the man whose love she does not reciprocate. But for the man who has lost her love she seldom has aught but hatred.

1884.

Pity for a man is in a woman love embryonic; friendship for him is generally love truncated.

1885.

Where the lover has no eyes, the husband may need putting them out.

1886.

Where the lover is blind to real faults of the maiden, the husband may yet be looking to the possible shortcomings of the wife.

1887.

The husband needs at times to be blind, the wife needs oft to be deaf; both need much of the time to be dumb.

1888.

The lover may easily be judged from his maiden; the husband not so easily from his wife.

1889.

The tragedy of most marriages consists in folk embracing more than they can carry.

1890.

A woman ceases to be half when she becomes a wife; she becomes complete only as a mother.

1891.

In choosing a friend always go up. In choosing a wife never go down.

1892.

Were the husband as blind to the faults of the wife as the lover is to those of the maiden, fewer unhappy marriages would follow the happy courtships.

1893.

I know a soul that in her relation to him consists of ninety parts vinegar and ten parts oil; and oft she wounds him that loves her, and out she pours the oil and the vinegar. But the vinegar she pours into the wound by the quart; the oil she applies, of course, but by the drop . .

1894.

Women are mostly made of glass, but it is apt to be ground glass.

1895.

I used to be a woman suffragist as long as I saw in woman only delicate spirit. I am still a woman suffragist, even though I now know that there is to her also much coarse flesh.

1896.

The mission of woman is either to make happy and be happy therein, or to make unhappy and not be unhappy therein.

1897.

Few women have great understandings; but the good woman makes up her lack of head with abundance of heart; the bad woman adds to her lack of head also a deficiency of heart.

1898.

I can get on with the kind and the true and the strong. I can still get on, though not so surely with the hateful, the deceitful and the weak. I find somewhat trying those who are neither true nor false, neither kind nor hateful, neither strong nor weak. But there are folk who can at the same time be both: true and false, weak and strong, loveable and hateful. They are mostly women, and these I have not the least idea how to get on with.

1899.

A man seldom loves a woman before he knows her; a woman loves a man long after she knows him.

1900.

Of the many claims of Socrates to the title of the wisest of the Greeks not the least is his answer to the question Is it better to marry or remain single? He might have argued right ably for either, and thus left a record of himself as a great advocate. But he only answered You will regret whichever you do.

1901.

Marriage halves men, parentage doubles them.

XXIV.

OF FRIEND AND ENEMY.

1902.

There is a friend who only gives, and there is a friend who only takes. My friend must be one who gives *and* takes.

1903.

Asking a favor may secure a friend as readily as bestowing one.

1904.

Who longs for a friend is worthy of one; not so he who is ever seeking a friend.

1905.

Folk keep on their shelves many boxes labelled *Friendship*, but only one contains the sweetmeats with the flavor of the divine . . .

1906.

Two men cannot be your friends; who is not friend to himself, who is friend only to himself.

1907.

One boon is ever granted us: so to serve our friends that when they are laid away we may lament only our loss and not our delinquency.

1908.

Friendship with a man is friendship with his virtues or your vices.

1909.

Faithful friendship is like the needle: which speedily repairs its punctures with the thread in its wake.

1910.

Letters between friends are always necessary, answers often, replies hardly ever.

1911.

Who shows me his fault may be my friend. Who shows me mine is my friend.

1912.

Disappointment in friends is its own consolation, if it draw us closer to the One Friend . . .

1913.

Happy he who hath a friend in need, but happier he who hath Him for friend who maketh all other friends needless.

1914.

Friendships were meant to be like radii of a circle: straight from circumference to center. They are mostly like spokes of the hub; touching the circumference everywhere, the centre nowhere.

1915.

Acquaintances are valued most when new; friendships, when old.

1916.

Putty friendships: those founded on a common hatred.

1917.

The moon, earth's constant companion, turns only one side to us, and we never see the other.

Friends have oft to turn to us only their one side, and then we wonder why they *are* so one-sided.

1918.

And the one-sided friends are generally, like the moon, of most service only when it is night . . .

1919.

We think we trust another. It is only our judgment of him we trust. Not your friend has deceived you, you have been deceiving yourself.

1920.

A species of cruelty in which even the best friendship can indulge: overloading one already overburdened.

1921.

"That person knows me best!" Not yet, sir, he only misknows you least.

1922.

Friendship with the opposite sex is risking unlimited capital for limited profits.

1923.

Platonic friendship is an agreement to surrender the walls in the vain hope of keeping the enemy from the city itself.

1924.

Our best friend is only without us, our worst enemy is both without and within us.

1925.

What ought to surprise us is not so much why we have so many enemies as why we have so many friends.

1926.

We make more enemies by our tongues than friends by our hearts; and as many by the things we do not as by those we do.

1927.

Two things we may ever believe to be sincere: praise from our enemies, blame from our friends.

1928.

It is easier to forgive an enemy than a friend.

1929.

A foolish friend is only less dangerous than a wise enemy.

1930.

A man's friends may not always be a credit to him; his enemies always should be.

1931.

Who has many friends is probably a good man, who has many enemies is almost surely one.

1932.

A man will have friends as long as he can still harm; he will not lack enemies as long as he can only benefit.

1933.

"I have not an enemy in the world!" is either a boast or a delusion. If you are a very good man or even only a good man, you already have enemies. If you are a bad man, you will surely yet have them.

1934.

Your enemy will misunderstand even your speech. Your friend must not misunderstand even your silence.

1935.

Two things I find it highly profitable to study: the failings of my friends, the virtues of my enemies.

1936.

When you make enemies by the dozen you will find them real enough. When you make friends by the dozen you will find them not so real.

1937.

With your grief even your enemy can sympathize; with your joy, only your friend.

1938.

What is bad about us we surely learn from our enemies. What is good about us, not so surely from our friends.

1939.

There are four ways of overcoming an enemy: the first is love—show it to him; the second is a gift—take it to him; the third is separation—impose it upon him; the fourth is force—leave it to God to apply it to him.

1940.

However bad a man, he will surely have some friends; however good, not so surely.

1941.

To mean all you say is a sure way of making friends. To say all you mean is a surer way of making enemies.

1942.

The eyes of our friends cost us as much as the tongues of our enemies.

1943.

Friendship may speak where love would be silent. It will be silent where love often speaks.

1944.

Is he my friend who loves me? He may yet not understand me. Is he my friend who understands me? He may yet not love me. But who understands me because he loves me, who loves me because he understands me—he is my friend.

1945.

There is no true friendship without much love; there is much love without true friendship.

1946.

No enemy is more dangerous than the fool: against a straw even the giant pounds in vain.

1947.

Three men are my friends: who loves me, who hates me, who is indifferent to me. Who loves me teaches me tenderness, who hates me teaches me caution, who is indifferent to me teaches me self-reliance.

1948.

A good cause seldom fails through the judiciousness of its enemies; oftener through the injudiciousness of its friends.

XXV.

OF GENEROSITY AND GIVING.

1949.

The mark of a generous soul: to give as an act of justice what is really a favor. The mark of a mean soul: to give as a favor what is only an act of justice.

1950.

It may need as much generosity to take as to give.

1951.

Generosity is not always a part of giving. It is often part of taking.

1952.

Are you my debtor? Not if I gave cheerfully. And certainly not if I gave grudgingly.

1953.

Who gives only what he can spare pays only a debt. A gift is what you cannot spare.

1954.

He gives truly who makes the receiver the obliger.

1955.

It needs only distress to know how to receive. It needs more than kindness to know how to give.

1956.

It needs a little care to know to whom to give, it needs much care to know from whom to receive.

1957.

Our most expensive possessions are often those received as gifts.

1958.

The receiver should measure a gift by its value to the giver. The giver by its value to the receiver.

1959.

The quantity of the gift is in its quality.

1960.

The richest part of the gift must be in that which money cannot buy.

1961.

A man can receive only what he already has. He can give only what he can never lose.

1962.

By giving men often pay debts and as often contract them.

1963.

The greater the gift, the louder its call to be used nobly.

1964.

It may not always require generosity to give; it may oft need grace to withhold.

1965.

You who make the sacrifice consider the hardship of having to accept your sacrifice.

1966.

Sacrifice is a misnomer. If you do not get something better in return you have made no sacrifice.

1967.

The one word the world has no right to is—*sacrifice.* Sacrifice is what is laid on the altar, a gift to God, a voluntary return to Him of what has ever been his, the loan being now only called in. Sacrifice, then, to be worth aught must be made cheerfully, yea joyfully. The scarifice rendered with screwed up mouth, after lengthy parleyings with heaven, is not yet sacrificing, but only the getting ready therefor. It is the breaking of the shell, out of which the nut shall ere long roll out of itself without further hammering.

XXVI.

MEN AND THINGS.

1968.

It is easier to live for men than with men.

1969.

Man is God's crowning work in visible nature, but even with the best of men we may at times be offended; with nature, never. Nature offends not our self-love; while man, the more God-like he is, the sooner he offends our self-love.

1970.

Men are meant to become fountains sending forth refreshing waters; most of them are apt to become vortexes drawing in all the mire around them.

1971.

Men are never so forgetful of what they should do in their own place as when telling what they would do in another's place.

1972.

Men are restless until they revolve around their centre. Most men create it for themselves: the superior man seeks until he finds the one made for him.

1973.

Men crave more the certainty of having things than the things themselves.

1974.

Men differ from themselves only less than from one another.

1975.

Men dislike more those from whom they differ than they like those with whom they agree.

1976.

Men do little from reason; much from passion, and most from neither.

1977.

Men first seek their own good; they then persuade themselves that it is for the good of others.

1978.

Men often underestimate themselves consciously; they never thus overestimate themselves.

1979.

Men own only what they use, they inherit only what they give away.

1980.

Men sigh for calm till they have it; and then they sigh because it is calm.

1981.

Men view their own actions and those of others with the same telescope, but from its opposite ends.

1982.

Men wear their plus sign in front of them; for their minus sign you have to look in their rear.

1983.

It is with men as with oranges: the thinner their skin, the finer their flavor.

1984.

Most men are like onions: a small core with a number of layers: with what pungency there is being only in the layers.

1985.

Nature's work is justified by its results; man's must be justified by his intentions.

1986.

Of four things every man has more than he knows: of sins, of debts, of friends, of foes.

1987.

The crystal gets its lustre and display of color from the presence of its corners. Man can display his lustre only in their absence.

1988.

The fish is made for the depths, the bird for the heights. Man is made for both and for all that is between.

1989.

The greater the man, the plainer is his greatness in sight, and the harder it is seen.

1990.

The heart of man is made first for accepting sorrow, then for giving love, and only lastly for receiving love. The will of man seeks to reverse this order.

1991.

Mankind consists of the wise, the foolish, and the semi-wise (or semi-foolish). The wise—what little they do know they know that they know; and the much they do not know they know

that they do not know. The fools—what little they do know, they know that they know; and the much they do not know they know that they know. The semi-wise, the vast majority of folk, know what little they do know, but are wholly ignorant of the much they do not know.

1992.

The freer the man the more ties he has.

1993.

The merely kind man gives alms to the living; the delicate man provides also a tomb for the dead.

1994.

Man has perhaps, therefore, been given two ears that he might hear both sides, not one.

1995.

" The individual must give way to the mass! " But the mass consists only of that very individual and others like him . . .

1996.

The least each can do is to add one more good man to the world; and yet this is essentially his whole task.

1997.

Two men are not yet themselves: who has too little of self, who has too much.

1998.

Most men first wish, then believe, then prove.

1999.

To be kept good man must ever grow better.

2000.

Men can defile one another, they cannot cleanse one another.

2001.

Two things we ere long find sadly true: that every man's fate is no more than he deserves; that every man's opportunity comes at least once to him, but is rarely made most of.

2002.

Two men are to be pitied: who cannot get what he ought to have, who at last gets what he ought not to have.

2003.

Three things are needful to make the complete man: to see things truly, to estimate their value rightly, to use them properly.

2004.

Against mere sand even the hammer strikes in vain.

2005.

A great art: to hold your umbrella in the direction of the wind.

2006.

A great fraud: to extract all the good and pass it off as a sample of the rest. Most reputations are frauds of this sort.

2007.

A great landscape can be seen through a small hole.

2008.

A great misfortune: for one person to need two to wait upon him.

2009.

All thinking men have the same chest of drawers, but they differ in the classification of their contents.

2010.

A man is hardly ever as good as his own praise of himself; he is nearly always as bad as his own condemnation of himself.

2011.

By two things a man is known: by his manner of bestowing praise, by his manner of receiving blame.

2012.

A man is seldom his own best friend, often his own worst enemy.

2013.

A man of narrow views deserves our pity; the man of wide views needs it.

2014.

A man's faults appear most in his presence; his merits in his absence.

2015.

A man's shadow seldom disappears with himself.

2016.

A miscalculation: that because two heads are better than one, half a head is better than none.

2017.

A man is not fit for heaven until he finds earth too small for him first, too large afterwards.

2018.

A needful lesson in geography: that the far is reached only through the near.

2019.

Physical enemies are best fought at close range; spiritual, at long range.

2020.

Peace may be obtained by yielding to another; only strife by yielding to ourselves.

2021.

Physicians' houses are built on the heads of the careless; lawyers' houses on the heads of the perverse.

2022.

Teach men only what to think and they never learn how to think. Teach men how to think, they will soon learn what to think.

2023.

That a man's future is God's secret is as it should be. That a man's past be only his own secret is not as it should be.

2024.

The best way to hear a man is to see him.

2025.

The fear of doing wrong may keep one from doing wrong. The fear of not doing right will keep one from doing right.

2026.

The fragrance of the wood adds naught to its heat! Well, mayhap the fragrance was meant to save it from being used for mere heat . . .

2027.

The ill brought on us by ourselves is oftenest done wittingly; and this is what makes it sad. The ill brought on us by others is oftenest done unwittingly, and this is what makes it still sadder.

2028.

The ill in folk is disliked more intensely than the good in them is liked.

2029.

The less men know, the harder they find it to believe the natural; the more they know, the easier they believe the supernatural.

2030.

The less we know, the less we have to teach; the more we know, the fewer we have to teach.

2031.

The more we know the more things we can believe, the fewer folk we can trust.

2032.

"The light attracts those miserable moths!" Well, friend, you cannot have the one without the other. And it is for thee to choose: darkness without or light with moths.

2033.

The most can be known only of those of whom there is little to be known. Who have much in them to know are little known even to those who know them most.

2034.

The greatest difficulties are found where least expected; the greatest successes do not come whence they are most sought.

2035.

The finest glass can be broken by a pebble.

2036.

There are heads that have an abundance of ideas on all manner of subjects, only they need canals to unite them.

2037.

There are times when the least one can do is to do much; and the most one can do is to do little.

2038.

On two occasions I put my hands to my ears: when the voices are too high, when the temperature is too low.

2039.

There is more hope for one who does the wrong thing rightly than for one who does the right thing wrongly.

2040.

The value of the coin is determined by its metal and size; but the size is determined by the metal, not the metal by the size.

2041.

The void of what we miss is greater than the space it would fill.

2042.

Those we overestimate cause us speedy sorrow; those we underestimate cause us only slow regret.

2043.

To be faithful to one's standard is to be a man of integrity; to cling only to one's standard is to be a man of anarchy.

2044.

To live according to one's own law is only another way of drifting without law.

2045.

To be of true service you must know two things: his need, your capacity.

2046.

To see what is bad in a thing you must possess it. To see what is good in a thing you need only to wish to possess it.

2047.

To think clearly we must entertain many useless thoughts. To feel finely, we need only one noble sentiment.

2048.

To use ends as a means is the sin of the deceiver. To use means as ends is the sin of the deceived.

2049.

Two men equally err: who corrects his watch by every clock he passes; who always goes by his own watch.

2050.

Two souls lose our affection after gaining it: who progresses not with us, who has progressed beyond us.

2051.

Unlike the trainload men are better pushed than pulled.

2052.

We must laugh as children and weep as men.

2053.

We reach out after that piece of polish to grasp it; and lo, it is full of pricks.

2054.

What is bad in us is ours; what is good in us is only a loan from above to become ours with interest by good use of the principal.

2055.

What is had to be. It is only a question whether because of God's wisdom or your foolishness.

2056.

Easy as it is to attract the attention of the world, it is still easier to be forgotten by it.

2057.

When others are deaf, must I shout? No, I will not even whisper.

2058.

Who is all honey attracts only flies.

2059.

Who looks only downward will ere long find himself walking on graves. Who looks upward finds himself walking under the stars.

2060.

Who never expects to rise never will rise. Who never expects to fall will surely fall.

2061.

Who regretfully lives in the past wastes himself away. Who fearfully worries over the future wears himself away. Who thoughtlessly lives only in the present fritters himself away.

2062.

Who squints sees double, but not therefore twice as much.

2063.

Who steps not upon a worm will not tread upon a serpent.

2064.

Who walks on tiptoe is a little taller thereby, but he touches earth at fewer points.

2065.

Why shall I admire in a copy what I do not admire in the original?

2066.

You may not always be better than others. You can always be better than yourself.

2067.

You who are so ready to inform God of the remedy best for your ailment, tell me—are you the physician?

2068.

Who wishes to enjoy the mildness of the vale must be content to stay below. Who wishes to dwell on the mount must be ready for the chill above.

2069.

With an unwounded hand even poison may be touched; with a wounded hand hardly even what is not poison.

2070.

The only thing worth looking into, to go into its very depths, is a human soul. Now most folk being starved for the sight of a soul contrive to

put one of their own make into some soulless thing; with result indeed of temporary satisfaction, but only to find ere long that froth quenches no thirst, however much of liquidity it hath in appearance.

2071.

Imaginative minds stumble over analogies, logical minds over syllogisms.

2072.

What men do not wish they easily prove to be impossible.

2073.

Every man has his demon within him, his angel only nigh him. The demon, to be conquered, must be fought. The angel, to be driven away, need only be neglected.

2074.

Every man is a binary star visible as one to the naked eye, but the telescope soon reveals the dark body with which it has a common motion.

2075.

Everyone has a weakness, but it does not become his weakness until it ceases to be hated.

2076.

For doing good even the best are often helpless; for doing ill even the meanest are ever able enough.

2077.

"I am the ashes of sandal wood"! If only you were more fragrant than any other ashes!

2078.

"I have power to disturb thee!"—Well, so has the mosquito.—"I have power to destroy thee!" —So has the microbe.

2079.

They have tied the tongue of the bell and it cannot ring. Then throw a stone at it and it will ring.

2080.

Things are best judged the nearer we approach them; men, the further we recede from them.

2081.

Those whom we think worse off than ourselves generally are so; those whom we think better off are seldom so.

2082.

I read biography and history rather than fiction and poetry because I prefer to be with men rather than things, and to deal with facts rather than feelings.

2083.

It is easy enough to live for the many beyond us, the difficulty is in living with the few around us.

2084.

It is easy to see what another should do because we look at him as standing in our place. But what is needed is for us to stand in his.

2085.

It is on rough paper that the writing rubs out easiest.

2086.

To be ever preparing for the storm is a misfortune only inferior to being in the storm.

2087.

To do more than we need is to run the risk of doing less.

2088.

It is the laden bough that hangs low.

2089.

It is the sweetest wine that gives the sourest vinegar.

2090.

It is the little sticks that set the great log on fire.

2091.

'Tis the loaded tree that is stoned.

2092.

It is not enough to carry a compass; we must also keep the magnet away.

2093.

It matters little how widely swelled are the sails, it matters much how firm is the mast.

2094.

It matters not a little whence you come, and it matters much where you are; but it matters most whither you are bound.

2095.

It may require years to keep what may be acquired in a moment. It takes but a moment to lose what it took years to acquire.

2096.

Know your own worth—the world will soon appraise you at your true value. Live out your own worth—the world will soon take you at your own price.

2097.

To know a man it is enough that he visit me; to understand him I must visit him.

2098.

Two cold hands can rub each other warm.

2099.

Two things are equally hard: to speak of a man's merits in his presence with discretion, to speak of a man's faults in his absence with love.

2100.

Two things make a speaker powerful: his hearers' feelings which they bring with them, his own doings which he has behind him.

2101.

Two things men ever find easily: the duty of others, the excuse for not doing their own.

2102.

Not only the chill from without mars the clearness of the pane, but also the warmth from within.

2103.

Of importance is not so much that something be done as that one be rightly doing something.

2104.

There are folk who lament that they cannot reach unto the moon, and it is generally those who cannot keep even their feet on earth.

2105.

There are things one likes to see broken—they can then be thrown away.

2106.

The lover of goodness cannot but be a good man, the lover of beauty can still be a bad man.

2107.

What is insinuated into our system lasts longer than what is hammered in. A screw holds faster than a nail.

2108.

What is willingly done may sometimes have to be regretted. What is reluctantly done has nearly always to be regretted.

2109.

Where one is reviled only one is to blame; where one is offended, probably two are to blame.

2110.

While being done the mischief seldom seems as great as it is. After it is done the mischief is seldom as little as it seems.

2111.

Who begins with talking much of self-respect will end with acting much from self-admiration.

2112.

Who does right without being able to help it has risen to the height of man. Who does wrong without being able to know it has sunk to the depth of the beast.

2113.

Unqualified praise may be injudicious, unqualified blame surely is.

2114.

Useful we all must be, only we need not be mere utensils.

2115.

We all wear the same garments; it is the roads we travel that determine their stains.

2116.

We are vessels without responsibility for shapes and sizes. Our part is only to keep them full and clean.

2117.

Welcome the day, prize the hours, respect the minutes, mind the seconds—and the eternal years may yet be thine.

2118.

Were heaven to rain only gold pieces we should soon note only the rattle on the roof.

2119.

What counts against a man is not so much what he is not as what he does not try to be.

2120.

Let earth and moon war over the tides as best they may. The wise mariner runs out with the moon and runs in with the earth.

2121.

Let it be proclaimed from the housetops of the rich, the educated, the refined, that it is the higher branches that are meant to take the scorching, and to shade the lower . . .

2122.

Men attain their ends less through their own wisdom than through the blunders of others.

2123.

Men hear only what they understand; they see only what interests them; they feel only what touches them.

2124.

Men learn to like even the distasteful bitters. Shall we then not learn to like the disagreeable duties, which are, after all, so many bitter—tonics?

2125.

Most people's noses are too short; their tongues too long.

2126.

Our eyes are set in front rather than in the back of our heads for several reasons; but the obvious one is that we be looking forward rather than backward.

2127.

Every age seems to its saints the most corrupt, and this justly. For every age is bad enough, and theirs is the worst they know.

2128.

Every generation has its own golden calves, and they are invariably made of the trinkets of the common people.

2129.

Their religion men are apt to use as they use their life preservers: only during the wreck.

2130.

One of the most needful arts is to know when to accomplish most by doing—nothing.

2131.

One side can be heard with both ears; both sides must be looked at with a single eye.

2132.

Only he is fit to go to the top who can if need be descend to the bottom.

2133.

The greatness of a soul is marked by the amount it is first eager to know, and then content not to know.

2134.

The greater the man the more he sees of God without himself, the less within himself.

2135.

The greater the man the more he is like the railway engine: which varies the pitch of its whistle with the distance from which it is heard.

2136.

The only man of genius is the man of heart; all else is cleverness, ability and talent. But this is sail and tackle, not ship. Happy the case if they prove not to be mere barnacle . . .

2137.

It is the mark of a great mind that he forgets what the common mind remembers, and remembers what the common mind forgets.

2138.

To discern things that differ shows an acute mind. To discern their good and evil marks the upright mind.

2139.

Not a man but he is untrustworthy because the verdict hath gone forth: There is none good, no, not one. But it is the glory of the human heart that though we know this to be true of man we yet approach folk as if they were trustworthy, and are highly surprised and grieved and even angered when, true to their record, they disappoint or even deceive us.

2140.

To be upset by praise is surely the mark of a small soul; but to be upset by censure is not so surely the mark that one is not a great soul.

2141.

No one is great who places the wrong value upon space and time.

2142.

It is the mark of a small soul to be most anxious to give what is not in him to give.

2143.

The wish to possess not what we need but what others like stamps the small soul.

2144.

Not all hunger is a sign of want of food. Not all ambition is a sign of power to carry it out.

2145.

Not all closed eyes are signs of sleep. Not all open eyes are signs of sight.

2146.

Folk love in others mostly the reflection of themselves. "I like him" means I am like him.

2147.

A gentleman is one who always remembers others and never forgets himself.

2148.

The generous man is he who feels himself most in debt.

2149.

Three things make the complete man: the strength of a man, the tenderness of a woman, the simplicity of a child.

2150.

What one is apart from his environment—that is he. Unfortunately it is then that most folk prove to be just zeroes.

2151.

The one little failing he cannot overcome, the one great passion that overcomes him—this is after all the man . . .

2152.

" This is his one failing, and so small at that!" Beg pardon. No one failing but causes failure in other things; and it is this that makes the failure so great.

2153.

" It is surely a gigantic passion that could master such gigantic spirit! " Not at all. The bull is controlled not by huge fetters around his limbs but by the small ring in his nose.

2154.

One drop shows the salt of the ocean, one deed shows the taste of the man.

2155.

One drop shows the quality of the ocean, but not yet its extent. One deed shows the character of the man, but not yet his size.

2156.

So valuable a thing is human goodness that the true measure of life must after all be our moods: the golden moments rather than the brass days, the royal hours rather than the plebeian years.

2157.

"He is beside himself!" No, not beside his deepest self . . .

2158.

Only he is himself who has no longer any self to be.

2159.

It is the irony of life that though the heart is above the stomach, it is the stomach that supports it.

2160.

A man's temperament can only hinder his success, his talent may even prevent it. Hence, the more frequent failure of the more gifted than the less gifted.

2161.

Both the bad man and the good man have to be undeceived about folk by bitter experience. The bad man, because he thinks all as bad as he. The good man, because he thinks all as good as he. . . .

2162.

Character like the ocean should be measured not by the height it attains during the storm, but by the level it retains during the calm.

2163.

Common sense is only a sense of proportion.

2164.

Familiarity breeds contempt only for the noble; familiarity with the mean breeds contentment therewith.

2165.

Few can tell what they know without also showing what they do not know.

2166.

Foolish as is foolish censure, foolish praise is still more so.

2167.

For declaring a thing beautiful the voice of one is enough; for declaring a thing ugly the voice of at least two is needful.

2168.

Good hearing consists not so much in hearing all sounds as in hearing the necessary sounds.

2169.

It is easy to know a man from the manner in which he praises; not so easy to know him from the manner in which he censures.

2170.

I used to be anxious to accomplish much good in the world. I am now content if I do but little harm.

2171.

Do ill to men—they will surely hate you. Do good to men—they will not so surely love you.

2172.

I used to have much faith in the indiscriminate spread of knowledge until I learned that the utility of candles ends at the powder magazine.

2173.

Jealousy is love standing on its head.

2174.

Jealousy consists in much love for the other, and still more for self.

2175.

Many are able to fill a high place; few are worthy thereof.

2176.

Nature teaches the great soul to shrink from being seen; experience teaches the great soul to shrink from seeing.

2177.

Next to the strength for action, I pray for the strength to endure inaction.

2178.

None are so unreasonable as those who always exact reasonableness.

2179.

Not only the chill from without mars the clearness of the pane, but also the warmth from within.

2180.

Of importance is not so much that something be done as that one be doing something.

2181.

One's integrity may stand in the way of success in small matters. One's lack of integrity will stand in the way of success in great matters.

2182.

Our own eyes cost us little; 'tis others' eyes that cost us much.

2183.

Tact is momentary love even for the common; taste is abiding love only for the beautiful.

2184.

Talents are a man's guard of honor when he is dead; his prison sentinels while he is alive.

2185.

The best remedy against annoyance from small things is to battle with great.

2186.

The cry for young ministers is rebellion not so much against gray heads as against gray hearts.

2187.

The envious fire with an inverted gun: the kick goes from them, the shot goes into them.

2188.

The progress of the soul is measured as much by what it parts with as by what it acquires.

2189.

There are two ways of rising above the water: by swimming and by—corruption.

2190.

The shallow see aught ridiculous in almost everything; the profound in hardly anything.

2191.

To be a good root, feeling must be passionate; to be its good fruit, its expression must be dispassionate.

2192.

The surest way to reveal your weakness is to hide your motives.

2193.

The swollen arm is not the stronger for its size.

2194.

The too serious are easily forgiven, not so easily the too witty.

2195.

To change iron into gold you need only work it into hair-springs.

2196.

To destroy one's estate it needs a conflagration; to rob him of his peace a mosquito is enough.

2197.

To do evil that good may come is to climb to heaven by way of hell.

2198.

To keep the medium in all things is the true mark of what is not mediocre.

2199.

To shine the gem must be polished.

2200.

To know the good is not yet the blessing, to know the bad is already an injury.

2201.

To make good use of great abilities is easy; the difficulty is in making good use of the small abilities.

2202.

To remain as good as we are, we must ever strive to become better than we are.

2203.

To see things as they are is running the risk of becoming insane. To insist on having all things as they should be is to be already insane.

2204.

Uniform gentleness of manner is like pure rain water, but often as insipid.

2205.

Unspeakable bitterness: to arrive at a piont where the stranger is shunned because he is not known; the acquaintance because he is known.

2206.

While being done the mischief seldom seems as great as it is; after it is done, the mischief is seldom as small as it seems.

2207.

Who is condemned by all is only worse off than he who is praised by all.

2208.

Who keeps his purse in his pocket does well; better he who puts it into his head; best he who deposits it overhead.

2209.

Who strikes out a new path must be content to be lost.

2210.

The small man in time also discovers the greatness of man. It is the discovery that he himself is small that marks the great man.

2211.

In knowledge the important thing is not so much how you know as what you know. In life the important thing is not so much what you live as how you live it.

2212.

Patience has a bitter bark, but a sweet fruit.

2213.

Selfishness is only another name for short-sightedness.

2214.

Self love makes men keen about others, but keeps them blind about themselves.

2215.

Sobriety to be truly divine must be cheerful; mirth to be truly human must be sober.

2216.

The surest way to win a victory is to push on; the surest way to enjoy it is to stop short.

2217.

To see a thing best you must no longer see it.

2218.

To understand me he need not be my equal; but to misunderstand me he must be my inferior.

2219.

There is an eloquence in the originals that can be easily reproduced in portraits, but there is an eloquence in portraits that is seldom observed in their originals.

2220.

There is a greatness which is only like the oasis; gaining its distinction from the desert which surrounds it.

2221.

The penalty of walking among apes is an occasional cocoanut shot at your head.

2222.

The possession of what we need is comparatively inexpensive; it is the possession of what others like that is so expensive.

2223.

The fall itself may be even a blessing, at most it is only a misfortune. The catastrophe is in the inability to rise.

2224.

To be happy one needs to know but little; to be good he must know much; to be useful he must know neither too much nor too little.

2225.

The greatest difficulties are apt to be found where least expected, the greatest successes come only after being much expected.

2226.

Two minds are quickly made up: the very great, the very small.

2227.

Law is always a necessity; freedom, seldom more than a luxury.

2228.

Whoever wishes to become richer is not yet rich. Whoever wishes to become better is already good.

2229.

Two things will ever be contradicted: what is reasonable and what is unreasonable.

2230.

True progress consists more in diminishing our needs than in increasing our wants.

2231.

To be interested only in little things is the mark of a small soul. To be interested even in little things is the mark of a great soul.

XXVII.

OF SPEECH AND SILENCE.

2232.

Only that is speech which is better than silence.

2233.

To learn to speak several languages is easy; the difficulty is to learn to be silent in one.

2234.

"Bah, bah!" To sneer you have to open your mouth wide. "Hm, hm!" To sympathize you need not even open your lips.

2235.

The more deeply one feels the more he speaks; the more profoundly one knows, the more silent he is.

2236.

The unspoken word may yet become your servant; the spoken word is already your master.

2237.

The silent are nearly always wrong in the short run; they are seldom wrong in the long run.

2238.

To say anything merely for the sake of saying something is a sure way of saying nothing.

2239.

Two words where one will do weakens the effect of even that one.

2240.

Who says little has said enough; who says much has said but little; who says all has hardly said anything yet.

2241.

Where I am understood nothing more need be said; where I am not understood nothing more can be said.

2242.

Of dialects we may need several; of tongues we need only one.

2243.

We learn to speak more from the use of our ears than from the use of the tongue.

2244.

Who does not learn to speak from the use of his ears will have to unlearn it from the use of his tongue.

2245.

Men have two ears—they hear mostly with one; they have one tongue—they speak mostly with two.

2246.

Long speeches make short patience.

2247.

"Talk is cheap!" Beg pardon, idle talk is cheap, and even this only in the short run. All talk is dear in the long run.

2248.

A little seeing saves much looking; a little speaking saves much talking.

2249.

Go to the oyster, thou prattler, and learn to be useful only with thy mouth pried open.

2250.

A much forgotten truth: that light travels a millionfold faster than sound.

2251.

The empty cask rattles when rolled. Empty folk do not wait with the rattling till they are rolled.

2252.

Smooth speech does not betoken a smooth heart, not even a smooth head.

2253.

You do not sweeten your mouth by saying honey. You do not grow virtuous by talking virtue.

2254.

To build up by your words what your deeds are breaking down is to pump by the cupful into a leak by the barrel.

2255.

Folk seldom see with their own eyes, they always speak from their own heart.

2256.

Two things are equally hard: to speak of one's merits in his presence with discretion; to speak of one's faults in his absence with love.

2257.

In action we often need exuberance; in speech we can never dispense with restraint.

2258.

Many a fine sermon doth nature preach on the ever-neglected text of silence. Not the roaring thunder smites, but the silent lightning; and gravity which bindeth worlds together, and light which flasheth from star unto star, are ever silent. Prettily too doth the silent snow cover the ground, and make it like a table spread for a feast; unlike the noisy rain which after making goodly puddles quickly runneth off.

2259.

There is a hesitation of speech more eloquent than many a passionate outburst.

2260.

To be misunderstood is easier in your own tongue than in a foreign one.

2261.

Speech may not always be wise, but silence is never foolish.

2262.

Know all you say, say not all you know.

2263.

To be communicative is nature; art is to be judiciously communicative.

2264.

To contradict conceit in order to instruct it is to pour oil on the fire in order to put it out.

2265.

An argument generally begins with the wish of only proving that you are right. It ends with the wish to prove that the other is wrong.

2266.

Discussion is about differences, conversation is about different things, talk is about indifferent things.

2267.

The narrower the minds, the louder their discussions; like the railway trains: the narrower the view therefrom, the louder its rattle.

2268.

To enter into a dispute is to risk a double eagle for the sake of gaining a mill.

2269.

To dispute against a man is to show that you do not yet understand him.

2270.

Never try to change a man by argument from what he was led into by aught else than argument.

2271.

Dispute first hardens the heart, then darkens the mind and deafens the ear; and last, shuts the mouth? No, it only opens it the wider.

2272.

It is always vital to hold right opinions; not so vital always to uphold them.

2273.

It is the reasons not given that are usually decisive.

2274.

Two men do not yet understand a matter: who laughs at it, who disputes about it.

XXVIII.

THE STATE.

2275.

A bad government, like all else that is bad, is sure to fall sometime. It is only a question whether by the people or with the people.

2276.

A constitution may be better than the people for whom it is established, it is never any stronger.

2277.

Bad laws surely injure. Good laws benefit not so surely.

2278.

Every democracy has what constitutes its worm membership: takes interest in public matters only when the inward corruption is to come to the surface. Then every one is there to vote, to vote for the bad thing. These are the worms, crawling to the surface when it rains: appearing in mass when putrefaction has set in.

2279.

In a democracy it is like people, like rulers. In an autocracy is it, Like rulers, like people? No, it is still, Like people, like rulers.

2280.

Tyranny can indeed make slavery, but only slaves make tyrants.

2281.

During the French Revolution there was only one man, Napoleon; only one nation of men, England. And the nation as ever was too much for the man.

2282.

National corruption begins with the many not living up to their duties. It ends with the few living beyond their privileges.

2283.

Holding the reins is not yet driving. In a monarchy the well meaning rulers are apt to push the state, the incompetent are apt to drag it.

2284.

The abuses of freedom can always be corrected in freedom. The abuses of oppression cannot be corrected in slavery.

2285.

The virtues of a man's private life may easily become the vices of his public life.

2286.

It is by reason alone that the errors of reasoning are detected. It is by freedom alone that the ills of freedom are corrected.

2287.

It is with nations as with shoes: worth mending only as long as the uppers are good.

2288.

The minority is always the real majority: the spirtual minority always; the intellectual, often. the physical hardly ever: except among the degraded.

2289.

To be convicted the public mind needs at least a hundred arguments; to be convinced it may be content with only one event.

2290.

There are two kinds of mobs: the leaden and the golden; the one may burn you, the other is pretty sure to freeze you.

2291.

In democracy the tail ever seeks to swing the head, and if not successful, then to sting it.

2292.

The demagogue counts the votes, the statesman weighs them, the politician just—gets them.

2293.

The politician appeals to living men already dead; the statesman to living men as yet unborn.

2294.

Individuals pay for their extravagance in their own generation; nations pay for it also in the next.

2295.

The population of the United States consists so far in these days of whites and blacks. But the only black man so far has been the white man.

2296.

The best way to uncolor the negro's skin is to uncolor the white man's heart.

2297.

The state may be best ruled by threats and punishments; the individual, by encouragements and rewards.

2298.

The wisdom of the founders of the American Republic is seen in their laying a foundation as if for a tower, though building for their immediate need only a hut. The folly of their descendants is in keeping on laying foundations as if for a hut when actually building a tower.

XXIX.

OF VIRTUE AND VICE.

2299.

Men are apt to be liked more for the vices they have not than for the virtues they have.

2300.

We make as many enemies by our virtues as by our vices. And if we have no enemies we had better look to our virtues.

2301.

The same vices always unite men, the same virtues, not always.

2302.

There are no petty virtues, and certainly no petty vices.

2303.

Virtues spring from real needs. Vices chiefly from imaginary ones.

2304.

Repetition makes vice a habit, virtue only a pleasure, and even this becomes ere long only a satisfaction.

2305.

Vice always makes men hateful, virtue does not always make them lovable.

2306.

Vice deliberately hid is still vice. Virtue deliberately displayed is no longer virtue.

2307.

Vice without measure is only intensified, virtue without measure is weakened.

2308.

All have virtue; but rogues have it in their heads. Honest folk have it in their hearts.

2309.

To seek virtue for the sake of happiness is to dig for iron with a spade of gold.

2310.

Who ever wishes to become richer is not yet rich. Who ever wishes to become better is already good.

2311.

A neglected but highly profitable study: the virtues of those we dislike.

2312.

The flower plucked for enjoyment begins to wither; virtue practiced for reward begins to vanish.

2313.

Many succeed because of the virtues they have, and as many because of the virtues they have not.

2314.

We cannot live on last year's food. We can remain virtuous on last year's virtue.

2315.

Who talks much of sin may still find time to commit it. Who talks much of virtue finds little time to practice it.

2316.

Virtues repay only the principal. Vices repay it with compound interest.

2317.

A common blunder: mistaking its platform for virtue itself.

2318.

Virtue like perfume is pleasant only as long as it is not prominent. When obtrusively strong it repels.

2319.

Virtues like angles must have their complements, else they come nigh being vices. The just must also be generous, else he is hard. The generous must also be just, else he is soft . . .

2320.

In their pursuit of virtue, men may learn even from the miser: who loves his gold not for what it brings, but for itself.

2321.

Gold on a farm unbeknown to its owner is of no value to him. Virtue in a man unbeknown to him is of much value to him.

2322.

All pay tribute to virtue: honest men with their hearts; rogues, only with their heads; the politic man—who without being honest dares not be a rogue—pays his tribute only with his hands.

2323.

The path of most men to virtue is like that of the dog when out with his master: forward and backward over the same track; hence they tire oft before the end of the journey.

2324.

To strive for virtue is not yet being virtuous, but it is next to it.

2325.

The defects of our merits, the vices of our virtues, spring largely from some overcharge in the virtue or merit. Men therefore quarrel with the overcharge. But it is only a case of the oil in the lamp: of which there ever must be just a little more than the flame at the moment requires.

2326.

Who leaves his vices will not be long pursued by them. Who is left by his vices will still be long pursued by them.

2327.

The vices of individuals after keeping them together at last separate them. The vices of society always keep it together.

2328.

The vices of men surely keep them from God, they not so surely keep men from each other.

XXX.

DEFINITIONS.

2329.

"Help yourself!" Do with mine as if yours. "Help yourself!" I can do naught for you, carry your own burden. The one the height of kindness, the other the acme of unkindness. Such are words . . .

2330.

Every word has two senses: one given thereto by the dictionary; the other put thereon by our mood that is upon us, the atmosphere about us.

2331.

The thunder that crashes into our very ears, the lightning that flashes into our very eyes, the storm that lashes o'er our very heads, sending us swiftly to shelter and cover—how fascinating a spectacle when seen from the shelter raging over others.

2332.

In the Hebrew and the Greek, the tongues in which is writ the Book of God, *word* and *thing* are designated by the same word. This is Heaven's definition that words are meant to be things. The relation of words to things is thus that of the silver and gold certificates: currency accepted as silver or gold because the specie they represent is actually in the vaults; quite different from the ordinary bank-notes which are mere promises to pay, without specie behind them.

2333.

Essential and non-essential—I am beginning to revise my dictionary here. Is only the front essential, and the back non-essential? Only the upper and not the under? He was a wise as well as great artist who to the question, why do you finish the back as elaborately as the front, answered: "Because *God* sees the back also." . . . With God nothing is inessential.

2334.

My impressionist painting friend, my Rodinesque sculptor friend, do you now see why, though you may have the making of a great artist in you, you are after all a mere bungler of a lazy, if not of a dishonest artist?

2335.

What is truly done is beautifully done; and if it is not beautifully done, it is because it is not yet truly done.

2336.

The attempt to define unfamiliar things is proof that they are not yet understood. The attempt to define familiar things is proof that they are no longer understood.

2337.

Seeing folk are not given to the discussion of what is Light; nor righteous folk to discussing of what is Right. Truthful folk are not given to discussing what is Truth, nor loving folk to discussing what is Love? But those in darkness are apt to query: Light—what is it? Those who tamper with truth are apt to ask, Truth, yes, what *is* Truth? And incipient heartlessness asks

readily enough, *Is* it Love to be kind alway? And embryonic rascality shelters itself behind the question, What is right anyhow? . . .

2338.

It is the sick that talk most of health; the poor that talk most of wealth.

2339.

Anatomical dissection is ever proof that Life has already departed. When Truth is being dissected, and folk ask, what is Truth? they only testify to their loss of truth. When happiness is being dissected, and folk are asking, what is happiness? they may know comfort, they may know distraction, they may even know peace, but happiness they know no longer. When folk begin to ask whether it is never wrong to tell untruths, by putting the question at all they witness that the lie is already knocking at a half willing heart with the assurance that it will in no wise be indignantly driven away, yea, will mayhap yet be installed in the vacancy left by Truth fled. And when folk betake themselves to the discussion of what Religion is, Christianity, Divinity, it is time not for pausing at the discussion, but for double-barring the gates and locking the doors against the sneaks and the thiefs and the burglars that are sure to flock ere long to such forum . . .

2340.

Pure light has no color—pure truth has no prejudice. Pure water has no taste—pure love has no passion. Pure air has no odor—pure worship has no sensuality.

2341.

To learn from all—that is wisdom. To overcome self—that is strength. To be content with what you have—that is riches; to believe what you cannot see—that is faith.

2342.

To be forbearing to all—that is love. To be relentless toward self—that is justice. To be content with what one has—that is riches. To be discontent with what one is—that is piety.

2343.

There is one remedy for all ills—time; one balm for all pain—patience; one peace ending all strife—death; one light for all darkness—hope; one fire melting all hearts—love . . .

2344.

To recognize the vanity of this life is the first step toward the true life. To perceive our ignorance is the first step toward true knowledge; to acknowledge our folly is the first step toward true wisdom; to behold our misery is the first step toward true happiness.

2345.

The pessimist looks backward; the optimist looks forward; the theorist, inward; the practical man, outward; the good man, the wise man looks—upward.

2346.

The merely shrewd man keeps his thoughts in his head, the fool has them on his tongue; the honest man carries them in his face, the kind man puts them also into his hands.

2347.

The first requisite of the mind is elasticity and keenness; of the heart steadiness and tenderness; of the eye, clearness and depth; of the hand, thoroughness and dispatch.

2348.

Death is not the greatest ill; life not the greatest good; happiness not the noblest end.

2349.

The greatest ill is to die without having lived; the greatest good, to live only after having died.

2350.

The noblest end is to fulfil one's part, the most precious boon is to know one's part.

2351.

The greatest earthly boon is to be rightly employed; it becomes the greatest earthly blessing when one is also cheerful at it.

2352.

The greatest earthly blessing is congenial useful work in health; and if this is not to be had, then thankful endurance of illth.

2353.

A necessity is what we cannot afford to miss, a luxury is what we can afford to lose. We can afford to lose our lives, we cannot afford to miss our duties.

2354.

Duty is conforming thyself to Universe, happiness is conformity of Universe to thyself. By all means, therefore, set thine heart upon happiness if assured indeed of Universe conforming to thyself.

2355.

Only he is free who is a slave to duty.

2356.

Who does his duty only has not yet done it.

2357.

Only he is good enough who is more than just good enough.

2358.

Folk call enough as much as they need, but they are mistaken: one never has enough until he has just a little more than enough.

2359.

The higher the bell is hung the clearer its tone to those below; the loftier the man, the obscurer his speech to those beneath.

2360.

The wider the man the narrower his place.

2361.

The greatest men are like the bells: which never give their sweetest tones to those nearest to them.

2362.

In every one there is strife betwixt flesh and spirit. But in the common it is flesh that lusteth against the spirit; in the uncommon it is the spirit that lusteth against the flesh.

2363.

When the natural in man has risen to the spiritual, and the spiritual has to him become natural—then indeed has he reached his goal.

2364.

Folk pride themselves upon being a unit, but the one thing that characterises man is that no unity is in him. Every one has at least two men in him. Happy he who finds in himself only two.

2365.

Folk think themselves fiddlers designed to improve by playing. They are only fiddles designed to improve by being played upon.

2366.

Folk think they grow old by living; but they grow old rather by not living.

2367.

Folk think they can gain aught at another's expense, but true gain is only at our own.

2368.

I dislike the commercial streak in "It is better to be right than safe." It is good to be right and it is good to be safe. But it is idle to build a canal between goodness and safety.

2369.

There is only one aristocracy, and it is as old as Paradise, as wide as the earth, and as enduring as the race: the aristocracy of talent *and* goodness.

2370.

The definition of man as a biped without wings was instantly rebuked by producing a plucked fowl. But the definition is untrue in spirit as well as in letter. All have wings, only men first fail to use them, and then forget how to use them.

2371.

The righteous are called stars in Scripture, never comets. They are meant to shine and be steady, not be dragging a giant tail behind a pigmy head.

2372.

The small soul lives itself in, the great soul lives itself out.

2373.

The small soul also in time discovers the greatness of man. It is the discovery that he himself is little that marks the great man.

2374.

To be interested only in little things is the mark of a small soul. To be interested even in little things is the mark of a great soul.

2375.

To have many desires is the mark of the small mind. To have but one longing is the mark of a great soul.

2376.

The great man is at home only among his equals. What makes the small man is that he is at home also among his inferiors.

2377.

The difference between the great soul and the small is that while both defy conventional law, the one does it according to the higher law; the other according to his own law.

2378.

Not to wish to be improved even by oneself is the mark of the fool. Not to wish to be im-

proved by others is the mark of a small mind. To cease at last wishing to improve others is the mark of a great mind.

2379.

The test of greatness is how it deals with littleness. The proof of littleness is that it deals only in one way with greatness.

2380.

To deal with small men without growing thereby smaller yourself; to deal with large folk without their growing thereby smaller to you; to deal with both large and small without losing the true estimate of either—this is greatness.

2381.

Two marks of a royal soul: to be never in a hurry, to be ever on time.

2382.

The foundation of all greatness is a large faith: its working power—a still larger hope; its noblest fruit—an inmeasurable love.

2383.

Avarice is thrift gone to waste.

2384.

The bigot is one who can see no beauty in the sunset because sometime in the day the sun has been uncomfortably warm.

2385.

Foolhardiness is unsuccessful bravery.

2386.

Celebrity is being known mostly to folk one little cares to know.

2387.

" I cannot " on the tongue means mostly " I will not " in the heart.

2388.

Chance is the name given to our ignorance of causes.

2389.

Character is will put into shape.

2390.

Climbing is upward creeping.

2391.

Condemnation is a kind of ignorance; harshness is a kind of cowardice.

2392.

The coward is he who fears not what is dangerous, but what is not dangerous.

2393.

Delusion is anemia of spirit; fanaticism is its plethora. The one accordingly perishes from starvation; the other dies from apoplexy.

2394.

Despondency is enthusiasm upside down.

2395.

Dissipation is pleasure to the straining point.

2396.

Doubt is the tax paid for useless knowledge.

2397.

Egotism is occupation with self; selfishness is occupation for self. Egotism is content to be occupied alone with self. Selfishness is not content till it sees others also occupied for oneself.

2398.

Fanaticism is truth alcoholised.

2399.

Flattery is homage to a spirit not yours.

2400.

Forgiveness is the crown of justice.

2401.

Not he is free who can do what he wishes, but who wishes only what he can do.

2402.

Only he is free who is a slave to duty.

2403.

Gossip is putting two and two together and making it five. Slander is putting two and two together and still leaving it two.

2404.

Harmony is only proper relation: perceived by sense it is beauty; by intellect, it is truth; by feeling, it is love.

2405.

History is not fable agreed upon, but truth disagreed upon.

2406.

The idealist is one whose wings are developed at the expense of his feet.

2407.

Incense is smoke with a reputation.

2408.

Insanity is incompetent eccentricity. Genius is eccentric competency.

2409.

Law is systematized common sense, with the system but too often prevailing over the common sense.

2410.

Laziness is stupidity of will. Anger is stupidity of heart.

2411.

Obstinacy is the mask under which weakness hides its lack of strength.

2412.

What is a pearl but the momentary beauty of a drop of water in sunshine made permanent?

2413.

The rainbow is only rain permeated with sunshine.

2414.

Pity is already half piety, but only half.

2415.

Only he possesses a thing truly who understands it.

2416.

Repentance is doubling one's track upon oneself, but not for the sake of deceiving.

2417.

Fame is reputation in finery when one is still alive, or in a tomb when one is already dead. Notoriety is reputation in rags.

2418.

The optimist is one who refuses to look at the wind until he sees it a gale.

2419.

The pessimist is one who has had more experience than is good for him, the optimist is one who has not yet had experience enough.

2420.

To see the good nowhere—that is pessimism, and this is easy. To see the good everywhere—that is optimism, and this, too, is not difficult. But to behold the ill everywhere, yet ever to find the good somewhere—this is sobriety, and this is in no wise easy.

2421.

The pessimist is one who first chews the pills he was only to swallow, and then settles down in the tunnel through which he was only to pass.

2422.

The originality of the past is the commonplace of the future. Someone's whilom brilliant thought is only today's proverb.

2423.

Passion possesses the soul, devotion fills it.

2424.

True resignation is strength of soul yielding with a smile.

2425.

Reverence is the soul on its wings.

2426.

To be even more than half right is still to be altogether wrong.

2427.

To be wrong in one thing means to be wrong in many more.

2428.

Rudeness is cruelty with the label off.

2429.

Rumor—a stuffed bird with live wings.

2430.

Selfishness is only another name for short sightedness.

2431.

Sentimentality is sentiment without depth; it becomes cant when it is also without truth.

2432.

Sighs are the zephyrs that waft us heavenward.

2433.

Stupidity is only laziness of mind; folly is also disease of heart.

2434.

Suspiciousness is the formation of the cataract; hatred is its completion.

2435.

A truism is dessicated truth, a commonplace is withered originality.

2436.

Worry is wasted forethought; regret is wasted afterthought.

2437.

Most men are mere tendencies all their lives. It is the mark of a man of genius that he is an accomplished fact from the moment he is born.

2438.

The test of meekness is more in the manner in which blame is received than praise.

2439.

The faults of the great are best seen while they live; their merits when they are dead. Fire is beholden by night from its flame, by day from its smoke.

2440.

The highest enthusiasm is not so much like the glowing furnace; rather like the volcano, glowing within may be ice-clad without.

2441.

All vulgarity is essentially an overestimate of self, an underestimate of others: which two are the front and rear, the upper and the under of the same vice. Hence, meekness is the first virtue of man, as conceit, the vulgar form of pride, is his first vice. And as in carpentering, who has done much therein is authority against him who has done naught therein; as in love who hath loved much is authority against him who has loved not at all or little—so in religion, which is the science and art of walking with God, who hath walked with God is authority against him who hath not so walked. For the non-carpenter to dispute about his trade with the carpenter is an impertinence manifest to all. But even the otherwise courteous sceptic, how insensitive is he here to his

own boorishness! Your Socinian, who knows naught of my Christ—how ready he to lecture me out of my Lord and God, and to scorn me as superstitious because I cleave to Him who hath been tested so oft and found true!

2442.

The vulgar man has no heroes, no reverence, not even admiration—this is his vulgarity. The common man, capable of reverence, has some admiration, only he looks upon large folk with a minifying glass, upon small folk with a magnifying glass—this is his commonness.

2443.

To look for faults sooner than merits, to look at faults longer than at merits—this is vulgarity.

2444.

There is no such thing as an accurate, exhaustive definition of anything. The nearest one can come to here is to furnish aught definite about the thing to be defined.

2445.

The truly great are for a long time unknown, for much of the time misknown, and only seldom known.

2446.

Our actions influence our reasons more than our reason influences our actions.

2447.

Nothing keeps so much from delusion as activity, and nothing keeps so much in delusion.

2448.

Much of advice asked is only approbation sought.

2449.

Much advice is given from indulgence to others; more from indulgence to ourselves.

2450.

It needs much wisdom to take advice, and more to give it; but most to abstain from giving it.

2451.

I like about the air specially these two things: though ever-present it is never in the way and seldom obtrudes; though reaching unto the heavens it lets itself be breathed even by the worm . . .

2452.

To be ever alone in the chamber is bitter enough; but not so bitter as to be ever alone in the crowd.

2453.

A not ignoble ambition: to be if even only a mote in the sunbeam.

2454.

Viewed from the mountain top, the oak is as slight as the shrub: only rise high enough, and the highest ambition appears as small as the petty desire.

2455.

The ambition to rule is not ignoble, neither is the ambition to please. But the ambition to rule by pleasing is ignoble. Noble is only the ambition to please by ruling.

2456.

The anarchist is often such from sheer dislike of lawlessness, and the real anarchist is as often the excessive stickler for the law as the deliberate defier thereof.

2457.

Once in a life time the angels knock at every one's door, but always first in beggar's guise.

2458.

The question whether one should ever be angry is an academic one. The vital question is whether there is anything at all worth being angry about.

2459.

The best remedy against annoyance from small things is to battle with great.

2460.

No answer is also an answer.

2461.

Silence is seldom a good answer, but often the best answer.

2462.

The best answer to an inconvenient question is asking another.

2463.

Gain first thine own approval, that of others will follow.

2464.

We may seldom be able to do one great deed in a day, and not oft may it be given us to think one great thought in a day, but at least one high aspiration we may have every day.

2465.

Ready habitual assent in conversation is a mark of a weak head or corrupt heart. Ready habitual contradiction is a mark of both.

2466.

To attract attention it needs only the bark of a dog; to repay it it must be the song of the nightingale.

2467.

For the dog to bark is proper—that is his nature. It becomes conceit when he thinks his bark is music.

2468.

To behold the beautiful without becoming the more beautiful for it yourself is to become less so.

2469.

Simple and appropriate—the essence of the highest beauty.

2470.

I used to lament the deceitfulness of beggars until I had reason to fear that but for them I would be guilty of giving the honest beggar too little.

2471.

To make the best of a bad day is to make it a good day.

2472.

Even the best of folk have the coarse occasionally circulating within them; but what marks them as the best is that like the sieve they withhold the coarse and let through only the fine.

2473.

Extravagant praise is a sign of power, but misdirected. Extravagant blame is seldom a sign of aught but impotence.

2474.

It is easy to know a man from the manner in which he praises, not so easy to know him from the manner in which he censures.

2475.

Not he is blind who cannot yet see, but who can no longer hear.

2476.

Their own blindness men ascribe to Fortune.

2477.

There is a boldness natural to ignorance, there is a timidity natural to knowledge; there is a blindness peculiar to strength, there is a sight peculiar to weakness.

2478.

Nothing discolors blue blood so readily as the application of biblical scarlet.

2479.

Others' blunders men measure by their results; their own, by their intentions.

2480.

The blush in the face betokens the purity of the heart, and alas! also its shame.

2481.

Men are ruined by borrowing, and as much by borrowing ideas as money.

2482.

Both the borrower and the lender are apt to lose in the transaction. But the lender loses only his money along with his friend; the borrower loses also his self-respect.

2483.

The highest bravery is to be a martyr; the next highest is to confess one's incapacity for becoming a martyr.

2484.

It is the unseen burdens that are carried, I was about to say the lightest; but no, they are really carried the heaviest.

2485.

The only effectual Thou shalt not is Thou canst not. The only effectual Thou canst is Thou shalt.

2486.

When a weak-minded person does not wish to do aught he says ,"I can not do it." The strong-minded says: "I must not do it." The one lays the impossibility to the weakness of the flesh which is real; the other to strength of spirit—which is not so real.

2487.

The cards are badly shuffled only when we have a bad hand.

2488.

It is the chains that do not rattle that hold the fastest.

2489.

Chance has three suitors: one waits for it, and is apt to miss it; another takes it, and is apt to lose it; a third makes it, and generally wins it.

2490.

Riches may be due to fortune; beauty, to parents, but character you owe only to yourself.

2491.

To do great things we must indeed learn to do small things; but the surest way to unfit yourself for what is great is to be ever engaged in what is small.

2492.

A straight line cannot be determined from only one point. Character may be determined from only one deed.

2493.

Seldom does one show his true character so much as when bestowing praise or blame.

2494.

We constantly pray to have our circumstances changed. But what are we to do with new circumstances that are strange, when we know not how to get on with the old that are familiar?

2495.

The rundown clock deceives as much by its having been right before as by being wrong now.

2496.

Twice in twenty-four hours even the stopped clock points aright: once by day, and once by night. Twice a day even a fool may be deemed wise: When silent by day, when asleep at night.

2497.

In clouds we must all be. It is only a question whether in the end we shall find ourselves above them or below them.

2498.

The common man dislikes evil because of what it does. The uncommon man hates evil because of what it is.

2499.

The common man is interested only in what is on his own level; the intelligent man is interested also in what is above his level. Only the kindly man is interested also in what is below his level.

2500.

The common mind appreciates hardly even the great things, the great mind appreciates even the little things.

2501.

Common sense derives its name not from its own commonness, but from that of the things it is exercised upon.

2502.

To be communicative is nature; to be judiciously communicative is art.

2503.

The misfortune is not in being born incompetent—all are born thus. The misfortune is in remaining incompetent when we might be otherwise, in deeming ourselves competent when we are otherwise.

2504.

The only noble competition is with oneself.

2505.

Four things are required of the complete man: an orderly mind, a steady will, a patient temper, a loving heart.

2506.

The highest compliment is imitation, and this can be paid unconsciously; the lowest is flattery, and this is paid only consciously.

2507.

Who has too much confidence in himself may yet succeed, who has too much in others will surely fail.

2508.

What concerns us and what concerns us not we do not see alike. The one we behold as the headlight of a train rushing toward us; the other as the end of a train departing from us.

2509.

Why shall I conform to fashion? It was adopted in my absence.

2510.

It is the dead fish that are carried down the stream.

2511.

To conquer a matter is as often to lose it as to win it.

2512.

Conscience is our only part whose health is proved by its pains.

2513.

Few like the responsibility of their own conscience.

2514.

Antinomies of mind—only theorists know them. Antinomies of conscience—happy the practical soul that has not to know them.

2515.

Man has nothing in himself that is wholly trustworthy, not even his conscience; that is only the least untrustworthy.

2516.

Conscience, compass of the soul, is herein like the compass of the ship in that it too may point wrong if its magnet be high enough or powerful enough. And the disturbance is all the more mischievous when in addition the magnet is out of sight. There is thus an aberration of conscience, as there is an aberration of light, of mind, of what is called the personal equation. Overuse also of conscience, as in all else, may become abuse, with confusion, morbidness, in its train. By being allowed more than its due it becomes, like the swollen arm, only weaker for its size. Conscience should preside, not tyrannize; rule not hold despotic sway. A healthy conscience has regard for other things beside itself: for age, conditions, atmosphere.

2517.

Conscience is an automatic bell: the more it is heeded the louder it rings; unheeded it at last ceases to ring. But with the answer to the bell at the door, the part of conscience ends. Conscience tells that some one is at the door, it does not yet tell as to his admission into the house. That you must see for yourself. It may be the

welcome guest; it may be only the book-agent, the peddlar.

2518.

It is important to do the right, but as important to do it right. Now conscience tells to do the right. It does not always tell how to do it right. And to do the right wrongly is only less harmful than to do the wrong rightly.

2519.

Conscience is the best guide we have, but it is not good enough unless certified of God in His Book. The individual check is good, but its final safety is secured only when certified to by the bank.

2520.

As good taste at times requires that one insist not on the best of taste, so the right oft requires that one insist not on the strictest right. None are so unreasonable as those who always insist on reasonableness. And none so easily fall into wrong as those who ever insist on the exact right. Here, as elsewhere, as in metaphysics, science, the caution must ever be: "Gentlemen, above all, not too exact!" . . .

2521.

To go against one's conscience is surely wrong. To go according to one's conscience is not necessarily right.

2522.

A simple recipe for contentment: to remember that the years consist of summers and winters; that the weeks are made up of days and nights; that the days bring only sunshine and shadow.

2523.

Two things will ever be contradicted: what is reasonable and what is unreasonable.

2524.

Conversation is a constant attempt to discover and establish harmony between the speakers. When that is done conversation ends and fellowship begins.

2525.

Folk think that conversation is the great end of society. It is only its great means. When the final level between folk is found, conversation becomes needless, and silence between them becomes equally enjoyable.

2526.

Who wishes to convince himself may begin with doubting, who wishes to convince others must end with affirming.

2527.

To be a copy of others may make you better, to be a copy of yourself surely makes you worse.

2528.

The worst that can be said of one is that he is a copy of some one else. And yet most folk are either bad copies of others or still worse originals.

2529.

The worst corruption is that of the best.

2530.

The only legitimate covetousness is that of another's virtues.

2531.

Even the brave man may run from danger, the coward runs also from duty.

2532.

Only who walks into danger can afford always to run from it.

2533.

Into danger it is best to walk, through danger it is best to run.

2534.

The critic must have two things: an eminence to stand on, a flag to stand by.

2535.

Weeds grow of themselves, crops must be hoed.

2536.

The lack of culture is shown by two combinations: open mouth and closed eyes; hot head and cold heart.

2537.

Culture is valued because of its increased sensitiveness, openness to more pleasures: can now enjoy Browning's verse, Wagner's music, Impressionist painting, Rodinesque sculpture, Cubists' puzzles. But what about the decreased sense at the other end, the closedness to other pleasures? Culture can no longer enjoy the nursery rhymes, the rag-time strains, playing tag, and merry-go-round rides. . . . . . . You smile, dear reader? But the whole problem of human knowledge and happiness is wrapped up in this simple question.

2538.

To express our feelings is nature, to understand the feelings of others is culture.

2539.

To see the most in the world, to get the most out of the world, to leave behind you the best of yourself in the world—that is culture.

2540.

The highest culture is attained by learning first from the living, then from the dead, and then from both.

2541.

It is the good customer that has to pay for the bad.

2542.

Even the cypher, worthless at the head, ten-folds a number when it takes the rear.

2543.

Cyphers can also stand at the head, but only of fractions.

2544.

There are two kinds of darkness: the one due to the absence of light—the darkness of the ignorant, the low; the one due to the interception of light—the darkness of the learned, the high.

2545.

There came a time when the chief characteristic of the Holy Roman Empire was that it was neither Holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire. Those were its darkest days. There comes a time in the life of every sober soul when he is neither himself, nor alive, and is thus anything but sober. Those are its darkest days. . . .

2546.

Howe'er retired you live you cannot escape being a debtor.

2547.

He deceived me—that was his triumph. But he has also undeceived me—that is my triumph.

2548.

None deceive so successfully as the self-deceived.

2549.

Nothing so tiring as decisions, nothing so restful as decision.

2550.

Our good deeds are the feathers which make us wings.

2551.

The inability to suffer because of the evil around us marks one who is already degenerate. The inability to bear the evil around us marks one about to become degenerate.

2552.

The most delicate web becomes coarse under the microscope.

2553.

The desire to be known is proper to man; only it must be after one knows, not before.

2554.

In helplessness one can yet do even his best work; in hopelessness one can yet do at least some good work, but in despair one can only do his worst.

2555.

Despondency and enthusiasm express the same quality, but with opposite algebraic signs in front.

2556.

Despondency is enthusiasm upside down.

2557.

There is no objection to despotism—of the right sort. Truth is despotic, so is reason, so is duty.

2558.

"The science of mind has dethroned the devil!" No, friend, it has only enthroned him more firmly.

2559.

The diamond is easily changed into coal; the coal is changed into diamond only at a cost greater than the diamond—a branch of Chemistry to be studied with special profit by the —critics . . .

2560.

Who differ from us are easily endured, not so easily who differ with us.

2561.

The wish to be different from what you are generally means that you wish to be better. The wish to be different from where you are generally means that you wish to be worse.

2562.

Discontented all must be. Only the good are not content with what they do; the bad are discontented with what they ought to do.

2563.

Discoveries are made as much thro' the microscope as thro' the telescope.

2564.

To be ill with the same disease as some one else is not indeed health, but it is a kind of help.

2565.

The sight of a monster is remembered longer than that of a beautiful creature. Dislike has a longer memory than like.

2566.

I used to lament the much I wished to do but could not do. I now lament the little I ought to do but cannot do.

2567.

I used to be anxious to accomplish much good in the world. I am now content if I am kept from doing harm.

2568.

All other occupations become easier with practice. Doing nothing is the only occupation that grows harder with practice.

2569.

The dollar becomes of final value only when about to be parted with. Sad type of the value men set upon most of their blessings.

2570.

Doubt as a stage is taking a bath in the sea. Remaining a doubter is to be drowned therein.

2571.

The only drawback to a man's good piece of work is that it draws after it also many a poor piece of his.

2572.

Few of men's ills are due to their wickedness; many to their dullness. Unfortunately dullness ere long makes for wickedness.

2573.

A genius one can hardly be in more than one thing, a dunce one may easily be in many things.

2574.

Every speck of dust is big with infinity.

2575.

Dust blown to heaven is still dust, a star fallen to earth ceases to be a star.

2576.

You can do another's work, you cannot do another's duty.

2577.

One place is ever safe—that of duty.

2578.

The best instruction we can give others about their duties is to practice our own.

2579.

The one thing man really needs to do he can always do—his duty.

2580.

The knowledge of their duty nearly all have, the strength for doing it, most have; the will to do it many have. The wisdom to do it, few have.

2581.

Duty should hold us not like the nail, which has to be clawed by its head ere it can release what it holds; nor yet like the screw, which has to turn backwards to loosen its hold. But rather like the axle, which tho' it securely holds, gives yet the wheel ample play.

2582.

Who is occupied most with the duties of others is a meddler, who is occupied most with the duties to himself is a robber.

2583.

"Eagles make no more noise than pennies!" Exactly, just because they *are* gold. Moreover, eagles are not coined for the noise they make.

2584.

The lesser lights also suffer an eclipse, but it is only the eclipse of the greater lights that is watched.

2585.

Who is not economical from choice will soon be so from necessity.

2586.

Any education is good enough which fosters pleasure in virtue and abhorrence of vice.

2587.

That is education which teaches whom to love and what to hate.

2588.

That is education which fits folk for all the duties it shall be theirs to perform.

2589.

Only that is true education which remembers that boys will some day be husbands and fathers and citizens, that girls will some day be wives and mothers.

2590.

Education is not yet finished until it enables one to recognize merit with the label off.

2591.

Education has not yet done its best if it has not widened your ignorance while adding to your knowledge.

2592.

The education or culture which tries to give one what is not already his does not transform him, nor even color him. It paints him over, oftener it daubs him.

2593.

Education is more to learn how to learn than to learn. And happy the case indeed where it does not mean the need to unlearn. . . .

2594.

The child's education is not finished till he has learned to obey; the man's not till he has learned to command.

2595.

"To what do you hold, to free grace or to election?" To both, friend. To free grace while you are unsaved; to election, as soon as you are saved.

2596.

A man is seldom eloquent till his life is part of his voice.

2597.

Not a little of eloquence consists in speaking out boldly what others feel strongly, but are unable to express.

2598.

The best school of oratory is that which teaches how to say what must be said, how not to say what need not be said. The one is learned from necessity without preparation; the other is learned from bitter experience, and after long preparation.

2599.

Endurance may become the end of suffering, and even the beginning of enjoyment.

2600.

Who can bear all things is already fit for heaven; who can endure all things is not yet fit even for earth.

2601.

Your enemy thinks he is your enemy—he is only his own. Whether he shall really also be yours depends as much on yourself as on him.

2602.

You can often conciliate an enemy by hating those he hates; not quite so often by loving those he loves.

2603.

Enjoyment is the only thing all can overdo, and hardly any underdo.

2604.

Underdoing enjoyment hardens folk. And overdoing enjoyment—does it soften folk? No, it only effeminates them.

2605.

A sure way of increasing enjoyment is to decrease expectation.

2606.

All enthusiasm rests on much knowledge and not a little ignorance.

2607.

We see sparks when aught light falls before us, when aught dark falls upon us. The enthusiast mistakes the one for the other.

2608.

The envious fire with an inverted gun: the kick goes from them, the shot goes into them.

2609.

Nothing grows so slowly and fades so quickly as true esteem; like the century plant: grows its flower only in a hundred years and loses it in a night.

2610.

A little etymology does chase away large ghosts.

2611.

Our paraphrastic euphemisms do not change the metal of the coin; they only obliterate the inscription.

2612.

Evil to be conquered in the end must be resisted in the beginning.

2613.

We cannot begin to hate evil without becoming hateful ourselves, only we must not end therewith

2614.

We cannot escape association with evil but we can imitate the flower: which imparts its fragrance to the pot, but absorbs none of its odor.

2615.

To abstain from returning evil for evil is the only way to make up for our inability to always return good for good.

2616.

To do evil that good may come is to climb to heaven by way of hell.

2617.

Even an evil may become a good to us if we make the best thereof.

2618.

A thing can be done best only once. When an improvement upon excellency is tried it cannot make it better, it does make it worse.

2619.

For finding excuses for themselves men use a searchlight; for finding excuses for others they are slow to use even a match.

2620.

Excuses like mortgages are often necessary and even useful; but like mortgages they are better off than on.

2621.

Experience, like manna, spoils on our hands if not used at once.

2622.

Our experience was meant to be a bridge for others. Most men use it hardly even themselves.

2623.

Their experience men prefer to buy; their opinions they prefer to borrow.

2624.

It is not experience folk are short of, but the inability to profit thereby.

2625.

Extremes do *not* meet; they only sit back to back.

2626.

The great own their eyes, the small borrow them.

2627.

Nothing so stubborn as a fact, nothing so tractable as figures.

2628.

Facts are like worms: cutting them into two does not destroy them; it leaves two where before was only one.

2629.

The first failure can always be a blessing, the second may still be a test, and the third is already a warning. The fourth is the sure proof.

2630.

There is a failure that is only short of success, there is a success that is actual failure.

2631.

One can still be a success without having succeeded. One can still be a failure without having failed.

2632.

The success to which others have not contributed is not yet final success. The failure to which others have contributed is not yet final failure.

2633.

A man's life may be a success long before he dies, it is not a failure until he dies.

2634.

Failure is not yet failure if it teach us these two things: If our endeavor has been faithful it may be success in God's sight. And even if it be failure also in His sight He yet giveth time to try again; and this lesson of perseverance once learned is not failure.

2635.

The failures of the eminent may be as much an inspiration as their successes.

2636.

Few deserve fame who have it not, fewer still deserve all the fame they have.

2637.

Familiarity with the mean at last contents men therewith. Familiarity with the noble only makes them indifferent thereto.

2638.

Familiarity with the noble does not reconcile the ignoble therewith.

2639.

The concealing of one fault is apt to result only in the revealing of others.

2640.

It is idle to remember your faults against yourself; highly profitable that you remember them for others.

2641.

Not the faults with which folk are born should count against them, but those that are borne along by them.

2642.

All are reconciled to the end of the plot. It is the uncertainty of the next chapter that makes fear in life.

2643.

To find much you have to reject much as well as to seek much.

2644.

The secret of finding is as much in determining the depth to which one is willing to dig as in knowing the depth at which the treasure is buried.

2645.

Who wishes to start the fire must not mind the smoke.

2646.

The surest way to set on fire what is not intended is to strike into the coals.

2647.

Who blows into the fire must expect sparks in his face.

2648.

Join fire to iron and both are beaten.

2649.

Flattery is like mud in that it sticks; but should, unlike mud, be brushed off before it is dry.

2650.

It is the mark of flattery that it only pleases; of praise, that it also helps.

2651.

Has he really made a fortune? Not until he has learned to enjoy it.

2652.

It may be true that men are freed by making a fortune, it is certain they are enslaved by seeking it.

2653.

Fortunes are like promises: easier made than kept.

2654.

The only real advantage of a large fortune is that it enables one to do just what he likes—the very thing he should not do.

2655.

Our good fortune is never as great as others deem it. Our bad fortune is never as great as we deem it.

2656.

The dog runs after those that run from him; fortune is apt to run from those who run after it.

2657.

The more one is, the greater his freedom; the more one has, the greater his bondage.

2658.

Folk are ever looking for fresh points of view. Return, friends, to the old paths, they will prove fresh enough.

2659.

Of the future man knows least, about the future man worries most.

2660.

By fixing all our thoughts on the present we degrade the future as well as the present.

2661.

By two things is man's happiness promoted: by his knowledge of the future, by his ignorance of the future.

2662.

Glasses may help sight, but nearly always at the expense of light.

2663.

Most folk wear their glasses all the time. I prefer to wear mine only at inspections.

2664.

Men plead for patience with the weaknesses of others—they mean their own.

2665.

Who carries only gold with him will suffer from the embarrassment of not having ready change.

2666.

Gold sinks, smoke rises.

2667.

Gold sunk into the sea is still gold: smoke rising to heaven is still smoke

2668.

It is well to remember that not all is gold that glitters; but better still to remember that there is much gold that does not glitter.

2669.

An ignoble error: that a load of gold is lighter than one of lead.

2670.

The silver dollar and the gold are of the same value, but the gold is easier lost . . .

2671.

Flies are caught by a sweet, gold is proved by an acid.

2672.

That brass resounds more than gold may not be true of the metals, but it is certainly true elsewhere.

2673.

The purer the gold, the softer it is.

2674.

A nail of gold holds no better than iron.

2675.

Some goodness may be in us all, but it is the goodness of the last bit of the pencil; has lead enough if only it could be handled.

2676.

Others' goodness you may behold with joy; your own, only with suspicion.

2677.

When others' goodness differs from ours, we are apt to suspect theirs.

2678.

Folk learn to like poisons if they be sweet, and anon even if they are bitter.

2679.

A good cause seldom fails thro' the injudiciousness of its enemies. Oftener thro' the judiciousness of its friends.

2680.

However good a man, from the moment he deems himself good, he is not so good.

2681.

Do not believe the good in life is given you solely for your own sake. It is sent you first as a companion, to be entertained ere long as a mere visitor, and sent away at last as a messenger.

2682.

It is not possible to attain to a goodness that satisfies God. It is equally impossible to attain to a goodness that satisfies man. But God does not lay up this impossibility against us, man does.

2683.

Goodness is to knowledge what the telescope is to the eye: it increases its range, but is no substitute for it.

2684.

The grain falls, the chaff rises.

2685.

To expect gratitude is to forfeit it.

2686.

When I hear folk charge one another with ingratitude, or profuse with thanks for trifles, I say with the Eastern sage, Do good, and throw it into the sea. The fish know it not, but God does.

2687.

To feel gratitude without showing it is only better than to show gratitude without feeling it.

2688.

Gratitude is the only virtue prized as the bank note is prized: without regard to the specie behind it.

2689.

Nature teaches the great soul to shrink from being seen; experience teaches it to shrink from seeing.

2690.

He is great who remains undisturbed when men take note of him, but greater he who remains undisturbed even when men take note of him.

2691.

To do great things, we must indeed learn to do small things; but the surest way to unfit yourself for what is great is to be ever engaged in what is small.

2692.

The great act in the present with reference to the future; the small wish for the future with reference to the present.

2693.

The small man is bold after success; the great man even after failure.

2694.

However small the number it can still be halved; however great the man he can still be doubled.

2695.

Others may see your greatness, but it consists in seeing your littleness.

2696.

Greatness may be attained by climbing, it is retained by descending.

2697.

Wait for great occasions? My friend, you will then do no less than what you are doing on little occasions if you are an honest soul; and no more, if you are a dishonest soul.

2698.

A great life is to its contemporaries an Aeolian harp: they hear hardly even the fine sounds; posterity perceives also the melody.

2699.

Habit is like wine: its strength grows with age.

2700.

Habit makes machines of us. It is for us to put soul into them.

2701.

Half of what we hear is seldom so. The other half is seldom exactly so.

2702.

"I think as my hammer thinks" he said when he became a great blacksmith. "I think as my anvil thinks," he added when he became a great man.

2703.

The hardest thing to learn is that *we* can do nothing. The next hardest is after learning it to—remember it.

2704.

Hay you can make only when there is no storm. Your housecleaning you must do, and often best, during the storm.

2705.

It is a mark of healthy nature when experience removes its prejudices but restores its preconceptions.

2706.

The only rational way to care for your health is to treat it as not your own.

2707.

Health thinks of the future, disease worries over it.

2708.

Good hearing consists not so much in hearing all sounds as in hearing all the necessary sounds.

2709.

"Help yourself!" an excellent motto for you, but a problematic preachment to others.

2710.

I am dissuaded from helping others because forsooth I have duties to myself. Well, I have no duties to myself that can prevent me from helping others.

2711.

It is easy to live when hope and reward beckons on; but to give up even the last hope yet lingering in the soul, to take up life again when nothing beckons; darkness ahead, regret behind, pain all over; to live, to bear, to endure, to praise God therefor—this is bravery, this is heroism.

2712.

Hesitation is the sign as much of the abundance of ideas, as of their scarcity.

2713.

There is a hesitation of speech more eloquent than many a passionate outburst.

2714.

Hesitation may be a sign that one sees too much. Precipitation is a sign that one sees too little.

2715.

Many are able to fill a high place, few are worthy to hold it.

2716.

The great historian is he who distinguishes between what is done and what happens.

2717.

History like the eclipses in the heavens, is sure to repeat itself; and, like the eclipses, hardly ever at the same time and place.

2718.

The mouse is the thief, the hole is the inciter to the theft.

2719.

To try to hold more with hands already full is to lose all.

2720.

A great tragedy: to be at home only when away from home.

2721.

Both the honest man and the rogue distrust each other. But the honest man distrusts the rogue because he knows him to be a rogue; the rogue distrusts the honest man because he thinks him a fool.

2722.

The Italians say: "For an honest man half his wits are enough; the whole is too little for a knave." This may be true in Italy. In America the honest man needs the whole of his and much besides.

2723.

Honesty is tested as much by our pleasures as by our business.

2724.

Honesty keeps one seemingly on a long walk, but it is the shortest in the long run.

2725.

Honesty could hitherto be likened only to a diamond, which adorns the wearer; it can now be likened to radium which makes even jewels more beautiful.

2726.

Faith can be defined, love can be defined, hope, duty, can be defined. Honor alone cannot be defined; just as an atmosphere cannot be defined. Honor is an atmosphere.

2727.

To pursue honors is only to drive honor from you.

2728.

Man is never above himself, often beneath himself.

2729.

There is no humility natural to pride, there may be a pride natural even to humility.

2730.

Men prize humility more than devoutness in another. Devoutness bows before God. Humility, bows also before men.

2731.

True humility consists in thinking ourselves inferior not so much to others as to our best selves.

2732.

A great comfort: the sense of humor; a great snare: the sense of the ridiculous.

2733.

To the intelligent few, life would be intolerable but for a saving sense of humor. To the unintelligent many, life is tolerable just because they lack this saving sense of humor.

2734.

Ice rises as well as steam.

2735.

It needs but little courage to confess one's ignorance, it needs much knowledge to know it.

2736.

Of all imitations the worst is that of oneself.

2737.

It is a sign of immaturity when only few interest you; and alas! also of—maturity . . .

2738.

The immodesty of mind is more fatal than that of the body: it is not so repulsive . . .

2739.

What folk do not wish they readily prove to be impossible.

2740.

Impulse is nature, but unbridled it is bad nature.

2741.

I have observed that when the washline is hung out conspicuously it is like to be the only sign of life about the house. It is the mark of indelicate folk that their existence is made known chiefly from the washline.

2742.

Injuries are best never mentioned, often forgot, always forgiven.

2743.

Folk are apt to be indifferent to injustice unless it is against themselves.

2744.

Who can bear injustice is unfit for this life; who cannot, is unfit for the next.

2745.

To see things as they are is surely running the risk of becoming insane. To insist upon having all things as they should be is to be already insane.

2746.

The most important acts of their lives folk at times do without exactly knowing why. They are thus clearly inspired. It is only a question whether from above or from beneath.

2747.

One's integrity may stand in the way of success in small matters. One's lack of integrity will stand in the way of success in great matters.

2748.

Two men are not to be fully trusted: who knows not how to obey, who knows not how to command.

2749.

Two men indulge in introspection: the very healthy and the very sick; but with this difference: the healthy can afford it, the sick cannot.

2750.

Strike indeed the iron while it is hot; better still, strike the iron until it is hot.

2751.

It is the hot iron that is beaten, not the cold.

2752.

The worst about a jest is that after all it is not a jest . . .

2753.

Things are best judged the nearer we approach them; men, the further we recede from them.

2754.

In their absence we are apt to judge folk more by our reason when it is well with us; in their presence, more by our feelings, when it is ill with them.

2755.

The road to justice leads as often through injustice as out of it.

2756.

It is the glory of a king that the gems in his crown are held to be genuine even when seen from afar.

2757.

The great king is he who rules himself, and only reigns over others.

2758.

A king's coffin need be no larger than a beggar's.

2759.

"That dull knife—just good for nothing!" Tut, tut; for cutting paper it is even better than a sharp one.

2760.

I used to prize the knots in the wood as its strongest parts, until I learned that they are easiest knocked out of their place.

2761.

It needs much knowledge to doubt intelligently, and more to believe intelligently.

2762.

The more one truly knows, to the fewer he can speak; the more one truly has, to the fewer he can give.

2763.

I used to have much faith in the indiscriminate spread of knowledge until I learned that the utility of candles ends at the powder magazine.

2764.

Every premature knowledge is some embryonic sorrow. Every useless knowledge is some embryonic vice.

2765.

There is no such thing as waste in possessing knowledge. There is far too much waste in the acquiring thereof.

2766.

Who knows everything about everything knows as yet nothing about anything. Only who knows everything of something is ready to know something of everything.

2767.

To know a thing you must see it as a part. to understand it you must see it as a whole.

2768.

True knowledge consists of two halves: the knowledge that we know, the knowledge that we do not know.

2769.

What counts against a man is not so much what he is not as what he does not try to be.

2770.

Gross ignorance may keep one poor, refined knowledge is apt to make him poor.

2771.

The more we know the more things we can believe, the fewer folk we can trust.

2772.

The less men know the harder they find it to believe the natural. The more men know, the easier they believe the supernatural.

2773.

Who sit under the tree of life are in danger of underestimating the tree of Knowledge. Who sit under the Tree of Knowledge are apt to mistake it for the Tree of Life.

2774.

There is danger in living below what one knows, there is danger in living above what one knows; but the greatest danger is in living only in what one knows.

2775.

Who knows two languages is not yet thereby twice a man, but who knows only one is not yet a whole man.

2776.

Language and music are not found in nature. Language is what connects man at present with heaven. Music, is it the reminiscence of man's past tie with heaven?

2777.

The language of a people is the history of its past; the language of the child is the history of its present; the language of the man is the history of his future.

2778.

Law is always a necessity, freedom is seldom more than a luxury.

2779

Laws should be upheld because of their intrinsic justice. And in a plight indeed is that community which upholds bad laws solely because of the injustice that may result from unmaking them.

2780.

The Law is the light which only makes the darkness darker; grace is the light which enables us to walk therein.

2781.

There are two kinds of law: law and lawlessness under the guise of law; the former is everywhere an expression of God and must be obeyed; the latter is Satan's counterfeit, and is often best disobeyed.

2782.

"John Jones, M. D." when giving account of oneself, and "Dr. John Jones" when addressed by others—there is wisdom in this bit of conventionality. By yourself your learning is best placed behind you. Others can afford to see it in front of you.

2783.

Who has to learn his lesson twice hardly learns it even once.

2784.

The genius learns with very little labor; the dullard, only with very much. The rest who are neither geniuses nor dullards,—do they ever really learn anything?

2785.

Leisure is the mother of nearly all that is thoroughly good, and the father of much that is thoroughly bad.

2786.

Leisure is the mother of all art; spontaneity, of all grace; sincerity of all beauty.

2787.

Mature minds prefer to learn what they do not know. Immature minds prefer to learn mostly about what they already know.

2788.

Men measure by their admiration, they are measured by their censure.

2789.

To keep the medium in all things is the true mark of what is not mediocre.

2790.

Two men need long memories: the borrower and the liar.

2791.

To remember a good turn is to deserve it; to remember an ill turn is to deserve *it* still more.

2792.

The forgetting of what we should remember is only a misfortune; the forgetting that we are forgetful—this is the calamity.

2793.

What can be remembered only with an effort is seldom worth remembering. "I always remember the man that kicked me last" was Samuel Johnson's efficient receipt for a good memory.

2794.

Trouble not thyself about method: if thou hast aught worthy within thee it will find its own method outward.

2795.

Two minds are quickly made up: the very great, the very small.

2796.

Matter out of place is rightly called dirt, Mind out of place—a more serious affair—is only called special learning.

2797.

The going thro' the mire is not always our responsibility, the letting the mire stick to our clothes is.

2798.

When the mirror reflects a distorted likeness, the distortion is false, is the mirror's. When it reflects a beautiful likeness, the beauty is real.

2799.

We may learn even from the miser: who values his gold not for what it can bring, but for itself.

2800.

Catching the ball only to throw it again—to see no sport therein—this is the miser's fatal error.

2801.

Men seldom misrepresent themselves so much as when calling things by their right names.

2802.

For two things folk need no training: for misrepresenting others to themselves; or misrepresenting themselves to others.

2803.

To report one's words without his tone and mien,—is it really to report them?

2804.

To confess boldly mistakes that can be corrected is bravery. To stand bravely by mistakes that cannot be corrected is heroism.

2805.

To be misunderstood is easier in your own tongue than in a foreign one.

2806.

To be misunderstood is only a sorrow, to misunderstand is a misfortune.

2807.

Judicious saving keeps money: judicious spending may make it.

2808.

Who believes that money will do all, will soon do all for money.

2809.

Who needs only money to place him on his feet will not remain long standing without it.

2810.

The surest way to reveal your weakness is to hide your motives.

2811.

The highest music is within the reach of all, since every one can make his life a great liturgy.

2812.

Music is like wine: the longer it has stood in our memories the better it tastes.

2813.

Of mystery there is as much in the known as in the unknown.

2814.

To find a good place for the nail in the wall you must hammer also at where you do not want it.

2815.

I am yet to meet the broad-minded soul whose view extends to the horizon of all the four points of compass of the known, with the honest confession that at any moment a new sun may arise from the vast unknown beyond that shall at once pale into darkness all that he now so clearly sees. All the rest that has not this breadth is narrow-mindedness: which even unwittingly tends to wickedness, so that with the best intentions a narrow minded man *cannot* be a good man.

2816.

Wind and wave are ever on the side of the ablest navigator, said Gibbon, and he said what is not true. What makes the ablest navigator is that he is ever on the side of wind and wave.

2817.

Needs are apt to awake men; conpanions to make men; occupations, to break men.

2818.

The possession of what we need is comparatively inexpensive. It is the possession of what others think we need that proves expensive.

2819.

The nightingale feeds on the glow worm; but it is not the glow worm that makes it sing, it does not even make it glow.

2820.

For meeting the noble a journey is needful: for meeting the mean a walk is enough.

2821.

That a note pitched too high is equally inaudible with one pitched too low is true only in Physics. In morals only the note pitched too high is inaudible; the one pitched too low reaches but too speedily many an ear.

2822.

Who expects others to obey him should be most like God. He is usually least.

2823.

To look at objects too long is to turn them into objections.

2824.

In obstacles may yet be gain: throw the ball into the field, and it leaves thee. Cast it against the wall—back it comes to thee.

2825.

Our obstacles are put up to enable us either to conquer them or to acknowledge our defeat by them. And this latter may be a victory inferior only to the former.

2826.

The problem of occupation is settled when we know how to use our worktime and not to abuse our leisure.

2827.

The occupation you choose for your hand decides also the thoughts of your head, and oft alas! also the feelings of your heart.

2828.

I prefer the old clocks about the house to the new, if only for the reason that I have to wind them daily, have thus oft to do to them. They thus become in solitude a sort of companion. Dear old maid neighbor of mine! Oft I have looked askance at thee. I do so no more, I now understand why you look so forward to the bath you are to give to your poodle dog.

2829.

The opening of the eye is of no use unless it bring about first an opening of the heart, then an opening of the hand and lastly an opening of the mouth? No, but a—shutting thereof.

2830.

Folk ask your opinion about others—they are trying to form their opinion of you.

2831.

Folk either know you or they know you not. If they know you, their opinion of you is just and should not disturb you. If they know you not, their opinion of you is unjust and shall it disturb you?

2832.

All have opinions, few can give the grounds for them.

2833.

The opinions of most folk are borrowed; and the tenacity with which they are held is generally inversely to the amount of ownership had in them.

2834.

The opinions of most men are mortgaged: with serious objection to having the mortgage recorded.

2835.

Two men are indifferent to the opinion of their fellow men: Who is below them, who is above them.

2836.

The opinion of others about you is only their affair. Your affair is to see that it affect not your opinion of them.

2837.

Who neglects opportunities is neglected by them.

2838.

The surest way to create new opportunities is to utilize the old.

2839.

From others to myself I ask only justice, but others from me have a right to expect mercy.

2840.

Who is too particular about the seasoning is not yet hungry enough.

2841.

Passion is itself only heat. Unfortunately it oftener scorches than warms.

2842.

Our passions are our only enemies we cannot change into friends by indulging them.

2843.

Passion persuades, and as often the speaker as the hearer.

2844.

Passion may sometime enlarge the small soul, it always belittles the large soul.

2845.

The soul's health is manifested more in freedom from passion than in victorious struggle therewith. And the wisdom of heaven shapes men's lives so that they do not properly live unless they have passions, but are not content until they conquer them. God thus gives folk plenty to do, and what most folk need is—plenty to do.

2846.

Every passion carries its check. Many have the passion with the check gone; not a few carry the check with the passion already departed, or not yet arrived.

2847.

Two things men ever find easily: the duty of others, the excuse for not doing their own.

2848.

Men plead for patience with the weaknesses of others, they mean their own.

2849.

Patience has a bitter bark, but sweet fruit.

2850.

Two frames of mind lead to true peace: that which hopeth for all things, that which hopeth for nothing.

2851.

To make peace after the quarrel surely needs two; to keep it before the quarrel may need only one.

2852.

To be at peace with ourselves we must first war much with ourselves, and not a little with others, and then with neither.

2853.

Shells are found on the beach; for pearls one must dive.

2854.

The folly of casting pearls before swine is equalled only by that of trying to persuade them that the mire they so love is just filth.

2855.

The pedant carries always his knowledge with him. The scholar is content to keep it where it can be easily got at.

2856.

With the cyclopedia at hand I would as soon think of carrying a multitude of diverse facts

in my mind as to load myself with the whole ox when the jar of beef tea can be put into the satchel.

2857.

It is the pedestal that makes the statue imposing.

2858.

Perfect work requires not so much the perfect man as the whole man.

2859.

There was insight in making the most rounded out figure a mere zero. The complete man will not be the rounded out man with the straight line touching him only at one point; but the square man: with four sharp corners to him against the demons from the four corners of the earth.

2860.

The possession of the sense of perfection is apt to be a hindrance to perfection in the greater men. Its absence is a sure hindrance to perfection in the smaller men.

2861.

The perfect man needs all three: vinegar, salt, sugar. But of vinegar a drop is more than enough; of salt a pinch suffices; of sugar he can never have too much.

2862.

The question whether there is perfection for man here is an academic one. What is certain is that there is such a thing as daily growing less imperfect.

2863.

The two great causes of wrong doing: the desire to please self, the desire to please others. Two

great motives of right doing: the desire to please One other, to satisfy oneself.

2864.

The difference between innocent and guilty pleasures is that the latter cost more than they are worth.

2865.

To seek pleasure and profit at others' expense is boorish. To be ever seeking to bestow pleasure and profit at our expense is indeed fine, but just a little superfine. But to bestow pleasure and profit upon others, we finding therein our own at the same time—this is indeed the normal, hence the true way.

2866.

"The poker has no sensation!"—But that is precisely why I can stir the fire therewith!

2867.

I do not object to polish; only it must not make my walk slippery; all the more so when the polish is to be on my shoes rather than on the floor.

2868.

Politeness is to the heart what the shell is to the nut, and covers as often a worm as sound meat.

2869.

I dislike politeness which is only a mask for courtesy. But I flee thereto in the one case where courtesy is impossible. When the fool is upon me and I cannot escape him, I hold thereto as a kind of distance stick between us: he holds its one end, I the other. And like two men walking each

on a rail of the track, we each hold to his own rail; ever opposite each other but never nearer to one another.

2870.

Men ever clamor for more power. Step off the insulator, friends, and power will soon enough go through you.

2871.

The secret of power is to draw from the depths, but not quite to the surface.

2872.

Much of men's praise of others is only an indirect way of sounding their own.

2873.

True praise cannot be given, it must be won.

2874.

To be praised by all may be more satisfactory than to be condemned by all, but only in the short run. In the long run it is found to be otherwise.

2875.

Prejudice is a sign of life, partiality of death.

2876.

Pride dislikes pity; but only the name, not the thing.

2877.

Pride is that refinement of selfishness which sacrifices even self for selfishness' sake. Selfishness would have a debt unpaid. Pride is restless until it is paid.

2878.

The art of printing has widened intelligence, but has not deepened it.

2879.

In prison we all are: only some are the keepers, others the prisoners. A few chosen ones are out either on leave or on parole.

2880.

Probity and skill do not always go together, but probity is already a kind of skill.

2881.

Who procrastinates thinks he gains time, he is only losing it.

2882.

Are you progressing? Not till you have learned to dispense to-day with what you needed yesterday.

2883.

Progress is measured as much by what we part with as by what we acquire.

2884.

True progress consists not in increasing our needs, but in reducing our wants.

2885.

Men are apt to be less provoked by seeing others act differently from themselves than by hearing them think differently.

2886.

To the pure all things are pure, and alas! also to the impure.

2887.

Others may see your greatness, but it consists in your seeing your littleness.

2888.

The purse is best tied in four ways: toward yourself—with a cord; toward your neighbor—with a string; toward your friend—with a hair; toward your enemy—with a spider's web.

2889.

The first blow only invites the quarrel, it is the second that makes it.

2890.

The questions man is called upon to answer are those put to him, not those put by himself.

2891.

Do you ask who recommends him? Then you are an echo. Do you ask what recommends him? Then you are a voice.

2892.

The fear of losing what we have is more powerful than the hope of gaining what we have not. And herein it is that the reformer is at a disadvantage before his antagonists.

2893.

The tragedy of all reformers is that in cleaning the stables they have to leave the oxen inside.

2894.

The best remedy against annoyance from small things is to battle with great.

2895.

Drastic remedies are apt at first to make the disease appear worse. The weak look to the first consequence; the strong, to the second.

2896.

Repentance is doubling one's track upon oneself, but not for the sake of deceiving.

2897.

Two things are easy: to gain notoriety, to lose a reputation.

2898.

Fame folk seldom gain wholly through their merit. Reputation men seldom lose except through their demerit.

2899.

The common man is content with a horizontal reputation; the uncommon man, with a vertical one.

2900.

A great fraud: to extract all the good and pass it off as a sample of the rest. Most reputations are frauds of this sort.

2901.

Men's lives give weight to their words, their reputation adds wings.

2902.

Reputation must be gained by many deeds, it can be lost by only one.

2903.

Most reputations are only notorieties with some little incense about them.

2904.

Resignation, the great remedy of Goethe and Carlyle, taught through so many chapters, for so many years—get tired enough, friends, and you will soon be resigned . . .

2905.

The great virtue of Renunciation praised so much—what is it but the restatement of the fact that folk ever have strength enough to endure the ills of others? The great prophets of Renunciation, Goethe and his herein disciple Carlyle, renounced only in ink, not in blood. When it came to the real renouncing, in life not in books, Goethe could not rest until the cup of Unresignation had been drained to the dregs; and Carlyle remained a peacelessness for some two score years of his clamorous preachments on Resignation to the end of his joyless days . . .

2906.

I used to think Renunciation was aught to give up, to let go. I now find it to be only aught to accept, to hold to. Accept thy lot, whate'er it be. Hold, and hold to God's will for thee, rather than to thy will for Him . . .

2907.

Who deliberately starts out to win the respect of his fellows is on the way of losing his own.

2908.

To expect more respect than one deserves is to forfeit what respect one does deserve.

2909.

One need not always be worthy of respect, one should always be capable thereof.

2910.

The best reward of an excellent piece of work is the satisfaction of having done it, even if it remain its only reward.

2911.

Intercourse with the rich in purse does not make you richer. Intercourse with the poor in spirit may not make you richer, but it will not leave you poorer.

2912.

Men are seldom so entertaining before men and so abominable before God as when ridiculing others.

2913.

Right means straight. All bending of the measuring rod shortens the length it measures. And it is thus that wrong cheats.

2914.

Where two persons on opposite sides are equally able and sincere, it is certain that both cannot be right. It is not so certain that either is right.

2615.

To take our rights by storm before men is to forfeit them before God.

2916.

Men are seldom so near endangering the right as when insisting upon their rights.

2917.

You cannot solder right and wrong—a truth forgotten in public life, seldom remembered in private life, recognized at times in the closet, its neglect at last atoned for from the housetops.

2918.

That one is never right in the opinion of others may yet be a hopeful sign. That one is never wrong in his own is the hopeless sign.

2919.

We are only right when we disapprove wrong in others. We become righteous when we condemn it in ourselves.

2920.

Keeping to the right will not always save you from being run into, but it will save you from the reproach of having been run into.

2921.

The best praise of the righteous is their censure by the wicked.

2922.

Ripe fruit must not remain long unpicked.

2923.

To rise is easy. It is only a question whether to the clouds or through them.

2924.

However great the river, its beginning is obscure. However small, its end is clear.

2925.

Who robs me of what is mine may make me richer thereby, himself he only makes poorer.

2926.

The value of rules lies not so much in their power to lead us to right action as in their directing our attention to right action.

2927.

It is as easy to lay down rules, as it is difficult to keep them.

2928.

The sand resists the shell where the rock yields.

2929.

The safety of the spire is not in the thinness of the top, but in the solidity of the bottom.

2930.

By judicious saving men keep money, only by judicious spending do they save it.

2931.

Seamanship may avail much in the storm; it avails but little in the calm.

2932.

Many things we fail to see because they are so constantly in our sight.

2933.

To expect gratitude is to forfeit it.

2934.

Who is unconsciously selfish is not so dangerous as he who is consciously selfish: the former betrays himself; the latter conceals himself.

2935.

Selfishness surely makes folk stupid, and stupidity as surely makes folk selfish. The

philosopher therefore asks: Which first, stupidity or selfishness? As usual, philosopher dear, your question is an academic one. Neither is first, since they are both one and the same. Only selfishness is stupidity of heart, stupidity is selfishness of head . . .

2936.

Nothing so keen as selfishness, nothing so dull.

2937.

The highest courage is to dare to appear what you are. The highest selfishness, always to show that courage.

2938.

There is a time for even selfishness. When it protects your growth: for only the full-grown can bear the ripest fruit of unselfishness.

2939.

The phrenologists have hit it right in at least one thing: they place the organ of self-love in the back of the head.

2940.

Self-love is an excellent critic, but only of others, not of oneself.

2941.

Self-love makes men keen about others, but keeps them blind about themselves.

2942.

Who has little sense himself displays his lack nowhere so much as in the suspicion that others also have no more.

2943.

To keep many servants is only to be the involuntary servant of many.

2944.

The highest service has its joys as well as its sorrows. But what makes it highest is that it looks neither to the one nor away from the other, though it may see both.

2945.

Shadows indicate the presence of light as well as its absence.

2946.

No shadows to-day? Then there is no sunshine.

2947.

The loftier the mount, the longer its shadow, and deeper.

2948.

To leave the shadow behind you need only turn to the sun.

2949.

The only way to escape your shadow is to get out of the sun.

2950.

A man's shadow does not always disappear with himself.

2951.

The shallow see aught ridiculous in everything; the profound in hardly anything.

2952.

Both the profound and the shallow merely scratch the surface. But the shallow leave the

furrows as they find them; the profound cover them with layers of their own.

2953.

Into sin men may be led by others; to holiness they must go themselves.

2954.

Trust may not always call out sincerity, but distrust nearly always calls out insincerity.

2955.

There is a sort of sincerity that objects even to the sugared coat of the pill. But to this they hold only in the sickness of others; the objection is apt to vanish in case of their own sickness . . .

2956.

However mistaken, he is at least sincere! But so is the mosquito, the wolf, the rattlesnake.

2957.

Nothing so convincing as sincerity, and nothing so deceptive.

2958.

There are certain marks of sincerity which like the signs of masonry are recognized only by the initiated, the great brotherhood of the sincere.

2959.

The insincere betray themselves by nothing so much as by asking concerning one they do not understand whether he is sincere.

2960.

Two things we may always believe to be sincere: praise from our enemies, blame from our friends.

2961.

Sincere we must be with all; confiding hardly to any.

2962.

The notes you may pick up in the crowd. To learn to sing you must be alone.

2963.

The slanderer works with truth for a handle, with falsehood for a blade.

2964.

The slanderer puts the butter on the table, the listener spreads it on the bread.

2965.

The slanderer only throws dust in the air, but to find it ere long all over himself.

2966.

Great slowness to cast off what has once been its is a high virtue in the heart. Even little such slowness is a dangerous vice in the head.

2967.

The smoker's true drawing room is his cigar; the drinker's, the bar.

2968.

Smooth surfaces are hard to glue together.

2969.

Sober we must nearly always be; sombre, hardly ever.

2970.

The best reply to inopportune wit is sobriety; to inopportune sombreness, wit.

2971.

Sobriety, to be truly divine, must be cheerful. Mirth, to be truly human, must be sober.

2972.

The "Spirit of the Age," whatever it is, is always wrong, and a man of spirit is given spirit expressly for resisting it.

2973.

It is on the whitest cloth that the spot is most noticeable.

2974.

The advice to hitch your wagon to a star is old; not so old the caution not to hitch your star to a wagon, but equally needful.

2975.

The stars that fall are only those out of their course.

2976.

Who seeks for only flowers may be content to be looking down. Who seeks for stars must be looking up.

2977.

In storms a feather flies as high as the eagle, and the oak is uprooted sooner than the vine it supports.

2978.

The deep stream is not heard until opposed by some obstacle.

2979.

Who trusts his own strength is but little stronger than he who fears his weakness.

2980.

Self-distrust is already a kind of strength; self-reliance is already a kind of weakness.

2981.

Who fears his weakness may be weaker for a time than he who trusts his strength. He is sure to be stronger in the end.

2982.

The strength to uproot weeds is had by nearly all, but the great need is to distinguish them from the crops, flowers.

2983.

It needs strength to undertake work when rested, and it needs strength to abstain from work when tired.

2984.

To trust one's strength adds much thereto, but not so much as to be trustful in weakness.

2985.

Is it weakness alone that needs support? Strength needs it more . . .

2986.

He is so strong, he is always so cheerful. Well, mayhap God knows that were a single sorrow to hang upon one of his limbs, it would break clean off.

2987.

The strong can afford to be weak at times, his weakness may easily become tenderness. The weak can ill afford a certain strength—it may easily become obstinacy.

2988.

All love justice, few love the just.

2989.

The sublimity of the mountain is not in the mountain but in us.

2990.

Futile attempt: to extemporise success.

2991.

Great he who succeeds, greater he who can dispense with success.

2992.

Success is full of promise till we—get it.

2993.

Success is only facilitated by talent, it is conditioned by temperament, and assured only by character.

2994.

Success men ascribe to themselves; failure, to fortune.

2995.

The sun is visible for some time before and after rising. We cannot like the sun be of service before we are born, we can be of inspiration after we die.

2996.

The sun sets the example of imparting painted glory to the very clouds that would fain obscure it.

2997.

Let us imitate the sun: which shows its greatest and most pleasing countenance when lowest down.

2998.

The same sunshine which ripens the fruit also withers it.

2999.

Sunshine comes only from one quarter at a time, clouds may come from all quarters at once . . .

3000.

The superfluous is as necessary as the needful; only it can be dispensed with where the other cannot.

3001.

The superior man will ever keep out of sight two things: others' faults, his own merits.

3002.

A mark of superiority: to see the whereabouts of your inferiority.

3003.

Where folk fail to see the superior man it is because they think they see over him.

3004.

Suspicion is seldom on time. It is apt to be either too early or too late. Hence I have no use therefor. I prefer caution instead.

3005.

The swollen arm is not the stronger for its size.

3006.

There are two ways of handling a sword: by the hilt and by the blade.

3007.

Sympathise with the great: it lifts you up to them. Sympathise with the small: it does not drag you down to them.

3008.

Taste appreciates the noble, talent ignores the ignoble.

3009.

Taste may be had without brains, it is tact that must be had with brains.

3010.

Tact deals with others' feelings; taste, with ours.

3011.

For appreciating the work of others, the indispensable thing is sympathy: to estimate aright ours, the needful thing is taste.

3012.

Tact is love improvised.

3013.

Tact is momentary love even for the common; taste is abiding love only for the beautiful.

3014.

Who prides himself upon his talents should be able to show what he had done before his birth to deserve them.

3015.

The very arrangement which keeps the wheel on the track prevents it from service off the track. Misapplied talent is only a wheel off the track.

3016.

Taste is only appreciation of the temporal and local; and hence is ever changeable in its very nature. Tact is kindliness even for the temporal and local, and is changeable only in its application.

3017.

Two great drawbacks to talent: to be so poor as to be dependent; to be so rich as to be independent.

3018.

Talents are a man's guard of honor when he is dead; his prisoner sentinels while he is alive.

3019.

The tall reach higher, and have to—stoop lower.

3020.

Your teacher the shallow man also can be—he needs to know the only next step beyond yours. Your guide must be the profound man—must have gone all the way before you.

3021.

"His defects are only those of temperament!" But temper is part of character.

3022.

"That passage brings tears to my eyes"! And so does the—wind . . .

3023.

To enter any temple we must fall on our knees.

3024.

The temple itself few are able to build, but all are able to furnish its stones.

3025.

Every true temple is like Solomon's reared in silence.

3026.

Against temptation the surest victors are those who run away.

3027.

To go into temptation to find how strong you are is to go before a mirror with closed eyes to find out how you look when asleep.

3028.

From temptation it is easier to get away then to keep away.

3029.

Others' goodness you may behold with joy; your own, only with suspicion.

3030.

The test of a good intention is that you can ask God's blessing upon its becoming a deed; the test of a good deed is that you can thank God for its not having remained a mere intention.

3031.

A searching test: to ask God to deal with you to-day as you dealt with others yesterday.

3032.

The test of greatness of soul is the readiness with which beauties are perceived in what is plain, and blemishes ignored in what is beautiful.

3033.

The test of the highest heroism is the readiness to appear ridiculous to others rather than to yourself.

3034.

The hardest step is over the threshold, and this is what makes it the longest.

3035.

No time is more lost than that spent in hating the errors of others and regreting our own.

3036.

Men divide time by days, weeks, months, years. But there are only two essential divisions of time: the present which is ours, the future which is God's.

3037.

To-day is seldom sane. It is safe from the asylum only when it has become yesterday.

3038.

Of trees give me the evergreen, which dresses the same summer and winter.

3039.

It is the trees on the hilltop that show the prevailing winds.

3040.

Cut the trunk, the branches fall of themselves.

3041.

"We are both branches of the same tree!" But what if you are only a sucker?

3042.

The enduring trunk casts a shadow, the fading leaf gives the shade.

3043.

The troubles of life are like the mountains: imposing enough when looked at or up to, but insignificant enough when looked down from above.

3044.

Two men are not to be fully trusted: who knows not how to command himself, who knows not how to obey others.

3045.

I hear the virtue of unconsciousness of one's own merit praised. But if blindness to my neighbor is no merit, neither is blindness to myself. Not the being conscious of the merit is the vice, but the priding oneself thereon.

3046.

To understand me he need not be my equal; but to misunderstand me he must be my inferior.

3047.

Uniform gentleness of manner is like pure rainwater, and often alas! as insipid.

3048.

Men are never so near being unreasonable themselves as when fighting unreasonableness.

3049.

It is easy to be truthful to liars, loving to haters, noble to the mean, tolerant with the intolerant. Only to be reasonable with the unreasonable— there is the difficulty.

3050.

Even the useless life may become useful by patient endurance of its very uselessness.

3051.

When am I most useful? When like the hassock: got only for a foot-rest, but serving also, if need be, for reaching to the top shelf.

3052.

The greater the vacancy, the swifter the rush of wind to fill it.

3053.

The price of things is easily got, it is their value that is problematic.

3054.

Everything has two values: its eternal which is fixed, and is either priceless or zero; its temporal which fluctuates from zero to pricelessness, the price varying inversely to its value.

3055.

The ear is more discriminating of sound than the eye is of color and size. The voice is thus a better index of the man than his face.

3056.

The making of a vow is a confession of future weakness. The breaking of a vow is a confession of present weakness.

3057.

Want may be easily endured, not so easily the fear of want.

3058.

For rinsing dishes cold water may do; for washing them it must be hot.

3059.

Smoke is a sign of waste of fuel, noise is a sign of waste of power.

3060.

Weakness has two excuses: its own existence, the existence of strength in others wherewith to help.

3961.

Few are cheated by the scales they use; many by the weights they put into them.

3062.

All know that weights are hard to bear for one. Few know that compact weights are carried easier by one than by two.

3063.

The wind extinguishes the match, but fans the flame.

3064.

The wind prostrates the plant, and sows the seed.

3065.

The first windfalls are apt to be wormy.

3066.

The wing on the bird upholds it; off the bird it falls of its own weight.

3067.

The too serious are easily forgiven, not so the too witty.

3068.

Like the astronomer the professional wit also looks at great objects; but with his telescope inverted.

3069.

Wonder has an humble ancestry, but illustrious progeny; it is the daughter of ignorance, the mother of knowledge.

3070.

The greatest value of most work is that for the time it keeps folk busy.

3071.

Who has no pleasure in work will have to make hard work of pleasure.

3072.

All are eager for the kernel, but worth is tested at the breaking of the shell.

3073.

Two well-known but unheeded facts: that anxiety is no baker and produces no loaves; that worry is no tailor, and makes no coats.

3074.

Familiarity with wrong reconciles us to it.

3075.

The fear of doing wrong may keep one from doing wrong. The fear of not doing right will keep one from doing right.

3076.

To be more than half right is still to be altogether wrong. There is no medium between right and wrong any more than between truth and falsehood.

3077.

Better a kind No than a harsh Yes.

3078.

Yes is a whole third longer than No.

XXXI.

CONDUCT.

3079.

The surest way to win a victory is to push on. The surest way to enjoy it is to stop short.

3080.

Make your work as small as you please, only give it broad wings.

3081.

Perfection is the one unattainability we must yet ever strive to attain.

3082.

If censured look to yourself; if praised, look to him.

3083.

To hold sound principles is only the small part of conduct. To use sound judgment in applying them is its great part.

3084.

We should eat and drink below our means, dress according to our means; give beyond our means.

3085.

Always remember to hold up the highest standards in theory, but never forget in practice that a note pitched too high is equally inaudible with one pitched too low.

3086.

As long as in giving light you still burn yourself out, you are only a candle. Be patient, it may yet be thine to be a star . . .

3087.

And so the rule of conduct is to be: the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number for the longest possible time?

My abused, cheated, homeless Indian friend, I will forthwith contribute to at least thy greatest possible happiness for the longest possible time. So here I am—do with me for thy pleasure as thou wilt!

But, alas! I have only one scalp, and it takes only a few seconds to scalp me . . .

The greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number for the longest possible time . . .

3088.

Be gentle! The sea is held in check by a beach of sand as much as by a wall of rock.

3089.

By all means have your way, if you wish to lose your way.

3090.

By all means let well enough alone, only let also ill enough alone.

3091.

By all means strive for the crown; only be ready to wear its thorny rim first.

3092.

Cover your head if you wish not to catch cold; uncover your heart, if you wish to catch heat.

3093.

Do everything fourwise: do it cheerfully, do it zealously, do it thoroughly, do it simply. Cheer makes the task a pleasure, zeal makes it success, thoroughness makes it perfect, simplicity makes it beautiful.

3094.

Fail in everything, only be not a failure yourself.

3095.

For information it is well to read the newest books; for culture, the oldest.

3096.

Forgive all—in justice to him. Forget not quite all—in justice to yourself? No, but in justice to others.

3097.

Has he wronged you? Give him time to forget it by forgetting it yourself.

3098.

Hate not the useless, they are for thee to be useful to.

3099.

Have a pocket for your successes, and keep it tight, lest they issue thence ere long as failures. Have a pocket for your failures, and keep it open, till they issue thence as successes.

3100.

Have patience with the foolish: even to the lot of geese it may befall to save a Capitol.

3101.

Have your holy of holies, but also some high priest to enter it at least once a year.

3102.

Hold strong ideas, but not strongly.

3103.

Humility by all means before your superior, and by all means also before your inferior.

3104.

It is not enough to carry a compass, we must also keep the magnet away.

3105.

Learn from the funnel, which though wide at the inlet, is narrow at the outlet.

3106.

Learn from the river, which when it cannot go through the mountain goes around it.

3107.

Look not for a scorpion under every stone, but look for a viper under every pleasure, even that of giving.

3108.

Make the best of yourself, no one else will. Stand up for yourself, some will soon stand with you. Believe in God for yourself, many will soon believe in you. Deny yourself, a host will soon follow you.

3109.

Never be independent unless you must.

3110.

No master but duty, no servant but thyself, no creed but truth, no enemy but a liar, no family but mankind, no country but the world.

3111.

No one can live without being a debtor; no one should live without being a creditor.

3112.

Not the going through the mire is blameworthy, but the leaving of its dirt on the clothes.

3113.

Of importance is that we believe; of next importance, what we believe.

3114.

Praise only to encourage, blame only to prevent.

3115.

Put on indeed your best clothes on Sunday, but think your best thoughts also on other days.

3116.

Of the tree the roots must be many, the trunk need be only one. With man it is the reverse; the outward deeds may be many, the underlying purpose must be one.

3117.

However good a man, from the moment he considers himself good he ceases to be good.

3118.

The surest way to win men's hearts is by frankness and sincerity, but also the surest way to lose them.

3119.

To make others feel you need only feel yourself. To make others think, you must feel as well as think yourself.

3120.

To please your audience, give them what they know; to instruct it, give them what you know.

3121.

You can do another's work. You cannot perform another's duty.

3122.

To see, open your eyes; to see more, close them.

3123.

To sow you may stand; to reap you must stoop.

3124.

To start the fire you must not mind the smoke.

3125.

The architect builds many houses for others which he never inhabits himself. This is the profession by which he lives. Let it also be ours in which we live.

3126.

To those who hunger now give bread; to those who may hunger later, give only seed.

3127.

Never try to cure a man of his fault till he is ready for it. The time for a funeral is only after a death.

3128.

To yourself give what you need; to your neighbor what you can.

3129.

Strike the iron while 'tis hot; but better still: strike the iron until it is hot.

3130.

Take heed what ye hear, means to shut your ears as well as to open them.

3131.

The furrows are made for us; ours is to put in the seed and cover it.

3132.

Upon our destination we need only keep our eyes. The arrival there is not always in our power; but the proper care of our conveyance during the journey—this is properly our part and in our power.

3133.

Some are slow with their ticket and fare, and wait therewith till the conductor is tried, displeased. Let us so live that when called to pay our last fare, we be not found fumbling, but ready therewith in hand. . . .

3134.

Some there are like the serpent: which, though it drink milk, yet speweth forth poison. God grant us to be like the cloud which though it riseth from the salt water returneth to earth as fresh. . . .

3135.

We should go through the world with one hand empty, ready to take; with the other full, ready to give.

3136.

We should imitate in life what we do in the railway train; look placidly at what is nigh, leaving what is far to come toward us of itself.

3137.

We are put here to do not what we like but what we must. Let us then learn to like what we must.

3138.

Reject no precept as a commonplace as long as its practice is uncommon.

3139.

What was said of you in anger probably misrepresents him—this forget. But it also probably truly represents you—this remember.

3140.

There are two ways of getting your chestnuts open: by pounding them yourself, by waiting for the frost to crack them.

3141.

Sunshine, cultivate sunshine. It turns even a drop of water into a jewel.

3142.

There are no limited partnerships in Ethics. Your guilt, like your capital, may be small or great, but the investment must be all yours. You cannot be half innocent and half guilty at the same time.

3143.

Humility will exalt you only as long as you keep low: like the swing which raises you from the ground only as long as you keep in touch with the ground.

3144.

Who has too much faith in himself may yet succeed; who has too much faith in others will surely fail.

PARALIPOMENA.

XXXII.

3145.

"You cannot guide the multitude without deceiving it," said the wisest of the Greeks. And truly enough, if it is to be guided without commission from above. It is a mark of the divine commission of Moses and of the One greater than Moses that the one did guide God's chosen, visible host, that the Other still guides God's chosen, invisible host—without deceiving . . .

3146.

Man has a body, a soul, and a spirit. The needs of the body were meant to be supplied by nature, and this is the field of true science. The needs of the soul were meant to be supplied by the wisdom of man, and this is the field of true art. The Bible has much of science, and still more of art, but only incidentally. The needs of the spirit were alone meant to be supplied neither by science nor by art, but by a written revelation, and the Bible is this revelation.

3147.

Men are short, not of experience, but of the ability to profit thereby.

3148.

Earthly peace may be obtained by imprisoning our passions; heavenly peace, only by exiling them.

3149.

Earthly tonics leave men feeling better than before. It is a mark of heavenly tonic that it leaves men feeling themselves worse than before..

3150.

With the small their lives are often better than their thoughts. With the great their thoughts are ever better than their lives.

3151.

A man's words should be measured only by the truth that is in them; his deeds, by the spirit that is in him.

3152.

He is great who remains poised when men take note of him; but greater he who still remains poised even though men take no note of him.

3153.

Prometheus chained to the rock is his punishment; the eagle daily plucking at his liver is the merciful distraction therefrom. Who can steal fire from heaven suffers more in being chained to the rock than from a hole in his liver. Of the two I would choose the heartache rather than the toothache, said Heine, in a moment of shallowness.

3154.

Even the wisest are seldom wise in all their own affairs. It is a proof of man's fallen state that a man's wisdom consists chiefly in his ability to note the follies of others.

3155.

The great man is apt to make two serious mistakes: first, in thinking that others are like him; and then in treating them as if they were so unlike him.

3156.

*Dis*like—what is it but merely being *un*like? Mere dislike is therefore hardly ever in itself an evidence of the justice of the feeling, unless one can challenge the Universe to show that one *never* dislikes aught but the mean and ignoble. Personal dislikes, which are so oft palliated with the name of uncongeniality, constitutional antipathy, are oftener a sign of a not wholly healthy individuality; and it is the art of Life to learn to dislike only what is wrong; and to like only the right, whether it be agreeable or not. The fatallest intellectual somersault is to seek for reasons that condemn a thing which would never be sought but for those cherished dislikes. Aesop's Wolf and the Lamb, who tho' drinking down stream, was yet to die because it muddled the waters of the wolf who had been drinking upstream, remains ever a modern as well as an ancient instance. And the same is true of likes—in the reverse direction; but with this difference: Wrong likes seldom harm any but him who indulges therein. Wrong dislike may ruin both him against whom it is harbored as well as him that harbors it.

ADDRESSES, Etc.

I

EMERSON.

1.

Among American men of Letters, Emerson is easily the principal figure; nay rightly understood, he is perhaps the only *American* man of letters. In a recently gotten together series of American Men of Letters, one volume was devoted to a cyclopedia editor, and another to a maker of a dictionary. On such a view of literature some rather notable postman might also some day find his place yet among men of letters. But literature is something more than the handling of a pen, or perchance of a type-writer, for some six hours daily, preceded by a call at the club in the morning, followed by walk on the avenue in the afternoon, and concluded by roast goose and onion in the evening.

2.

Now with the exception of the literature of the anti-slavery days, when the dilettante colors had at last to be wiped off the literary glasses for aye—American men of letters, where they are not mere exchangers of written commodities for dollarish things, are not so much American writers, as cosmopolitan writers. America's great historians, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, make the word "America" in their case a mere geographical expression. America's classic Irving; its singers like Longfellow and Lowell, are no more American than is its philosophy, its science, or what little it hath of culture. They are mostly cosmopolitan,

or rather they are palimpsests: European texts covered with American script. Of the few exceptions to this nigh universal rule, Oliver Wendell Holmes was, for wholesomeness, far too conscious of the physiological fact that men in addition to their weeping apparatus are also endowed with a laughing apparatus. And to appeal solely to the Democritus in man is to descend to the mere amuser. Nay when even the fine-grained Lowell doffs for brief time his Eurpoean dress, and endeavors to don an American garb, he seldom gets further than that pointed cap which in the Middle Ages was worn by those privileged folk, who, under the guise of jest, could afford to tell truth to royal ears without risk of cap and head rolling off together at the block. When even Lowell leaves his European seriousness to become an American humorist, he becomes a piece of American scenery; a kind of Yellowstone Park on the one side, and a strip of bad lands on the other; a Virgilian Pastoral scene on the right, and a twenty-foot Quaker Oat-meal advertisement on the left.

3.

The only other truly American man of literary genius, Nathaniel Hawthorne, was betrayed into accepting fiction as the expression of his art, and has thus spent a life-time in digging for iron with a spade of gold. Emerson, however, is a genuine American, a veritable Yankee. In extravagance of a certain kind, he too indeed is in nowise wanting. But his is not American extravagance, his is not Yankee extravagance. While his literary shortcomings are only those of the human mind, his literary virtues are those of the

Yankee blood. The extra drop of nervous fluid which infused into the Englishman's phlegmatic temper makes the American, becomes in Emerson a nervous battery, and makes his sentences become a series of electric shocks. Emerson is indeed a dozen ancestors rolled into one. He has much of Adam, and not a little of Cain before, and of Noah after the flood. He has a great deal of Plato and Montaigne, and somewhat of Budda and Zoroaster. But he has most of all that in him which makes Eli Whitney restless until he has abbreviated the making of cotton by his gin. He has that in him which makes Fulton restless until he has relegated the two and thirty winds into the bag of Aeolus, there to remain useless because of the use of steam. Emerson has that energy within him which makes the manufacturer restless until he has hitched his wheel to the falls of Niagara; the economist restless until he has transferred the fire of the volcano into his own oven, wherewith to bake his bread. He has that energy within him which makes the Sozodont owner restless until he has announced its merits to every passenger train from the roadside; that restlessness which heaps societies into associations; associations into combinations; and combinations into trusts. Fine-grained souls justly shake their heads at the trusts, and ascribe their rise to the universal hunger for gold. But the evil itself has its root in less ignoble soil; not so much in the universal hunger for gold, as rather in that universal American hunger for the gigantic, which has found expression in Emerson's own right noble phrase, Hitch your wagon to a star.

4.

Accordingly, the first characteristic of Emerson is that though he has not only the eagle's eye, but also the swiftness of his pounce; he has in addition thereto, that balancing practicalness of the American, that saving shrewdness of the Yankee, which keeps him as a man of letters from many a grievous error of his kin. He is caught in Manchester at a banquet of saw-dust-meally kind of folk, and is awaited to open his mouth in public speech. Archibald Allison presides, and unlike Parliamentary Presider, does in nowise keep silent. Cobden is there, Punchman is there, and Dickens makes himself visible by a letter. All these notabilities must, in some way, be taken due note of, when this Pegasus, stalled for once with wingless oxen, has at last to spread his wings, else the proprieties of the notable occasion shall be rudely disturbed. Emerson therefore begins, banquetish enough.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: It is pleasant to me to meet this great and brilliant company, and doubly pleasant to see the faces of so many distinguished persons on this platform. But I have known all these persons already. When I was at home, they were as near to me as they are to you. The arguments of the League and its leader are known to all the friends of free trade. The gayeties and genius, the political, the social, the parietal wit of "Punch" go duly every fortnight to every boy and girl in Boston and New York. Sir, when I came to sea, I found the "History of Europe" (by Archibald Allison) on the ship's cabin table, the property of the captain—a sort of programme, or playbill, to tell the sea-

faring New Englander what he shall find on his landing here. And as for Dombey, sir, there is no land where paper exists to print on, where it is not found; no man who can read that does not read it; and if he cannot, he finds some charitable pair of eyes that can, and hears it."

5.

As one listens to these words, as one reads them on printed page of his collected works, one rubs his eyes in wonder. Is this Emerson, the great Emerson? Ralph Waldo Emerson? Even Homer sometimes nods, but his is not nodding: this is snoring. For with the sole exception of that fine, truly Emersonian phrase—"If he cannot read, he finds some charitable pair of eyes that can, and hears," every word of the speech so far might have well come from the lips of Mr. Chauncey Depew, so proper, so after-dinnerish, so swallow-tail like. "Great and brilliant company;" "So many distinguished persons on this platform;" "Every boy and girl in New York and Boston reading Punch;" "No man that can read that does not read Dombey,"—is this the voice of Jacob? Are not the hands here of Esau? Hath Saul fallen among lying prophets? Pegasus, hast thou too become a stalled ox, or perchance, a fatted, foolish calf? No, Pegasus has not become an ox, stalled or otherwise. In an instant he breaks the shackles of earth; he spreads his wings, and up he soars; for Emerson goes on:

"But these things are not for me to say, these compliments, though true, would better come from one who felt and understood these merits more. I am not here to exchange civilities with you, but

rather to speak of that which I am sure interests these gentlemen more than their own praises; of that which is good in holidays and working days the same in one century and in another century: That which lures a solitary American in the woods with the wish to see England, is the moral peculiarity of the Saxon race, its commanding sense of right and wrong, the love and devotion to that—this is the imperial trait which arms them with the sceptre of the globe," and then goes on with an apotheosis of England which might have well fallen from the lips of Demosthenes himself.

6.

And this shrewd Yankee wit which delivers him so successfully when entrapped into Free Trade Banquet Speech serves him in equally good stead where the affair is more serious even than banquet: And this is the manner in which he is delivered: "Do not tell me," he says, "as a good man did today, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent, I give to such men as do not belong to me, and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them will I go to prison if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots, and the thousandfold Relief Societies—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withold."

7.

Lastly, this shrewd Yankee wit saves him most effectually, not only from the accidental pitfalls which lie in the way of the literary man, but it saves him also from the one pitfall into which all other philosophers have hitherto fallen most successfully. For Emerson is first of all essentially a philosopher, but that which makes philosophers a weariness to ordinary flesh, is in Emerson nearly wholly wanting. The hereness of the there, and the thereness of the here; the thisness of the that, and the thatness of the this; the howness of the why, and the whyness of the how; the beingness of ising, and the isingness of being—these he slyly left to his transcendental companions. Whatever interest he too had in the treeness of the tree, and the thoughtness of the thought; the ideaness of the idea, and the oughtness of the ought; the willness of the shall, and the shallness of the will—the elaboration thereof into verbiage he left to his friend Alcott; and whatever charm the subjectivity of the subject, and the objectivity of the object may have for him, he leaves the discussion thereof to Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Now and then he indeed does fall into the strain of the metaphysician, but he quickly recollects himself. Emerson sometimes nods, but sledom as philosopher. Even in his little volume called *Nature*, where he apparently starts out like a lusty system builder with all the apparatus of cause and effect, and inifnitude, and sublimitude, and wherefore and therefore, and hence and thence—like an uncoupled engine he speedily escapes from his load, and he ends at

last with faring like Saul of eld, the son of Kish; he starts out to seek asses, and lo! he finds a Kingdom!

8.

Out of this shrewd Americanism of Emerson springs his second characteristic; his fragmentariness; his systemlessness; his great virtue of philosophic inconsistency. For a system of philosophy is at best a pyramid upside down: a vast structure built upon a point, hence a little wind blows it down. The great metaphysicians of the ages have ever been a kind of North-Pole-Passage-Seeking Company. No sooner had one bold explorer gone forth with his expedition than another must be sent after him, if not indeed always to bring back his corpse, at least to thaw him out. Franklin has to be followed by Kane: Greeley by Peary; Andree by some one else. So likewise Plato must be followed by Aristotle; Descartes by Spinoza; Locke by Berkeley; Kant by Fichte; Hegel by Schelling. Each system is indeed in its own eyes as unupsettable as the rock of Scylla; but the opposing system is in its own eyes equally unupsettable; as unupsettable as the rock of Charybdis. And the poor seeker after truth among the metaphysicians, caught thus between Scylla and Charybdis, is crushed; crushed indeed now right ideally, and now right materially; now right noumenally, and now right phenomenally; now right transcendentally, and now right experimentally, but crushed he is all the same relentlessly, even though it be done with right exquisite consistency.

9.

It is the great merit of Emerson as a philosopher that he is a philosopher without a system, that he is consistent in his very inconsistency. He had early learned the lesson meant to be conveyed by the placing side by side of the two verses in Proverbs: "Answer not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like unto him. Answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit?"

"The other terror," he says, "is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to dissappoint them. But why should you drag about this monstrous corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself? What then? . . . Trust your emotion. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet when the devout moments of your soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee. A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with pock thread, do. Else, if you would be a man speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon-balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today.

Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood! Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copermicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood."

10.

It is this systemlessness that saves him as a man of letters; that saves him from the usual fate of the systematizing philosophers. A musician without fingers; a painter without hands; a racer without feet quickly loses his artisitc skill; Emerson gains by his very loss. Though he has the mystic outlook of Swedenborg, he has not his illusions: though he has the eagle eye of Napoleon, he has not his brutality; though he has the poise of Goethe, he has not his frivolity. He is an American; but a Yankee American; he is a Puritan; but a 19th century Puritan; he is a Christless Plato, but a Plato rolled out into an American Benjamin Franklin.

11.

Out of this systemlessness, out of this fragmentariness springs Emerson's third characteristic: his well-nigh matchless economy of artistic expression. Emerson has indeed, a most numerous artistic ancestry, and I have already stated that he is a dozen ancestors rolled into one. But what he has least of all in him is the Frenchman. And yet, in spite of this, his most unFrench Americanism, no one, in the whole range of letters, has more of the economic French housewife in him

than Emerson; nay, with the sole exception of Turgenef no one has perhaps even scarcely as much. No housewife can make the leavings of today's dinner go so far towards tomorrow's breakfast as the French-woman. And so Emerson knows how to gather up even the minutest filings of words into most powerful magnets by the sheer charge through them of his own nervous fluid. Accordingly in the power of expression, concentrated expression, which indeed is alone worthy of the name of literary art, Emerson stands unsurpassed.

12.

When at his best he is not content until his paragraph has been compressed into a period; the period into a sentence; the sentence into a phrase; the phrase into an expression; the expression into a word; the word into a syllable; the syllable into a letter; the letter into an apostrophe. Emerson is not content until he sees the three words "in spite of" reduced into the one word "maugre," and he rests not until he cramps the four letters of the two words *it is* by means of the apostrophe into the three letters of the one word 'tis. Critical folk, who are rather slow to find beauties where beauties are, but swift to find blemishes where blemishes are not, have condemned Emerson's "maugre" and "'tis" as affectatious, as pedantic. But for whate'er else Emerson may justly incur censure, for pedantry and affectation he cannot be censured. He is at times archaic, but not pedantic; he is sometimes stiff, but never affected. These concentrated expressions are as much part of Emerson as his matchless saying, matchless in its intense com-

pression. "Commit a crime, and the world is made of glass." This passion for concentration takes him at times to the verge of obscurity even for those happy sons of Adam to whom Browning is an ever-open book. But this because he is essentially a great literary artist, filled herein with the spirit of Him that commandeth after feeding the five thousand that the broken pieces be gathered up lest aught be wasted.

13.

Emerson has come herein right close to the heart of the great God who numbereth even the hairs of our head as well as the sands of the shore; who weigheth the hills in the balance, and the dust in the scales. Emerson has herein come nigh to the method of him who hath said, Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment, for by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned. Emerson is thus a literary Economist of the highest order. This has indeed the disadvantage of being enjoyable, not to say acceptable, only to the few; but these few are of the class of whom Aesop's lioness spake, when chided for bringing forth only one offspring: "One, but a—lion."

14.

Emerson is a match which does not yield its fire unless rubbed; and rubbed not so much against the coarse sandpaper as against the smooth velvet. But the human kind of these two centuries is not given to the slow process of striking matches by rubbing. It prefers to get the light by pressing a button instead; and Emerson is not

an easily touched, pressible button, Emerson remains, as he ever was, the infinitely repelling particle.

15.

Emerson is to a thought what the spider is to its victim. As the spider fastens itself upon the fly and sucks and sucks thereat until all that is left thereof is a mere shell, so Emerson fastens himself upon a thought and presses and squeezes and sucks thereat until he hath exhausted it to dryness.

16.

And thus we arrive at Emerson's fourth characteristic, his greatest characteristic, that he is primarily an aphorist, not only a thinker, but a sayer of thoughts, and among these only Pascal can be placed worthily by his side. He had indeed fed much on Montaigne, and the legitimate successors of Montaigne in France are Rochefoucault, La Bruyere, Joubert, Vauvenargues. But giants though these be in their field, Emerson is among them a Goliath. Dame Partington with her broom sweeping at the Atlantic gives but a faint impression of the difference in power betwixt these and Emerson. "Language," he says, "is fossil poetry." "Give me health and a day," he cries, "and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." His genius is most at home as a maker of phrases, and in striking sentences like these he is unsurpassed, and in volume perhaps unapproached. On reading him you feel as if you had laid hold of Humbolt's South American eel, with consequent series of electric shocks: "Set a hedge here," he says; "set oaks there,

trees behind trees; above all, set overgreens, for they will keep a secret all the year round." "No man is fit for society who has fine traits. At a distance he is admired, but bring him hand to hand, he is a cripple." "We pray to be conventional. But the wary heaven takes care you shall not be if there is anything good in you. Dante was very bad company, and was never invited to dinner. Michael Angelo had a sad, sour time of it." "We sit and muse and are serene and complete, but the moment we meet with anybody each becomes a fraction." "Society we must have, but let it be society, and not exchanging news, or eating from the same dish. Is it society to sit in one of your chairs? I cannot go to the house of my nearest relatives because I do not wish to be alone." "I find out in an instant if my companion does not want me, and ropes cannot hold me when my welcome is gone." "Assort your party or invite none. Put Stubbs and Coleridge, Quintilian and Aunt Miriam, into pairs and you make them wretched. 'Tis an extempore Sing-Sing built in a parlor. Leave them to seek their own mates, and they will be merry as sparrows." "All conversation is a magnetic experiment. I know that my friend can talk eloquently; you know that he cannot articulate a sentence: we have seen him in different company." These seven sayings are all from one single essay out of his hundred.

17.

Emerson is thus an aphorist, and an aphorist of the highest order. I will go further and say that in so far that he has literary life at all, it is

because of his aphorisms, rather than because of the Emersonism so dear to his admirers.

18.

Emerson is false, and will have to go as all falsehood has to go. But while Shakespeare without his playableness is no more Shakespeare, since his dramatic garb is as inseparable from the man as the coat in the fable which comes off only with the flesh—while Goethe without his singableness is no more Goethe, but a George Eliot in speech, and grandpa'ish Novalis in thought; while Carlyle without his groan becomes a kind of Benjamin Franklin whistle, Emerson is at his best when stripped of all his Emersonism. He is an eagle from whom each master in the various fields of life can pluck a feather. The metaphysician can show flaws in his philosophy, and out comes the philosophic feather. The historian finds a hole in his theory of history, and out comes the historic feather. The scientist has a right lusty pull at his doctrine that a horse is but a running man, a tree but a rooted man, and out comes the scientific feather; lastly the Christian jerks most relentlessly at his whole theory of life, and out come wing feathers, breast feathers, head feathers, and divers other feathers. And in the end we behold him lying before us all plucked, a plucked eagle. But while ordinary eagles when plucked, are not readily distinguishable from plucked geese, it is Emerson's singular fortune that he is then most his literary self, when deprived of all that makes him great in the sight of his disciples. For Emerson is only then truly found, when he is first wholly lost.

19.

After listening to the ravishing playing of Paganini on his violin, Heine complimented the artist for his marvellous performance. "But I pray you, tell me," asked the disappointed violinist, "how did you like my bows to the audience?" And even of Napoleon it is reported that he was more concerned with the opinion folk had of the shape and tinge of his hands than of the art with which he fought his battles. Some such misrelation seemed also to exist between Emerson's true art and what he had accepted as his true vocation in life. For not in fragmentary discourse alone was Emerson master. I have already spoken of his words at Manchester banquet, that as an orator even the strain of Demosthenes is not wanting to him. His letters to Carlyle, the narrative portion of his "English Traits" show clearly that even in continuous discourse he can be a lion among beasts, a whale among fish, a sun among planets. But Emerson has not only renounced continuous discourse where he would be a cloudless sun, he has breathed over his aphorisms vapors so foreign to them that the artist becomes a beclouded moon.

20.

For it is the last and chief characteristic of Emerson that he is not only a protestor against the falsehoods of Christendom, but he is also a teacher against the truth of Christianity, and here he has fared like all those who have gone before him, be they emperor, be they scientist, be they literary man. Not a century, scarcely a decade, has indeed passed but a right vigorous

canonade of all manner of artillery has been directed against that Gibraltar of the ages, the cross of Christ. But the powder has proved to be only that for firecrackers, and the shot has proved to be only peas; and while the glare has indeed been at times rather brilliant, and the rattle rather loud, Gibraltar still stands, and like a granite cube, however often overturned, the cross of Christ is ever found right side up.

For Christianity has indeed enjoined upon men to hold fast that which is good; but it has also enjoined upon men to prove not some things, but all things. Christianity has indeed enjoined upon men to be filled with the spirit of God, but it hath also enjoined upon men to try the spirits whether they be of God. Christianity has indeed enjoined upon men to contend earnestly for the faith once for all delivered unto the saints, but it has also enjoined upon men to be ready to give unto every one that asketh a reason for the faith that is in them. Christianity does indeed command the disciple to walk in the full assurance of the blessed hope, but it also commands the disciple to examine himself whether he be in the faith. Christianity is thus a scientific religion, with constant exhortation to apply thereto the scientific methods, with constant appeal to the law of evidence, upon which modern science professeth so much to repose.

22.

But while Christianity is thus scientific, and never asks man to accept aught but what can be proved, Christendom has adopted a method far other than scientific. As it holdeth no longer fast

to that which is good, it can no more prove all things whether they be good. As it is no longer filled with the Spirit of God, it can no longer try the spirits whether they be of God. As it contends no longer earnestly for the faith once for all delivered unto the saints, it can give no longer a reason to every one that asketh for the faith that is therein. As it no longer walks in the assurance of the blessed hope of the return of the absent Lord, it can no longer examine itself whether it be in the faith. Christendom has thus substituted the traditions of men for the word of God; authority for experience; conformity for conviction. And against this unscientific, unchristian method of Christendom it is that Emerson felt called upon to enter his protest with the strength of a Samson, with the voice of a Stentor.

23.

And had Emerson been content to pause here, my task would here be done. But Emerson has not been content to pause here. The true protestor became a false teacher; to a false authority he opposes an equally false self-reliance. And this non-conformity, this self-reliance forms accordingly the warp and woof of Emerson's being. It is the burden of his song, the strain of his various themes..

24.

The key note to Emerson's message unto man is Self-Reliance. Look only to thyself, for thou art God. This doctrine of Self-Reliance is not so very new, as his worshippers would fain make men believe. It was in nowise born with Emerson; was old already some centuries before him.

Francis Bacon—who had openly confessed as his Lord the same Christ whom Emerson patronizes as a merely misunderstood fellow-seer in the realm of Self-Reliance—had already talked in a similar strain. The stoics had already said this much, even before Bacon, and a certain Babylonian King, Nebuchadnezzar by name, had even become quite exalted in his own sight as an ample piece of Self-Reliance. And long before even Nebuchadnezzar, a certain dame, Miriam by name, had been a rather eloquential exponent of Emersonian doctrine; "Hath the Lord spoken to Moses only?" Nay, if we go to the bottom of the matter, we find the enunciation of Emerson's doctrine of Self-Reliance as far back as in Paradise itself: "If ye, O Adam and Eve, only disobey God—ye shall be yourselves as God!"

25.

But who shall say that it was not this tampering with the truth of Christ that made the otherwise pious Bacon a corrupt judge? Nebuchadnezzar had to eat grass like an ox ere he could be healed of his delusion; and Miriam had to become a leper ere she could be healed of hers. And in paradise our parents became indeed like Gods, but with the rather sad result of making Emerson indispensable henceforth to all who like him become self-uplifted Gods

26.

As the whole law and the prophets hang upon the two commandments Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy mind, and all thy strength,

and, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, so the whole dozen volumes of Emerson revolve round these two foci; Conform to none, on the one hand—to none, not even to Christ; trust thyself, on the other, whosoever thou art, if even a gosling, since thou too, O man, art God. And this, his anti-christian teaching at once suffuses a glow of consistency through every page of this master of inconsistency. The philosopher quarrels with Emerson for his inconsistency; the scientist quarrels with him for his oracular positiveness, his orphicity. But having along with Christendom rejected Christianity, having with the water of the bath thrown away also the child it contained; having thus cut himself off from what alone makes life consistent; from what alone brings order into chaos, even the cross of Christ, Emerson could become consistent only as a apostle of inconsistency. But he is inconsistent solely because having espied the true evil, he offers the false remedy. In like manner he is oracular because having once rejected the Christ who is alone The Truth, it was part of true wisdom not to pause midway, but to go to the end; and to oppose to every Thus Saith the Lord, an equally positive Thus Saith Emersonian Ralph Waldo.

27.

In his singularly inadequate paper on Emerson, Matthew Arnold complains of him, that though he belongs to those who are helpers in the Spirit, he must deny him a place among the great writers, because he lacks texture; because he lacks uniform greatness of style. And it must be confessed

that the charge, as thus stated, is just enough. Abounding as he is in noble paragraphs and brave sentences, Emerson does indeed lack uniform texture. He abounds in pages that are half true, quarter-true, not at all true. He abounds in pages of which the sense cannot be got through the grammar, the meaning hardly even through the dictionary. So that logical head of New England Bar can only exclaim with right royal disdain: "*I* don't read Emerson, my girls do." Requested once to explain a passage, he frankly owns that he must have known its meaning once, but in nowise now. But surely, Matthew Arnold, who could deal so justly with Joubert, would not thus have been misled by Emerson's style had he once understood that the literary Emerson is not to be judged as a writer of continuous discourse, but rather the man Emerson, the enemy of the Cross; that the literary Emerson was a writer of detached thoughts, a gigantic Joubert, just as Jupiter though like the earth only a planet, is still a gigantic earth. But as mere aphorist Emerson could not overthrow the cross of Christ by hurling epigrams against it, just as the Capitol at Washington cannot be exploded by a mere bundle of matches. Of dynamite for granite palace there is indeed abundance enough, but dynamite for exploding the Cross, there is none to be had in the market at any quotation. Accordingly in default of dynamite, Emerson has to take to rags wherewith to feed the fire of his beautiful matches. Rags, however, instead of burning themselves, put out the matches instead, with net result of a logical Judge vociferating "I don't read Emerson, my girls do!"

28.

For by a grim kind of divine irony, this anti-christianity of Emerson becomes a veritable Waterloo to that marvellous literary art of his. As Walter Scott met his Waterloo in his Life of Napoleon; as Matthew Arnold has met his Waterloo in his essays on Emerson and Shelley, so Emerson himself has met his Waterloo in his doctrine of Self-Reliance. For his false system of Self-Reliance must be supported by the still falser doctrine that man is God. And the theory that man is God must be upheld even though the right lovely babes of aphorisms have to be suffocated under a heap of philosophic verbiage. To give plausibility to the theory, the picture must be given a frame; the jewel must be given a casket; the casket crushes the jewel, the setting shears the gem of its beams. The numerous discourses in which Emerson's precious sentences are well-nigh hopelessly entombed form a kind of Barbarossa armor to them: instead of protecting, they drag down. The very setting in which his gems are encased, that which is most trusted to float his treasure, sinks them; the setting to his maxims has proved a life preserver wrongly put on. Instead of keeping the head out of the water, it sends up the feet instead. Emerson's literary art is thus a child in the hands of a tender but incompetent nurse; suffocated by its very wrappage. And the treatment Christianity received at the hands of Emerson is likely to be his own at the hands of his future readers: the child is like to be thrown away with the water in which it was bathed.

29.

This it is that poor Matthew Arnold is so hopelessly struggling to put into speech about Emerson. He had rummaged through all the pigeon-holes of literature and found no place for Emerson, just as Noah's dove finds no place for the sole of her feet. He goes among the poets and finds no place for Emerson here. He goes among the philosophers, and finds no room for him there. He goes among the great writers, and lo! here also, he cannot stow away this elephant of a Ralph Waldo. In despair he at last patches him on to the imperial purple of Rome; coupling thus the steam-engine to the truckman's dray-beast. Matthew Arnold, not beholding in Emerson the matchless aphorist could only fumble about with his criticism, but his instinct was wiser than his canon, and his condemnation of Emerson's texture, however ill-motived, was nevertheless abidingly just.

30.

But however right Arnold be in the condemnation of Emerson's style, the vice lies not in his maxims, nor in his aphorisms but solely in his consecutive discourse in the clothing of his maxims in the wrappage of his aphorisms. When, for example, he says: "This life of ours is stuck round with Egypt, Greece, Gaul, England, War, Colonization, Church, Court, Commerce, as with so many flowers and wild ornaments grave and gay," he utters not only a profound saying, an admirable thought; he utters even a painted image, feasting the soul not only with a truth,

but with a picturesque truth: offering not only a thought to the mind, but a bouquet to the imagination. But apart from even this sentence suffering somewhat from more than needless share of evening trail to the reception gown, he introduces this otherwise admirable sentence with the remark that time dissipates into shining ether the solid angularities of facts. Well, a fact that has angles and solid angles suggests a table; and while it is indeed rather difficult to behold a table dissipated, and dissipated into ether, and into shining ether, and all this done by time—yet the love which covereth all things could well cover this also, all the more so in Ralph Waldo Emerson. But he follows his saying about this life of ours being stuck round, with these words: "I will not make more account of them: (Egypt, Greece, Gaul, etc). I believe in eternity. I can find Greece, Palestine, Italy, Spain, and the Islands— the genius and creative principle of each in my own mind;" and forthwith he opens the Pandora box for all manner of legitimate offspring of such Self-Reliance: forthwith he opens the Pandora box for the American youth in the village crying to Elisha: "Go up, go up, thou baldhead;" he opens the Pandora box for the anarchist in the city, who objects to the comb and brush of the law as well as to the comb and the brush of the hair; he opens the Pandora box for that godless self-sufficiency upon which the sacred writer passes such terrible sentence with the words: In those days there was no King in Israel; every one did what was right in his own eyes."

31.

And as in his essay on Self-Reliance he lays the foundation for Anarchy, so in his essay on Compensation, he lays foundation for that Christian Science which is neither Christian nor scientific, just as the numerous New England strawberry hills are distinguished chiefly for having no strawberries and for being no hills. "Existence," he says, "or God, is not a relation or a part but the whole. Being"—and here for once the shrewd Ralph Waldo Emerson fails to escape the hereness of the there, and the thereness of the here; the isingness of being and beingness of ising—"Being" he says, "is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts and times, within itself. Nature, truth virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence of departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great night or shade on which as a background the living universe paints itself forth; but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot work, for it is not. It cannot work any good, it cannot work any harm." On which unintelligible passage the only intelligible commentary is that heroic treatment which requires the patient to sit in silence at one dollar an hour, and to meditate on the unreality of toothache at $10.00 a course.

32.

And hardly an essay of his but contains some such winged insect with the head indeed of harmless locust, but with the sting in its tail, with ultimate torment to those that come nigh them, with ultimate destruction to those that flee not from hem.

33.

Emerson was an optimist, and much of his power over men he owes to this optimism of his; to this cube-like unupsettiblity of his at the sight of the ills of men. But his was a most eupeptic digestive apparatus; the aches of the heart, the sorrows of the soul, the pains of the flesh—he knew them not. Friends had not forsaken him, malice had not o'ertaken him. It is easy to be an optimist when one floats in the rotundity of his own fat, when oysters give not the colic, and mince pie gives not the nightmare. But the universe takes on far other appearance to man when the extra ounce of bread lies upon his breast as a Kosmos upon the shoulders of Atlas; when a lone cup of tea at eventide lengthens out the wakeful night into another day. To be an optimist *then*, it is no longer Emersonian self-reliance that suffices here, but wholly un-Emersonian God-reliance.

34.

Thus it comes to pass that Emerson to do battle with Christianity was obliged to furnish his shafts with a beam; but the clumsiness of the beam deflects the shaft downward, instead of forward, and the weapon turned out of its way at last falls ignominiously to the ground, piercing nothing but the sand.

35.

The great vice of Emerson's teaching then, his Self-Reliance on the one hand, and his divinity of man on the other. But the human heart is right prone to listen to this siren song of the native divinity of man.

36.

The small man makes a God out of only one man—himself; the great man makes all men God: the one is the small heathen, the other is the great pagan. Now Emerson sails out as the great pagan, but lands (and this in spite of himself) with the small heathen: self-uplifted, self-centered. That he does not sink with Whitman to the self-occupied he owes not to his philosophy, but to the seven generations of the blood of the Lamb flowing in his veins. Man is not God, not even a god: he is a worm, and worse than a worm; the worm made to crawl has never attempted to strut; man being given eyes wherewith to see God above him, puts them out; and then professes to see Him even while only groping after Him. The worm has never rebelled against God, man has. In a world without a Christ Emerson is a magnificent ladder; takes straight up to the peak, only to find it ice-clad. And if perchance the benumbed mountaineer bestirs himself, and attempts to return, lo, the rungs have disappeared; and what is left is an icy peak, two parrallel poles, and a benumbed man . . . And that the benumbed man, perishing thus on the peak, is at last rescued is due solely to another ladder, a Jacob's ladder, upon which angels descend and ascend. For the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which is *lost*, lost even on Emersonian peaks.

37.

I need not know how kind-hearted a man Emerson was: seven generations of honest gospel blood cannot be drawn off all at once even in

transcendental pails, and his heart was wiser than the philosophic infinitely repelling particle of his own description. Men are always better than their creed, though seldom as good as their religion. But loving though Emerson surely was, Emersonism has not been loving, any more than Stoicism is loving, any more than *any* self-sufficiency can be loving; and—*Who loveth not abideth in death*. Singularly barren has been Emerson's teaching. Where Tolstoy is an ox, with narrow range, but patiently serving; where Arnold is a swan, with equally limited range, but gracefully floating; where Ruskin is a lion, ranging wide, and Carlyle is a whale, diving deep, Emerson is an eagle, soaring high. But beside the thrashing whalishness of Carlyle Emerson is a gentle dove. Yet whalish Carlyle leaves behind him a Ruskin and Froude, the gentle Emerson leaves behind him a handful of telescopic moons — eclipsed. The transcendental movement—who is not reminded here of those western roads which begin so magnificently as boulevards, and end a few miles off as squirrel tracks? It has even had its historian, but like Roman civilization it was decayed before it was ripe, and it has all been carted off into a kind of ignominious valley of Hinnom; movement, association, satellites, historian, and all.

38.

All that is left of the commotion is Emerson himself, a lone eagle on the bare crag. He had hatched what were to be eaglets; and they only proved ducklings, which took to the water at the first opportunity, and there he is alone . .

And yet but for the divine veto, thou didst deserve better things, thou and thy satellites, O Ralph Waldo! for among them were of the salt of the earth; if only they had been boiled out from sea water into the rock salt.

39.

With all his whalishness Carlyle was a hungry, and therefore loving heart. Emerson could not have written Past and Present, Fors Clavigera, What to Do. Past and Present is not Carlyle, it is the cry of the human heart through Carlyle. Fors Clavigera is not Ruskin, it is the woe of the human heart through Ruskin. What to Do is not Tolstoy, it is the protest of the human heart through Tolstoy. But the cry, the woe, the protest, Emerson did not utter, could not utter, because the woe was not in him at all, the protest got no farther than his head, the cry went not beyond his chamber. Emerson's home was on Mount Olympus, but from that mount Zeus came down only to seek a concubine; from another mount comes down another God to go to the cross for those who spit in his face. This is *Love*, and love is a gift directly from above, whereas even genius may be loaned from beneath. A man can indeed receive nothing except it be given him from above. But "To thee will I give all this authority and the glory of them, *for it hath been delivered unto me*, and unto whomsoever I will I give it." Love and Truth alone have not been delivered unto Satan to give unto men, for a liar is he, and a murderer from the beginning. And that priceless gift of love is withholden above all from the self-sufficient.

Man is sick, and a wise physician has been sent unto him, but they that are whole need him not. Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tolstoy were given that love, because they had not barricaded themselves with a philosophy of Self-Reliance. Long-suffering and patient is our God with the sons of men. Seeing that they are but flesh, his Spirit doth not strive with them for aye; and he witnesseth the spitting upon even his well-beloved son, without hurling down instant wrath. But the one thing he will not pass over is the sight of a worm of a man shaking as it were his red cloth in the face of heaven, and shouting from on tiptoe, I too am God! Isaiah, on the eve of his embassage for King of kings, and Lord of lords, is permitted a glimpse of the glory of God; forthwith he cries: "Woe is me, I am undone, for I am a man of unclean lips, and dwell in the midst of an unclean people." And thou, O Ralph Waldo art—really God? Job, of whom it is witnessed by the Spirit that he was *perfect*, has too, like Emerson, an experience, but only to cry out at the end thereof: "I have heard of thee with the hearing of mine ear; but now that mine eye seeth thee, *I am vile and repent in dust and ashes*." And thou, O Ralph Waldo, art really—God? Daniel, the well-beloved in heaven, no sooner doth he ope his mouth in prayer, than forthwith is Gabriel caused to fly swiftly to bring cheer to his troubled heart. The prayer of a righteous man availeth *much* in its working. But this Daniel, at whose prayers the very angels have to fly, humbleth himself before his God for one and twenty days; and the burden of this faultless Daniel is: O Lord, righteousness belongeth

unto thee, but unto us confusion of face." And thou, O Ralph Waldo, art really—God? Lastly, the well-beloved Son himself, when as mere man he is addressed as Good Master, giveth answer: "Call no man good: One is good, God." And thou, O Ralph Waldo, art verily Go(o)d? Not so; far other is the language of the truly godly soul: "I am poor and needy, *I am a worm, and not a man.*" The soul that spake thus had tasted God, and shall we, wormlings that we are, speak otherwise in the presence of *God*?

40.

Channing's Dignity of Man has in Emerson become the Divinity of Man, and with all such the Lord God, who is a jealous God, hath a stern controversy. And instant was his judgment. Thou shalt have the gift of Midas, and whatsoever thou touchest shall turn into gold, but bread O, Ralph Waldo, it shall in nowise be.

41.

And out of his own mouth was he judged, this son of earth. In a deeper sense than meant by himself he was to remain for aye and infinitely repelling particle. The pagan imagination could devise no severer affliction than Prometheus at his rock and Sisyphus with his stone. Emerson, falling into the hands of Christian's God, was graciously allowed only to journey in a parabolic curve; ever approaching God, never reaching him.

II

TOLSTOY.

I

By the banks of the River Nyeman, which divides Russia from Germany, man stands forth like an imperial eagle; the body is indeed single, but the head is double; and of these two heads one is turned toward the West whither hath been flowing for ages the sinking wisdom of the past; the other is turned toward the East, whither is bound to flow the rising wisdom of the future. Accordingly, where Germany hath hitherto travelled to England, and Italy to France, and these in their turn across the Atlantic, Russia has turned Eastward, to Asia; not to pause in its journey onward until it hath met once more the parted stream across the Pacific. The River Nyeman is thus a kind of modern Peleg, of whom we are told that in his days was the earth divided; and at the extreme ends of modern civilization thus stand its two youngest political powers: Russia at the one end, America at the other; the one a head without a body; the other a body without a head; where the one is a head of gold with feet of clay, the other is feet of gold with head of clay. Russia is thus the strongest type of autocracy, America the strongest type of democracy; and the two countries are thus each at the end of the one chain of mankind; but while America began in the spirit and ended in the flesh—while the

flower of American civilization which began in the ever God-acknowledging puritanism, is self-reliant, man-uplifted, Christ-denying Ralph Waldo Emerson—Russia, which began in the flesh, is like to end in the spirit, and the flower of its civilization, which begins with the heaven-defying French encyclopædists, ends in Leo Tolstoy, who, while beginning indeed likewise with dethroning the Father, ends with something only short of abasing himself before the Son.

2

Emerson and Tolstoy are thus the two extreme peaks in the mountain-chain of mankind, while between them rise as connecting range, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold; and as such peaks they overlook not only America and Russia, but also whatsoever lieth between. Just as Emerson is more than an American, so is Tolstoy more than a Russian. Carlyle indeed is also not wholly British; Ruskin indeed is also not wholly English; and Arnold indeed is also not wholly insular. Carlyle besides being a Britisher, has indeed much of the German in him; Ruskin besides being an Englishman, has indeed much of the Italian in him; and Arnold besides being an islander, has indeed much of the Frenchman in him. But from the Germans Carlyle has taken chiefly only his elephantine clumsiness, his sauerkraut heaviness; from the Frenchman Arnold has taken mostly only the brilliant sparkle of his wine; while from the Italian Ruskin takes often indeed his sunniness, but he takes also along with it the fine hand of the Italian with the Italian's cold steel therein. None of these, however, are yet wholly cosmo-

politan. Emerson and Tolstoy, are alone of the five men before us truly cosmopolitan; and as Emerson is the fruit not only of many climes but also of many ages, so is Tolstoy the voice not only of many lands but also of many centuries. But while the chief characteristic of the most cosmopolitan of Americans is that he is Yankee of Yankees, it is the chief characteristic of this most Russian of Russians that he is most cosmopolitan of cosmopolitans.

3.

For the first characteristic of the Russian is: that where the German is first of all a German man, and the Englishman an English man; where the Frenchman is first of all a French man, and the American an American man; where, with these, in short, geography is first and mankind last, and duties are determined more by the map than by the commandment of God, the Russian is first of all a man, and a Russian only afterwards; with him mankind is first and geography last; his text-book of duties is made up more of equity and rectitude, than from longitude and latitude. Hence Russia, though it hath indeed a right rich literature, hath as yet no national literature; though it hath a right translatable literature, it hath as yet no original literature. Hence, where an Englishman learns a foreign tongue chiefly in order the better to travel; where a German studies a foreign tongue chiefly in order the better to understand comparative grammar; where an American learns a foreign tongue, if not indeed always the better to sell his locomotives and pills, at least the better

to translate the latest foreign sensation; the Russian—such is his native sympathy with man that the acquisition of foreign tongues is to him almost a kind of natural gift. Where the feud betwixt Englishman and Irishman has been carried on for decades; where the bitterness betwixt German and Frenchman has been fomented for centuries; the Russian, even though he has warred for years against the Pole, the Swede, or the Tartar, has no ill-will toward these. Whatever sorrows the numerous foreign nationalities had to endure on Russian soil have ever been due to the hands of the government, never to the hearts of the people. Accordingly, where in Germany and France the Jew is despised because of his race; where in America the negro is shunned because of his color, and the Irishman is patronized only because of his vote; in Russia the only one that reminds Alexander Pushkin of his negro blood is the poet himself; and the only man that reminds Obrutshef of his Irish descent is the general himself; and if, perchance, the Russian takes at last to the mobbing of the Jews, it is not as in Europe because of their race; it is rather because he is incited thereto by their usury-bled victims on the one hand, and by priestly or revolutionary zealots on the other. Accordingly, where the Frenchman studies the religion of Christ to find therein a basis for a new system of society; where the German studies the religion of Christ to find therein a basis for a new system of metaphysics; where the Englishman studies the religion of Christ to find therein the basis for a new system of theology; lastly, where the American studies the religion of Christ

to find therein the basis for a new denomination; Tolstoy, the Russian, studies the religion of Christ first of all to find therein a basis on which to live the better himself, from which the better to help his fellow man. Accordingly, where Emerson's remedy for the ills of men is self-reliance; where Carlyle's remedy for the ills of men is occupation in self-drowning work; where Arnold's remedy for the ills of men is culture; where Ruskin's remedy for the ills of men is reorganization of the machinery of life—all these, however, providing no further than for the comfort of self; Tolstoy's remedy for the ills of men is not that which hath its centre in self, but rather that love of his kind, which ever hath its centre in aught beyond self.

4.

And as Tolstoy's first characteristic is thus his Russian universality, so his second characteristic is no less Russian. For Tolstoy's is that Russian intensity, which as it fears nothing, also yields to nothing, and likewise shrinks from nothing; for the Russian is nothing if not intense. When he loves, he loves with all his heart; when he adores, he adores with all his soul; when he submits, he submits with all his being; when he rebels, he rebels with all his force. Now Christianity expects from its followers their utmost devotion; Christ exacts from His disciples their intensest trust. He, too, like Shylock, exacts from His follower the pound of flesh even to the thousandth part of an ounce, and He will be put off with nothing short of total self-surrender. Father, mother, brother, sister, houses, wives, lands, are to be laid on the altar of their Lord

as relentlessly as Isaac was laid at the hands of his father. All these are to be as naught when compared with the devotion of Christian unto his Master. "If any would follow after me let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me," is the condition of discipleship from the lips of the Master Himself. "Think not," He says, "that I came to bring peace on earth. I came not to bring peace, but a sword; for I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; and a man's foes shall be they of his own household. Who loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and who loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me; and who doth not take his cross and follow after me is not worthy of me." Accordingly when a Russian of Russians like Tolstoy finds in the words of Christ the words of life—where the German pauses to investigate whether they be of Christ, where the American pauses to consider whether they be practical—Tolstoy pauses for nothing; he lays hold of them with the passionateness of a mother for her babe, with the devotion of a lover for his maiden, with the tenderness of a father for his absent child. He contends therefor with the zeal of a partisan during a campaign; he clings thereto with the pertinacity of a politician to his office. Of obstacles there is indeed abundance enough here for this man Tolstoy; but lions in the the way, serpents in the path, mountains in the road, they are naught to him. The lions he is ready to pass by as if they were chained, the serpent he is ready to

pass over as if it were fangless, the mountain he is ready to pass through as if it were about to be sunk in the sea. And great as the outward difficulties be, the inward hindrances are in no wise few. His dame of a wife is indeed in the new life but little of a help-mate, rather much of a hinder-mate. Of the fruit of his loins all indeed honor the mother, not all honor the father. Youth hath fled, middle age is gone; gray his hair, lone his path; his friends few, the mockers many. Yet, he goeth onward, this man Tolstoy, on his chosen path, with the heart of a lion, with his face as of flint. Such is the intensity of this man Tolstoy!

5.

Out of this hurricane-like intensity springs Tolstoy's third Russian characteristic, his relentless consistency. When the Emperor Nicholas I. learned that the location for the railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow was being influenced by bribes, he took a ruler, drew therewith a straight line between the two capitals of his empire, and said to his Minister of Public Works: "I wish the road to be built *so*." And the road *was* built *so*, even though large cities be left miles from the road. The railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow is thus a monument of Russian consistency as well as of Russian method. And of such consistency Tolstoy is the most fearless exponent. Thus, William Lloyd Garrison and Ralph Waldo Emerson in America, and John Ruskin in England, have each, in their warfare with the darkness and confusion about them, had to contend with some of the very difficulties with which Tolstoy has to contend.

Thus Garrison was like Tolstoy, also a non-resistant. Emerson was like Tolstoy, also a determined foe of all manner of conformities to a dead past. And Ruskin like Tolstoy, also thinks the taking of interest upon loans a right deadly sin. But with all his non-resistance Garrison could still applaud a John Brown; with all his denial of the cross, Emerson can still attend church, and bow his head at prayers in the name of Jesus; with all his stern words against interest, Ruskin can still draw with ease his five per cent. Garrison doeth indeed violence to his convictions right impulsively; Emerson doeth violence to his convictions right thoughtfully, and Ruskin doeth violence to his convictions right conscientiously. All, however, do here violence to themselves; all are here equally inconsistent; all here, instead of remaining single-eyed, become double-eyed. Not so Tolstoy. Once he beholdeth what is to him the truth, and he swerveth neither to the right, nor to the left; though scorners scorn, and mockers mock; though friends forsake, and foes attack. America's right popular novelist comes, like Tolstoy, also to the conclusion that for him at least writing dollarish novels is no longer fit occupation; but American novelist, like Moses of old, looketh about first to the right, and then to the left; he putteth his ear to the ground, and lo, from across the Indiana prairie he heareth from the Lilliputian's lips, as he standeth on tiptoe, vociferously clamor to this Gulliver-Tolstoy, Crank, crank! and forthwith American novelist writes more distasteful novels, and cashes more distasteful checks. Tolstoy also heareth Lilliputian's voicelet with its Crank!

crank! but still he changes coat for blouse, still he changes shoes for basket work, still he changes novelistic pen for shoemaker's bodkin.

6.

Accordingly, though, as we shall presently see, it is impossible to commend Tolstoy's doings as a whole, this intensity, this consistency forms Tolstoy's great strength before men. For while, indeed, the strict obedience unto the Sermon on the Mount, which is so central to Tolstoy, is no more the true centre of Christian's life than the Capitol at Washington or the Stock Exchange of New York is the true centre of American life, men are now feeling the great need of such obedience in their hearts, however little they be ready to practice it in their lives. For never has there been such wide departure of practice from profession as now; never has the Bible been so much studied and so little followed as now; never has the Lord Christ been so highly revered and so little obeyed as now. Christianity has become a kind of lusty babe buried by officious nurses in a mass of swaddling clothes; and what is heard now is no longer the gentle cooing of the playful child, but rather the scream of the agonized babe. Christianity is now a diamond that, in the hands of the miserable artists has been cut and cut so much, that all that is left thereof is the lustre projected on the stereopticon screen, while the diamond itself has been frittered away in constant filings. Christianity has become a ladder unto heaven from which the rungs have been taken out, and all that is left are the two side-poles, with which men are left to vault themselves

heavenward as best they may. The Lord Christ is, in fact, faring in the Christian world as Tolstoy himself is now faring in his own native land. The Emperor asks indeed his advice, and kisses him on the one cheek; the censor suppresses his books and thus smites him on the other. The Sermon on the Mount has become in the hands of Christendom a kind of Dudleian lecture at Harvard. The foundation of the lectureship is indeed welcomed, and its fee right gladly accepted, but the founder's will is not only most quietly ignored, it is even most blandly disobeyed.

7.

Dante tells of a strange encounter between a certain man and a serpent. For a time the enmity is right intense, and the foes stand glaring at each other. All at once a cloud surrounds them, and then a marvellous change takes place; each becomes transfigured into the likeness of the other. The tail of the serpent divides into two legs, the legs of the man intertwine into a tail; the body of the serpent puts forth arms, the arms of the man shrink into his body. At length, the serpent stands up and speaks, the man sinks down a serpent, and glides hissing away. Some such transformation hath taken place in the relation of Christianity and the world. Instead of gazing fixedly into the face of the Master, and becoming thus transformed into His likeness from glory unto glory, Christendom has been gazing steadfastly upon the prince of *this* world, becoming thus transformed into his likeness from shame unto shame. The church has not succeeded in reforming the world, the

world has succeeded in deforming the church; the church has failed in raising the world to itself, the world has succeeded in dragging down the church to itself; the church has but little purified the world; the world has much tainted the church. The church in its relation to the world has fared almost like the sole missionary sent by the Socinians to the Hindus. He sets out to convert the Hindus; he returns a converted Hindu himself.

8.

In so far, therefore, that Tolstoy is a protester against Christendom's crying sin of calling unto Christ, "Lord! Lord!" without doing His commandments, Tolstoy stands on right firm ground. He is not yet here indeed a life-saving boat approaching the drowning, but he is at least here a beacon light warning the mariner against the threatening danger. In so far, therefore, that Tolstoy right vociferously clamors for stern obedience to the word of Christ, for strict submission to the authority of Christ, he is more Christian than Christendom, he is more a child of light than the opponents of the ruler of darkness by profession, he is a more faithful inhabitant of the kingdom of heaven, though not even naturalized therein, than many a child of the kingdom which claimeth the right of one born therein.

9.

Out of this thorough-going consistency of Tolstoy, which makes his protest so effectual before men in their disobedience of Christ, springs the fourth characteristic of Tolstoy as a religious

writer, his simplicity of method with which he is enabled to do battle against the falsities of modern life—a simplicity so stern in all its sincerity as to enable him to do away with even all the arts of the writer, with all the graces of style. Where before as the writer of fiction he had been artist of artists, when he becomes a writer for truth he fares like an American President at the expiration of his term. As such a one is henceforth no longer President, but only an ex-President, so Tolstoy as a religious writer is no longer the artist, but only the ex-artist. Accordingly, though in his criticism of modern life he is as relentless as Carlyle, though in his exposition of modern self-deception he is as merciless as Ruskin, though in his warfare against modern self-satisfaction he is as persistent as Arnold, he brings to his task none of Carlyle's piquancy of scorn, none of Ruskin's eloquence of sorrow, none of Arnold's vivacious playfulness. While these bring to their warfare a right goodly supply of all manner of literary ammunition and baggage, Tolstoy comes to the fray wholly unarmed. Where these are Goliaths, with helmets of brass and coats of mail, with greaves upon their legs and javelins upon their shoulders, Tolstoy is a kind of David, who approaches his adversary with only sling in hand and pebbles in his bag. Where Carlyle lays bare the modern much disguised rottenness with right volcanoish picturesqueness, Tolstoy does it with the dryness of the surgeon, with the coldness of the bare steel. Where Ruskin brings to his task a pathetic humor which draws indeed the twinkle into one eye, but the tear into the other, Tolstoy, like

a soldier on parade, remains sober and stiff throughout. Where Arnold stabs modern society with all the elegance of the French duelist—who first shakes his antagonist's hand, and then apologizes for the necessity of having to smite him under the fifth rib, Tolstoy brings with him the matter-of-fact way of the Yankee duelist, who, being unable to handle either pistol or sword, offers his antagonist instead two pills, of which one is harmless and the other a deadly poison; but, though his logic is as cold as a Supreme Court decision, and his style as bald as a statistical table, such is the native purity of his zeal that it mocks adornment; such the native power of his thought, that it can spare the literary paraphernalia. What he lacks here in art he makes up with his life; what he lacks here in grace he makes up with his truth.

10.

Out of this simplicity of Tolstoy springs his last Russian characteristic, his childlikeness. For, however great the intensity of the Russian, his is not so much the disciplined, tempered intensity; his is rather the undisciplined, childlike intensity. For while the intensity of the Western people has been tempered by the ages, the Russian's is untutored, untempered, inexperienced intensity. Accordingly, when Peter the Great starts out to reform his subjects it must be done in a day, and when the Revolutionists undertake to free their country from despotic rule, it must be dynamited into freedom in a night. When Napoleon is to be defeated, sacred mother Moscow is unhesitatingly given over to

the flames. When rebellions are to be crushed, whole villages are to be given over to the mines. Accordingly when Tolstoy beholds what is to him new truth, Christian truth, he lays hold thereof, indeed, with right Russian intensity; but it is with immature intensity, with the intensity of a child for its latest plaything. For where the Frenchman loves Christian truth like a mistress, ready to part with her at any moment for another, where the Englishman loves Christian truth like his wedded wife, ready to divorce her, if need be, on rather stern occasion, where the German loves Christian truth like his old grandmother, ever providing for her, though not always living with her, while lastly the American loves Christian truth as one loves a rich uncle, ever expecting at some future a goodly income therefrom, the Russian clings to Christian truth as the child clings to his plaything; whether it be gold, whether it be brass, it matters but little to him, if only it give the longed-for joy, if only it furnish the promised peace.

II.

This childlikeness serves Tolstoy indeed in excellent stead, as long as he remains a mere protester against the disobedience of Christendom, as long as he remains a faithful witness to the blessings that come from obedience unto Christ. But the half-grown child undertakes the work of a man; the feeder on milk undertakes to be the dispenser of meat; he that had just begun to sit at the Master's feet undertakes to become a teacher in Israel. Accordingly he meets with

the doom appointed unto all such; and when he becomes an expounder of Christianity, when, like Uzzah of old, he undertakes to steady with unhallowed hand the ark of God, he loses nearly all the virtues of childhood, he acquires nearly all the vices of childishness. The child with man's hat over its eyes, and man's boots over its feet, can only shuffle and stumble and fall; the uninvited steadier of the ark can only be smitten with speedy death. Accordingly when he ceases to be a critic and becomes a preacher, when he ceases to be a witness and becomes a teacher, Tolstoy can be as meaningless as an explanation by Herbert Spencer, as confused as a metaphor by Longfellow, as obscure as a definition by Mill; he can become as involved as an oration by Choate, he can become as dry as a botany text-book. The German rationalists, for instance, as well as Matthew Arnold, have also endeavored right earnestly to dispose of the New Testament histories in a manner reconcilable with their own hungry imaginings, much as the wolf likes to dispose of the lamb, much as the fox likes to dispose of the chicken; but these do so at least with some pretence to biblical scholarship; these do so at least with some regard to plain cyclopædia facts. Tolstoy, however, with a simplicity that is indeed childlike, but with self-confidence that is hardly other than childish vaults over the New Testament facts as a gymnast over a fence in his way, and dismisses the ordinary cyclopædia data with the unconcern of a Tammany chief over public opinion, or of the evolutionist over the persistent absence of the much desired missing link. Learning and research,

exactness and care, he casts it all off as a cumbersome load like to impede his onward commentatorial march. In his fear of becoming entangled in the jungle of the forest, he omits to note the single trees; in his eagerness to escape the blinding snow storm, he shuts his eyes even against the single flakes. As in their eagerness to get to the front, our late warriors in Cuba threw away their blankets and rations only to find themselves shortly shivering and starving, so in his childlike eagerness to get at what is to him the meat of Christ, the core of Christianity, Tolstoy casts away all that was meant to clothe him, all that was meant to feed him. With his contempt for dogmatics and homiletics, of liturgics and hermeneutics and apologetics, he casts away, also, the plain historical facts of Christianity, the simple truth about Christ. Accordingly, what Christian science is to true religion, what friend Jasper's theories are to astronomy, what friend Kipling's verses are to poetry, what our dollarish novels are to literature, that is Tolstoy to historic Christianity.

12.

Like all the wise and prudent of this age, for instance, concerning whom it hath been decreed that the wisdom of God, as revealed in the cross of Christ, shall remain foolishness unto them, Tolstoy also rejects the miraculous birth of the Lord, His signs and wonders, His rising from the dead. In common with the wise of this age, Tolstoy also casts away the depravity of man and his need of being born anew; he casts away the judgment of the wicked and the reward of the

righteous, the great and terrible day of the Lord, and the wrath to come from which men are warned to flee. In common with the wise and the prudent of this age, Tolstoy, also, finds himself in no need of a Saviour that shed His blood for him. He rejects, in short, with all the wise men of the West, all that is truly essential to a right knowledge of God, all that is truly essential to a right steadfast hope for man. But while the wise men of the West reject all these things at least with some show of reason, Tolstoy does not deem it needful to hold to even what little is left of reason in modern unreasonableness. He tells us, for example, that Jesus taught that "all men have a common impulse toward good and toward reason," as if He had never said *to* some folk: "If God were your father, ye would love *me*. Ye are of your father, the devil, and the lusts of your father it is your will to do." Tolstoy affirms with right firm confidence that Jesus "called all men sons of God," as if Christ had never uttered the sentence: "And this is the judgment that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light." As the adventurous counts and princes who seek their fortune in foreign lands boast of their fictitious titles as if no Gotha Almanachs were at hand wherewith to test their lordly pretensions, so Tolstoy puts sayings into the mouth of Jesus as if no New Testament were at hand to show that the words of Christ are far other than these. Not only, says he for example, did not Jesus rise from the dead, He never said even a serious word about His rising from the dead. And if learned Christian folk, scientific Christian folk,

are here totally at fault it is because they fail to read a little Greek aright under scholarly Tolstoy's instruction. The New Testament signs and wonders fare a like fate at his hands. He is confident that the New Testament, if but rightly understood, tells of no signs, tells of no wonders; that its withered arms, if arms at all, are certainly not withered; that its lame feet, if feet at all, are certainly not lame; that its blind eyes, if eyes at all, are certainly not blind. And that all that is needful here to see aright, according to Tolstoy, all that is needful here to decide betwixt the plain sense of nineteen centuries and these new though ever old imaginings of this latest of commentators, is a new edition of Professor Goodwin's "Greek Moods and Tenses," duly annotated at Tolstoy's country home at Yasnaya Polyana.

13.

The difficulty of dealing with such criticism of Christianity is not so much the strength of the exposition; there is no strength here. It is rather the difficulty of becoming childish one's self in order to meet such juvenile method of criticism. The best reply to inappropriate wit is not so much wit as sobriety; the best reply to inappropriate sobriety is not so much sobriety as wit. But childishness cannot always be met by manliness. It is difficult to discuss the calculus with one who has not yet mastered the multiplication table. For catching a mosquito even the lion is weak; for knocking down a straw even a giant may strike in vain.

14.

And yet, even with all his childish treatment of Christianity, Tolstoy has succeeded in getting a peace therefrom he had not hitherto known. Tolstoy has succeeded in getting a joy therefrom he had not hitherto tasted. Hitherto he had for some fifteen years of his mortal life gone about with despair in his heart, with thought of self-murder in his mind. All at once he gets even a distant glimpse of the truth as it is in Jesus, and lo! he is henceforth a changed man. Not only hath the hitherto loathed existence new meaning for him, he cannot even rest until he hath pointed others unto this newly found way. Accordingly, when one first approaches Tolstoy it is with the feeling of dim-eyed Isaac towards the disguised Jacob. The hands and the neck have, indeed, the required hairiness; and though the voice is rather puzzling, supplanting Jacob at last carrieth off the blessing; but this is not so much because of Jacob's truth, but rather because of Isaac's eagerness to bestow the blessing. Accordingly, the peace and joy of Tolstoy are due not so much to the fact that he has at last laid hold of the Truth, but rather because he hath gotten even a glimpse of the Truth. For it is the glory of Christianity that whoso setteth himself faithfully to abide by the words of the Master, however few these be, is ever rewarded with a peace he knows not before, is ever rewarded with a joy he finds not elsewhere. The witness of Tolstoy herein is abidingly true, the witness of the Quakers is here unimpeachably firm. But all this not because the Sermon on the Mount is all that is to be learned from Christ,

not because all that is to be done is to be a servant of Christ, but rather because such is the heavenly riches of the Son of God that whoso toucheth if but the hem of His garment, getteth away therefrom in no wise empty-handed, departeth from Him in no wise unblest. But outward obedience to a few of the precepts of Christ is not yet Christianity, outward submission even to the authority of Christ is not yet faith in the blood of Christ.

15.

Accordingly, like the young ruler in the gospels, Tolstoy is, indeed, not far from the kingdom of God, but he is not yet in the kingdom of God. To him, also, must be said, as it has been said unto the youth of old, One thing thou lackest yet. He has come just near the Sun of Righteousness to feel His rays, but he has not come near enough to be swallowed up in Him—which alone it is that giveth the Truth. Tolstoy is a comet; had just got near enough to the great orb, only to start off again for the depths beyond. He has accepted the Master as his teacher; this is a deliverance. He has not accepted Him as his Saviour, and thus misses the deliverance. Hence, though Tolstoy uses the words of Christ, he is deprived of the fruits of Christ. His is the position of the chemist, who knoweth, indeed, how to change diamond into carbon, but can in no wise turn the carbon into the diamond. Like that ingenious Jerseyman he can change the corn meal, water, and lime into eggs that deceive even the gourmand, but as they have no life in them they do not hatch. Follow Christ, obey Christ, imitate Christ, these words are,

indeed, better than naught, but for opening the gates of heaven they are as yet of no avail. "Open Wheat, open Barley," cries Cassin in the Arabian tale; but the doors open not to Open Wheat, open Barley, but only to Open Sesame. Even thus, imitate Christ, obey Christ, might make, indeed, better men; but to make out of the children of men sons of God, for this, trust in the blood of Christ is the only Sesame that opens the enchanted door. The acceptance of Christ as teacher is thus to the acceptance of Christ as Lord, what ordinary rose water is to the attar of roses: where the one is but a diluted mixture, the other is the packed essence.

16.

The great error of Tolstoy is thus, first of all, in supposing that all Jesus Christ came to do was to make men happy, and, therefore, all that is needful here for men is to obey the Sermon on the Mount. But already, at the very outset, Tolstoy betrays the weakness of his cause by neglecting the words of Christ in the very discourse he so highly exalts before men. For in that same Sermon on the Mount from which he chooses only five commandments to obey, there is another, a sixth, which begins: "When ye therefore pray, say, our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name." Concerning this commandment which places the seeking of the glory due unto His Name, even before the request for daily bread, Tolstoy is silent. The worship of God, which, in the estimation of Jesus, is after all the chief end of man—for this, Tolstoy has no place in his scheme of life. But

the Son of man came not so much to make happy men out of unhappy men, but rather to make God-like men out of brute-like men. The Son of man came not so much to assign potato-patches to the poor and vineyards to the needy, as to make children of light out of children of darkness, to make into sons of God those who are servants of Satan.

17.

Accordingly, the inevitable result of such a partial view of the Prince of Life is that life itself becomes to Tolstoy something almost petty; his remedies for the ills of life become something almost quacklike. Niagara is set to the turning of children's play wheels, the volcano is used to roast eggs with, the great writer becomes a dispenser of panaceas. To his talk on non-resistance and non-divorce is shortly added talk on having a wife for only one day in the year; and his folk tales on love become supplemented by a Kreuzer Sonata. He thus takes his place beside those well-meaning folk who see in the abstinence from salt and featherbeds a sure remedy for the ills of private life, who see in the single tax a sure remedy for the ills of national life.

18.

The error of Tolstoy, however, has likewise become the error of much that is otherwise truly well-meaning in Christendom. Peace upon earth and good-will among men—upon these words men linger in these days right tenderly, as if happiness, contentment, were all men need to strive for. And yet, even if all men were to

become Tolstoys, even if all men were to become Socialists or Quakers, even if all the poor were to become willing disciples in the hands of their Associated Charity visiting friends, they would perhaps attain, indeed, unto peace at last; but it would be a peace no higher in its kind than the peace of the mire-loving sun-basking, four-footed thing as it grunteth right universal good-will toward pigdom because of abundance of wash in the trough. "The swine!" exclaimed a colored philosopher, as he sighed with our modern reformers for happiness, "the swine need not work for a living, the swine comes and goes when it pleases, the swine has its food brought to its trough, the swine is a—gentleman!" The error that after some sixty centuries of struggle for existence, progress of species, and survival of the fittest, men are at last to arrive where pigdom already is without struggle for existence, evolution of species, and march of ages—this is what forms the tragedy of the Socialisms, Peace Unions, Associated Charities, Single Taxes, and the numerous other unions of zeroes that clamor so loudly for adoption, that hope so pathetically for the predicted results that never arrive.

19.

And these results, so patiently waited for, so lovingly toiled for, never can arrive, because the ailment of man is not so much in his wrong relation toward man, but rather in his wrong relation toward God; and all attempts to help men for other than a brief time without first helping them to God, is merely to re-enact the fate of Sisyphus of old. No sooner does he, after

much toil, roll his stone to the top of the hill, then down it comes again, and the weary task has to be begun anew.

20.

Now it is the glory of Christ that He alone in all history offers unto men, first of all, to reconcile them unto God. It is the glory of Christianity that it alone of all religions promises unto men first of all that life which is life indeed. Thus Emerson, Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold and Tolstoy all sadly confess with Christianity that man is lame; but where Emerson offers stilts, and Carlyle offers crutches; where Ruskin offers a wheeling chair and Arnold offers heeled shoes; lastly where Tolstoy offers his own back even, whereon to carry the lame, Christianity offers a new pair of feet. Where modern reformers are right busy with helping the fevered with quinine, Christianity offers no quinine; it furnishes that in its stead which makes fevers impossible, quinine needless, namely, cleansed blood. Modern reform finds that the human tiger hath claws and teeth; that the human adder hath fangs; that the human wasp hath a sting; and being charitably inclined it forthwith sets about to unclaw the tiger, to unfang the adder, to unsting the wasp. But the clawless tiger is still a ravenous beast; the fangless adder is still the hissing serpent; the stingless asp is still the annoying fly. Not so Christianity: Christianity takes the boar out and puts the lamb in; so that the lion eateth straw like the ox, and the wolf and the lamb lie down together.

21.

Accordingly, though Christian looketh also with the sighing reformers for new heavens and a new earth, though he also looketh for a time when sorrow and pain shall be no more and tears shall be wiped out of every eye, and sickness and death shall be no more, he looketh for these to be brought about not by the well meaning effort of sinful man, but rather by the revelation from the heavens of the sinless Son of God. Christian also looketh for that day when men shall not labor in vain, nor bring forth trouble; when they shall not build and another inhabit; when they shall not plant and another eat. Christian also looketh for that day when the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped; when the lame man shall leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing. But this will not come to pass until men cease from trusting in the arm of flesh, and cast away their own doings; until men turn their eyes heavenward, and cry, "Oh, that Thou wouldst rend the heavens, that Thou wouldst come down, that the mountains might flow at Thy presence." When men have at last taken their eyes off themselves, and have turned them unto Him, who hath said: "Look unto me, ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved," then, but not till then shall it come to pass that men shall say: "Lo, this is our God, we have waited for Him, and He it is that will save us." When the law goeth forth from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem, then, but not until then, shall they beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruninghooks; then,

indeed, shall nation not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But ere the Judge of the quick and the dead become unto men the Redeemer from Zion, they must give heed unto the commandment: "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?"

I

TRIBULATIONS OF A B. I.

I.

You will of course, dear reader, kindly excuse me from explaining to you just what a B.I. is, since I am still burdened with a goodly share of half Asiatic and one-quarter European modesty, the remaining quarter being a mixture of various other geographical ingredients. But if you care to go to the office of the Associated Charities on Chardon Street they will tell you that a B.I. is a benevolent individual (they write, it, however, in capitals)—a man with a good-sized heart inside of him, and an at least fair-sized head on top of him. I belong to that class, however, by sheer courtesy, so to speak. For while about the size of my heart there may be no doubt, there is some dispute as to the necessary qualification of my poor head. Be that as it may, I have had but few of the joys of a B.I., but a goodly number of his tribulations; and just now, to tell truth, I need a little sympathy; so bear kindly with this bid for fellowship on the part of other B.I.'s.

On Saturday, May 12, I left Cleveland, at half past three in the morning, to cross nearly the whole of the state of Ohio, from north to south. I was awake at least an hour earlier; already two days before I had to leave Syracuse at an almost equally early hour, having been on my way from Worcester since Monday. I had spoken in Syracuse thrice, in Cleveland once; had had hardly

sufficient rest at night, had travelled some one thousand miles, and here I was at last in a small village in Southern Ohio at about one in the afternoon, having had neither sleep since two in the morning, nor food since seven Friday night.

2.

But I was a—B.I.

And being a B.I., accordingly I found among the letters awaiting me here the following:

Boston, May 8.

Dear Sir:—

Learning of you may I seek you as possible kind means of assistance?

Not long ago my husband, a successful druggist and chemist, lost his all financially by explosion in laboratory connected with his drugstore. Insurance company proved the explosion was the result of carelessness on part of husband's partner, and no insurance was paid.

This sudden and complete loss of means of support proved to be such sorrow as overthrew reason of my good husband. He died a raving maniac. I have been battling to become a successful wage-earner, seeking to utilize my practical knowledge of French and German as a teacher.

Suffice it to say not yet is success mine, and I am "falling by the wayside" from sorrow and ill success. Knowing of you as an author, it occurs to me that you may have it within your power and in your heart to suggest some means by which I may help self during the summer until the season for teaching shall return.

That you may know a little of me, or rather of my antecedents, may I mention that I am a niece of —— (a celebrated American author now dead), whose name may be familiar to you. In teaching I resume my maiden name, as husband's death occasioned notoriety.

So long has been my struggle for legitimate support, and so bitter my failure and present helplessness, that any encouraging word from you or your wife would infinitely relieve.

Sincerely, Mrs. ——— ———

3.

"Husband" without an article, and the "infinite relief of sincerely Mrs." rather staggered my grammatical as well as rhetorical piece of Paninity; but though my B.I.'s head was inclined to shake, my heart did flutter a little; and I was a mile and a half from a post-office with no immediately available means of locomotion other than my own pair of terminal facilities. I was worn and tired. But this was Saturday. If I wait even an hour the mail would go, and then, good-by help for distressed dame, at least till Monday, and this must in nowise be. Her letter was dated May 8, and here it was already May 12!

4.

Well, I sat down and wrote: Above all not to be discouraged; that God is nearer folk than they think; pointed her beside to a personal Christ if she at all knew him; and enclosed in addition some unavoidable dollars which, though not directly asked for, were here clearly a decided piece of propriety. I had to confess, however, that I was a sufferer from a singular case of heart disease, for which there is as yet no known cure: namely, a most melancholy disproportion between the size of heart and—purse: the relation of the two being essentially that of a pyramid's base and its top. Heart is indeed broad enough to cover a goodly number of square miles, but purse is ever a kind of pointed thinness, with net result of attending chronic emptiness, usually experienced only either by a certain kind of dyspeptics, or by a certain kind of—scribes, though in the latter case the emptiness is more in the head than elsewhere.

5.

Having thus attended to the distressed dame and walked to the post-office to mail the letter, I returned to the lone farm to muse. I was indeed to speak twice the next day, but that distressed dame was once upon my mind, and I must have her off therefrom ere aught else can be done. So I wrote to one of Boston's brave dames to call on her, enclosing her letter; asking at the same time to do what she could. Wrote in addition to another friend, with notes of introduction to two Back-Bay folk before whom the distressing case might be laid; lastly I suggested to Mrs. Panin that perhaps an invitation to spend a week or more in the country might be advisable to "Mrs infinitely relieve sincerely." In that household of three (minus the absent traveller) two are indeed invalids, and the absent head of the household is indeed sorely missed because of his dishwashing utilities when present; and an additional personage in that household would indeed be much of a burden; still—it might be worth while to think thereof; so this too was suggested.

6.

The case then stood thus: Within a few hours from the receipt of her letter some unasked for dollars were already on their way; at least three well-to-do lovers of their kind were already written to about her; a fourth personage was requested to look up both the woman and her record, while a fifth was asked to consider the advisability of giving her a country home for a brief period of recuperation.

And now I could go on in peace with my work.

7.

But alas! peace on earth is not unstinted even to poor B.I.'s, and my tribulations speedily began. Sunday I was too busy to think about the poor distressed dame. Monday I was rather tired. Still both on that day and Tuesday I went to the lone church on the hill and commended her to God, fearing especially a case of suicide.

But on Wednesday my tribulations began in earnest. My wag of a host whose laughing capacity is somewhere in the neighborhood of a ton to the square inch, to whom I mentioned the case when seeking advice, suddenly asked me that morning whether that woman might not after all be a fraud. As he said this he was looking at me through his glasses. I was looking at him through no glasses, but I dare say my look was glassy enough. But we here parted our ways: he to his hammer and saw, and I to that hilltop and its church.

8.

From the church I went to the post office. Four letters awaited me there. One from a director of an astronomical observatory; the other from "infinitely relieve sincerely Mrs:" the third from Mrs. Panin, the fourth from Boston's brave dame who spends most of her days in associated charities. With my incurable heart disease described above it was difficult to delay the reading of the infinitely relief-needing dame's letter. So I read it at once, and right glad did it make me. For it read thuswise:

May God bless you for so kind encouraging helpful words and acts. To be so eager to give me hope

and relief, an entire stranger to you, as to write me when you from travelling were so fatigued, is truly God-like.

You state that you have passed through all kind of depths, and so understand my condition, yet you have the strength to exhort me not to despair. I am beginning to feel that my afflictions may be benedictions in disguise. As a Unitarian I have not believed in Christ as you do. It may be that my bitter ordeal is to awaken me to the truth that Christ is divine, as help has come to me in time of bitter need.

Infinitely grateful am I to you for your generous offering so unexpected. I had heard that your wife was interested in the study of French and German, and that you had greatly interested yourself in a lady conversant with these languages. Thank you heartily for your thoughtfulness and interest. Trusting in your wisdom from bitter suffering, believe me, please, I shall seek by prayer for light that I may early see the truth. Again thanking you for so prompt and heartfelt a response, believe me most gratefully,

Mrs. ———

9.

All the way from the post-office to the farmhouse I kept thinking of this godsend of a letter. How triumphantly I could now refute my wag of a host with his doubting Thomas of a pair of glasses! How I would brandish that letter in his face, and tell him that it would have been worth hundreds of dollars to have thus the privilege of turning the look of that poor deluded Unitarian soul to a crucified and bleeding Christ. I felt much like a glass of freshly drawn soda water, and could have effervesced skyward in visions of magnificent Christian missionary work by means of one thousand-mile travelling bits of epistolarities.

10.

I had in my triumphant joy almost forgotten that the other letters were still unread. But not

even the astronomical letter could chase away the hydrogen-balloon feeling that kept me as if I were screwed to a pair of corkish legs walking on the water. And, dear reader, I was for a few moments very, very happy.

II.

Suddenly in an evil moment I espied that fourth letter. It was from my hard-headed, unromantic, practical, twenty-year manager in the much-decried associated charities of Boston, who though rich herself has the problematic habit of looking twice at a penny spent by her in charity, even though the amount reaches into thousands of dollars a year.

The letter was prosy enough and rather dry reading. But singularly enough it had the effect of wetting me nearly all over. Here it is.

Mrs. — has been known for many years in district 8 of the associated charities as Mrs. N. (another name than that given me). Her husband died some years ago in Sing Sing prison.

She has since lived with a man of more than doubtful character; she has sometimes called herself by his name but they have never pretended to people who really know them that they were married.

About the time she wrote to you she wrote to Rev. — (one of Boston's well-known B.I.'s) for money to go to New York, so as to attend to the affairs of this man, who she said was ready to commit suicide because of his business troubles. I have an impression that the man told our agent that he wishes no more to do with her, but I am not sure.

She really is a relative of * * * and some of her relatives have helped her through the associated charities. Many efforts have been made to help her to a respectable life. Her begging letters are often sent to the associated charities. Her story to you is a new one.

12.

Dear reader, B.I. or otherwise, what with my wag of a host, what with my prosy, hardheaded correspondent, and the associated charities, whom years ago, before my wisdom teeth were grown, I used to belabor rather vigorously in public, I feel decidedly crestfallen; and I too feel like ending my letter with a request for sympathy that "infinitely relieve sincerely" your crestfallen fellow B.I.

13.

To "Infinitely Sincerely Mrs."

Madame:—

Since answering your letter asking for help I have received three letters from you: one asking for a loan of ten dollars, to be paid out for treatment of a physical infirmity of yours. As I was then not sure of the urgency of the case I was waiting in silence for further developments. The second letter incidentally informed me that you were "through God's mercy" already receiving the treatment for which you asked the loan. The third letter is, I am sorry to say, a rather incoherent self-defence against the report of the associated charities about you as seen by you from my lettter to the Boston Newspaper.

Let me then tell you at once that I am still your friend. The fact that you may be untruthful makes you need God's love all the more, and whatever good will I may have for you is only of course a reflection of what love I know God has for you. So, pray, do not feel troubled about any "bad opinion" I may have of you. Only it is unfortunate that I simply *cannot* treat you now with the same trust that I had about your case before doubts were raised about you from the associated charities. Now that you tell me that you have been misrepresented by them I will gladly for your sake suspend my judgment, and will assume for a while that there *may* be some misunderstanding about your case on their part. I have indeed no reason to suppose

that they are likely to leave much room for even misunderstandings in their reports about individuals they investigate. But if there be even one chance in a thousand that for some cause their report has done you injustice, I am willing to give you the benefit of that one chance, and on the strength of that one chance to suspend my judgment for a while. You surely must see that more than this it is impossible for me to do just now.

It is unfortunate that your case needs investigation, but since it does need it, will you not for a while bear the burden bravely and cheerfully? If you are innocent you surely need fear nothing; investigation will only establish your innocence all the firmer. On the other hand, if you are guilty of having tried to enlist my sympathy by false statements, I can only say to you that however black you might be, you would have lost nothing and gained much, by being perfectly frank with me about your past, its errors, and even sins. For if in such case you are willing to mend your ways, I would have gladly offered you what help there were within my inextensive reach. And if you were not willing, I would have told you plainly that neither man nor angel can help one that is not willing to mend; and this would have saved us both much trouble.

From a distance of a thousand miles it is difficult to do anything in such a case. If you really care for my "better opinion" of you, I will gladly call upon you in all friendliness when I return to Boston (d. v.) and cheerfully hear whatever you may have to state truthfully about your case. I hope that you will not be afraid to tell me even the worst about yourself, if there be anything bad, provided you are really desirous of putting it away. I will listen not only without condemnation, but even with sympathy. Only be perfectly frank with me. If you are not frank it will come out sooner or later, and this will of course, make all further intercourse impossible.

I do not expect to be in Boston for some weeks. If such suspense is a trial to you, you may write me if this is any satisfaction to you.

II

TRIBULATIONS OF A STUDENT.

I.

Having occasion to verify the statements of a writer about eclipses I betook myself to Camille Flammarion's chapter on Eclipses in his "Wonders of the Heavens;" translated by Mrs. Norman Lockyer. Of the scientific standing of the author, and the translator's husband there is no need of saying aught. It is of the highest. The attainments of the translator herself, being the mate, evidently the scientific mate, of Mr. Lockyer, are presumably also high. So with great reverence I turned to the fifth chapter of the fourth book, with pencil in hand, to mark everything that is worth remembering about eclipses.

The first statement that surprised me was this: Eclipses "return nearly in the same order at the end of eighteen years and ten days, a period known to the Greeks under the name of the Metonic Cycle." Without being an astronomer I happened to know that this eclipse period consisted of 223 months, and was called the Saros, whereas the Metonic Cycle consisted of 235 months and its length is not eighteen years and eleven days, but some two hours over nineteen years. Ignorant folk naturally confound the two periods; and it is for such that Denison Olmstead, writing his Astronomical Letters as far back as 1840, puts in this warning; "The Metonic Cycle has sometimes been confounded

with the Saros, but it is not the same with it; nor was the period used, like the Saros for foretelling eclipses, but for ascertaining the age of the moon at any given period." (p. 192).

Here then, is a distinction in an elementary matter of astronomy with which an ordinarily educated man is supposed to be familiar found to be unknown to scientists like Flammarion and Mrs. Norman Lockyer.

2.

Well, after all, this might be a slip of the pen on Mr. Flammarion's part, and a slip of the eye on Mrs. Lockyer's part in overlooking it when translating the passage. So I paid but little attention thereto, all the more as I had just marked with intense eagerness the sentence immediately preceding. "There cannot be less than two eclipses a year and not more than seven. When there are only two they are both eclipses of the Moon." Here was something I clung to: when there are only two they are both of the Moon. I had been unacquainted with this fact about eclipses, that there may be a year when no Solar eclipse can take place. This fact I was eager to hold fast, because it has a bearing upon the chronology of years which have been fixed by the record of eclipses in ancient writers. Thankful over this important fact, I was ready enough to be very charitable about that Saros turning into a Metonic Cycle.

It happens however, that the article "Astronomy" in the Encyclopedia Britannica is written by an astronomer of equally high repute with Flammarion, namely R. A. Proctor. The article, which is really a treatise on Astronomy, has a

chapter, the 11th, given to eclipses. It would, of course, be unscholarly not to read this chapter also, as long as I am in search of facts about eclipses. Near the end of the chapter, Mr. Proctor tells us, after giving a very elaborate account of eclipse-seasons, "when there are only two, each eclipse is solar and central."

As the writer—well I may as well go back to the first person—as I always preached the scientific method even when the question came up what to do with a man who asked you for something to get bread with, I was—well, to put it mildly, astonished enough when I found these two astronomical giants encamped against one another about a simple matter of fact which can be decided at any moment by reference to the—almanac. *A priori* it was impossible to tell who blundered here, the Frenchman or the Englishman: on Flammarion's side was Mrs. Norman Lockyer who evidently upheld the original which she translated. On Proctor's side was the great weight of the Encyclopedia Britannica. It was indeed quite humiliating to have to go to the proverbially put-away last year's almanac, for information of which the Encyclopedia Britannica, R. A. Proctor, Camille Flammarion, and Mrs. Norman Lockyer are close at hand. Still, to the almanac I went. But, alas, last year's almanacs are not commodities of which the supply and demand perform those see-saw movements to which economists have given the name of law. Supply is here plentiful enough, indeed, but the demand being somewhat zeroish here, the exact locality of supply becomes more or less problematic and it was only after some researches in the archives

of a patent medicine manufacturer that an almanac for 1893 was at last found—a year which had only two eclipses; and these, says the almanac, were both of the Sun, March 15th, and October 9th. In the court, then, of Mr. Schoolboy's information, the celebrated astronomer, Mr. Camille Flammarion, plus Mrs. Norman Lockyer, was found guilty of an ordinary dictionary blunder. And in the court of Last Year's Almanac with R. A. Proctor and Encyclopedia Britannica as plaintiffs, he is found guilty with his assistant, Mrs. Lockyer, of an—astronomical blunder.

3.

The surprise, I confess, was not a pleasant one. To find a celebrated scientist to be after all only a mere blunderer even in his own special field, does not tend to strengthen one's faith in the accuracy of scientific men; it rather places them among the class of men not unjustly despised by them: theologians and poets, not unjustly if you once grant them that scientific men are naturally only men of facts, and not of theories.

Still Mr. Flammarion is only one of hundreds: and even the Sun has its spots, so one black sheep might reasonably be expected among the many white sheep men of science. Mr. Proctor, then, having been found trustworthy as over against black-sheepish Flammarion, I concluded to take up for study his work called "Light Science for Leisure Hours."

Of leisure hours I indeed had next to none; but I was desirous to learn all I could about Eclipses; and the Essay in that book on "Our-Chief-

Time-Piece losing Time" looked promising. So with pencil in hand I set out to read this paper. The explanations of the motions of the earth here are highly interesting, and the pencil was kept busily marking, until, until—well, you see, he got to talking about old Xenophon and his Anabasis. Now I well remember the porings over that book in my preparation-for-college days. And Mr. Proctor's words set me a thinking. For Mr. Proctor says: "Mr. Layard has indentified the site of Larissa with the modern Nimrod. Now Xenophon relates that when Larissa was besieged by the Persians an eclipse of the Sun took place so remarkable in its effects (and therefore undoubtedly total) that the Median defenders of the town threw down their arms, and the city was accordingly captured. And Hansen has shown that a certain estimate of the moon's motion makes the eclipse which occurred on August 15th, 310 B.C. not only total but central at Nimrod."

The calculation of this eclipse, the reader must now be told, is an important element in the "proof" that there is such a thing as acceleration of the Moon.

What struck me here first was that there is evidently here a misprint of 310 for 510, since in 310 Xenophon was already dead; had been dead for some fifty years; and 510 is about the right date for the battle mentioned above. Now, a misprint in a date is always unfortunate; in the calculation of an eclipse for the purpose of proving an astronomical theory it is doubly so. Still, misprints are what may be called by poetic, though not by scientific license, "an unforeseen accident." But on turning to Xenophon (and as Mr. Proctor gives

no reference, I had to be looking for a pin in a load of hay) Book 3, chapter 4, I find Xenophon's words as follows: "The sun, obscured by a cloud disappeared, and the darkness continued."

Now the longest possible time for a total eclipse is five minutes; three minutes is its ordinary length. The continuance of the darkness, if Mr. Proctor had read the passage, should have already warned the celebrated astronomer that perhaps Xenophon is dealing here with something else than an eclipse. But Xenophon's words are "obscured by a cloud." We are all familiar with a piece of protoplasm in the mud becoming evolved by a newly discovered (in the scientist's imagination) scientific law into say—a celebrated physiologist. But no imagination, scientific or otherwise, has yet ventured to soar to a height (or is it a depth?) where an ordinary cloud becomes transformed into a solar eclipse by which the acceleration of the moon is proved.

The upshot of my perusal of this essay in "Leisure Hours" was that even Mr. Proctor has hardly a better claim upon my leisure hours than Mr. Flammarion in matters where the strictest possible accuracy is required, in other words, in science truly so called as distinct from science falsely so called.

4.

Discouraging as these experiences were with two men of science (really a kind of two and a half, if we add Mrs. Lockyer) there seemed as yet no sufficient reason why I should give up my search for information about eclipses, even if another black sheep has to be added to the one already found. So I concluded to get my in-

formation at first hand; that is, I started out to make a list of all the eclipses that are recorded as having been observed on certain days. I turned to Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia, to find for each year its noteworthy eclipses.

For 1868, the article "Astronomy" tells me that on August 17th there was a great total eclipse of the Sun in India; and that some folk from England actually journeyed and voyaged some thousands of miles to get a peep at the Sun for some three minutes of time. Out comes notebook and pencil; and down is put: "Solar Eclipse, August 17th, 1868." But alas, the path of the true lover (even if only of eclipses) is far from smooth. For I had hardly written down August 17th, when I read further in the letter of the observer, who speaks of it as having occurred on the morning of the 18th. This time it was the rubber that had to come out instead of the pencil; but alas! my hand was stayed. Who was right here anyhow? The observer or the reporter? Again I had to leave the Annual Cyclopedia and go back to the Cast-off last year's Almanac. The eclipse proved to have been on the 18th and the almanac became once more an exalted thing in my eyes. But as to the Annual Cyclopedia—its score of volumes became useless to me in this inquiry, since I never could feel sure again that there isn't some error in its dates, however numerous the dates given.

5.

Flammarion (plus Mrs. Lockyer) Proctor, Annual Cyclopedia—I had to lay them aside. However valuable for their purposes—for my

special purpose they became just so much waste paper. Only waste paper could not have beguiled me to spend my time thereon, but these men and that thing by their pretence did. Still I kept on. There is the Encyclopedia Britannica, the arsenal whence all the Goliaths draw their weapons in their challenges of the superstitions of the Davids. Its article on astronomy had already done me good service in setting me on my guard against black-sheepish Flammarion. And surely, whither could I fly from the treacherous errors of the Annual, if not to the Britannica?

Behold then the Eclipse searcher going forth through its pages in quest of the eclipses enumerated therein. Quickly then with pencil and notebook, for here volume 2, p. 788, is a total solar eclipse for June 18th, 1860.

All the way from the library to my house I was munching, so to speak, this my find of an eclipse for June 18, 1860. I was very happy therewith, for nowhere else is this particular eclipse recorded. But my joy was only brief; for coming home and looking over some other data in comparison with the new, I found that by no manner of means could an eclipse be June 18th, 1860. The heavens would first have to be torn asunder; while all is natural enough with the eclipse on July 18th, where the cast-away almanac rightly places it.

Of course my cast-off almanacs rose in value thereafter with the buoyancy of a Wall street bull-market. But the Encyclopedia Britannica, the great Britannica, in the one thing alone I needed it, proved about as worthless as friends Flammarion, plus Mrs. Lockyer, and Proctor and the Annual Cyclopedia.

6.

The defection of the Britannica, Britannica the Great, was a blow to my eclipsical ambition. Must I then in very deed begin life over again, and become a special student of Astronomy in order to be able to verify a single statement I find in my reading? For it was with this that I had started. The Germans say, *Aller guten Dinge sind Drei*: We never know the true value of a thing until we have given it three trials. I had tried Appleton's; I had tried the Britannica; there was still one encyclopedia I had not tried. So I concluded to try Johnson's Cyclopedia.

The new edition of this work is superior to its first edition. Its astronomical articles are generally by Simon Newcomb, who is justly esteemed as having no superior as a practical astronomer. And indeed his article on Eclipses is far superior in its treatment to anything I had hitherto met in my search.

Among the things I carried off from this article in that Cyclopedia was that the length of the mean Synodical month was 29 days, 12 hours, 43 minutes, 57 seconds. Here was a veritable feast for me. In all my previous calculations I had used a month six seconds longer. The difference is enough to affect seriously the calculation of eclipses, especially those of say, two thousand years ago. As this Cyclopedia was dated in the last decade of the 19th century, it surely gave the latest known data; and this correction of six seconds seemed an invaluable find.

The glee with which I pocketed this piece of information can be likened only to that of Franklin when he came home with his whistle. But

Franklin's glee was, as we all know, shortlived enough. And alas! so also was mine. After going through numerous figurings of all sorts, I wrote in an evil moment some inquiry to the United States Naval Observatory, and mentioned Professor Newcomb's value of the month. In reply came the following statement from the director of the observatory: "The value you quote from Johnson's Cyclopedia is erroneous. I asked Professor Newcomb about it, and he says it is due to some mistake that he cannot explain."

Reader, when the Greek artist wished to show forth the utmost intensity of pain he represented the sufferer's face as—hidden. To express it was beyond his art; so he left it to the imagination of each to picture it to himself. My astonishment, my dismay on reading this letter—bombshell, thunder clap from clear sky, go to the dictionary and gather all such descriptions: and a goodly baker's dozen of them strung together may give you a hint for the picture you may form of my poor condition. I have ever since been going about much like a dog who has just had a sound beating, and in my innerest innermost I feel singularly crestfallen.

7.

The above was all written out. In another evil moment I sent it to Simon Newcomb himself to read it over. His reply is as follows:

"I have glanced over your 'Tribulations' with much interest. You do not make sufficient allowance for the difficulty of excluding all errors from exact astronomical statements. So far, astronomers have no more succeeded in doing this

than policemen have in keeping burglars out of a city. It is a very good thing to have them hunted up and pointed out as you have done, but for every one you run down a new one will come in the future.

I hardly know whether to take you seriously when you speak of Flammarion and Proctor as eminent astronomers. It is not to be expected that the public should be able to distinguish between a working astronomer and a popular writer on astronomy; but you seem to have reached a stage in which the difference should be perceptible. You measure the productions of these writers by altogether too exact a standard. Why should a popular writer, or the translator of a popular book, distinguish between the Metonic Cycle and the Saros? It makes no difference to the public which name you call them by, and they write for the public."

And now I am more crestfallen than ever.

8.

To Professor Wm. Harkness
Director of the Observatory at Washington, D. C.

My temper has always been what I must designate as scientific, and though brought up in a strictly religious land I became an agnostic early, and remained one till about ten years ago. Now I am an evangelical Christian, who does not shrink from accepting even the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. And yet, all the while, I have not for a moment given up the demand upon myself as well as upon others for most exact scientific methods in investigation. The reason

I wrote out that account of the Eclipse Investigation (which you are good enough to say you have read "with a good deal of amusement") was that it was to me very instructive, and was written with anything but amusement to myself. I am now forty-four years old; but having been a hermit for the last ten years I have really lived in the world only some thirty brief years. But I had all along been led to suppose that it is only babies, women, metaphysicians, theologians and politicians who make a specialty of loving the scientific method when they look at it with their—backs. That eclipse experience has taught me (and it was for poor me a rather bitter lesson) that even scientific men will also bear the strictest watching. Since then, my mind being once open to that conviction—I have found this true in some astounding instances. In looking up Oppoltzer's Kanon der Finsternisse, of which you speak, in the Boston Public Library, I came across another publication by the same scientific Academy which published the Kanon, in which booklet the scientific author undertakes in all seriousness to "calculate" the eclipses named in the Bible (I quote the details from memory of about four years ago.) One of the eclipses for which he gives the exact moment is from Genesis 15: 12, 13. "And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram, and lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him." This, the author says, was surely an eclipse of the sun, and then he calculates it, and establishes thereby the exact date of the occurrence. And a whole Academy (of which for aught I know you and Professor Newcomb may be honored members) actually

sits down and deliberately votes it to be printed among its own memoirs . . .

The above is only one of several performances of that kind. The Larissa Eclipse, concerning which you express a fear that I have gone astray, is fully on par with that kind of "work." The largeness of literature thereon, which you think an argument for its genuineness, would only show that astronomical snowballs also increase the more they are rolled. Though in deference to your doubt I will go over the ground again.

You may not have heard that some one once undertook to calculate seriously the "eclipse" which occurred at the Crucifixion. The Greek in Luke "*του ηλιου εκλειποντος*" is the technical expression for eclipses, though literally it simply means, "the sun failing." But after a great deal of labor the calculator had to learn at last that the narrative places the Crucifixion on the 15th of the lunar month, and therefore at—full moon!*

Kepler is, of course, an astronomical giant. Well, Matthew in his second chapter speaks of a *star*, *αστηρ*, going before the magi, not *αστρον*, constellation. But Kepler labored hard and *proved* that a remarkable conjunction of some three bodies took place around Bethlehem about B.C. 7. (Matthew says the star went before the magi some distance.) Ludwig Ideler, royal astronomer at Berlin in 1825, and as fine a *scholar* as well as astronomer as ever lived (perhaps the only rare combination of the two) whose handbook on chronology is a classic, went

*An eclipse of the sun can take place only at new moon.

over the whole matter after Kepler and agrees with him that this is most probably the "explanation" of Matthew; though the plain meaning of the Greek is as if, when you sign yourself Wm. Harkness I should set about to prove by calculation that you really signed it Phineas Tomstick. Ideler thus with Kepler sets the birth of Christ in 7 B.C. Here are two great astronomers *settled* on a date, one of whom is a profound scholar in addition: settled by means of the whole apparatus of calculations, conjunctions, and what not. But Ideler adds that the conjunction was such (a moon's diameter separating two of the conjuncting bodies!) that *a person with weak eyes would see them as one star.* Now I am only a plain man, and my eyes, Heaven knows, are weak enough. But thank God, my head is not yet weak enough not to rebel at once against three magi being suddenly struck with weak eyes to see planets a moon's diameter apart as one. But I am only a plain man, and even strength of head would count here but little against giant astronomers. But Mr. Pritchard, who happens to be an astronomer, also rebelled, or rather his suspicions were aroused by that unlucky weak-eyes remark. Accordingly, he recalculated the whole, and he now shows conclusively that while Kepler and Ideler are right about the conjunctions, the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is such that much of the way the planets must have been *behind* the magi instead of going *before* them, as Matthew expressly says it did.

I have studied Ideler faithfully, lovingly, because he is a classic; his work is beautifully done. But even he—needed watching.

Knowing as I do human nature, the next thing to expect is that some archeologist will make the discovery that the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem was originally such that the planets were before the magi all along the way.

Taxes, corporations, and "scientific" errors never die, however often buried.

THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS IN A NEW ENGLAND HILLTOWN.

* * * * * *

December 24th.

I.

To-day there are two funerals in our village of some 1500 souls; the first is directly across the street. A year ago, about this time, we were all startled to see in mid-winter a force of men go to work to shingle, to put on a piazza, and more of the like carpenters' work, out of doors and in zero weather. Mr. Dockwell had sold his place in the valley, about a mile from here, where he had been prosperously farming it for years, and keeping boarders in the summer. The neighboring millionaire who had been wishing to round out his estate, offered him ten thousand dollars for his farm of some fifty acres. It was a godsend to the farmer and his hard-working wife. On the income of ten thousand dollars the rest of their days could be spent in comparative ease. So the farm was sold, and this house on the hill bought for their last home; the house itself had already had its own tragedy. Thirty years ago it became the home of one of the two grocers in town. He prospered, accumulated. Became duly selectman, trustee of savings bank, and the rest. Then one thing after another began to go amiss. A slight disagreement with his landlord, who owned the only available spot for a second grocery-store ended in his having

to seek a new, inconvenient place. The business went down. Then he went into the lumber business at great expense; and ere long he had the experience which he at first lacked, and his customers whom he had to trust, had the money. Then he began to speculate in stocks. Here too, after a while, a very brief while, he had the experience, and the bucket shop keeper had the money. At home also things were going wrong; wife, the combination of Eve and Xantippe; son, the only son, a trial as well as constant financial drain because of his unexpected escapades. And it all ended in the man being found dead by his wife one morning in the loft of his barn—by hanging. . . . . The well-kept place assessed for $5,000 was sold to any one who would take it quickly. The widow could not stay there, and would not if she could. It fell into the hands of a peddler, to whom it was knocked down at auction for less than $2,000; and he promptly plowed up the fine lawns, planted it with potatoes, raspberries; poultry began to scratch up not only the few acres of the place itself, but also the neighbors' lawns. After some six years of unsightliness and neglect, the owners found themselves unable to keep the place. And Mr. Dockwell in the nick of time took it off their hands for some $3,000.

And now in the middle of the winter he undertook to tear out the insides and rebuild the house with all the modern improvements; steam heat, electric lights, modern plumbing, bath rooms; so as to make it attractive *the very next summer for* —summer boarders. . . . .

The poor wife cried. . . . all to herself however—

bitterly, when she saw the havoc wrought with what she had come into as her—home. The confusion lasted for months: not until May was the house *done;* but this was the least of the trouble. She had worked hard all the best years of her life, as only a New England's thrifty farmer's wife can work; all for the sake of a comfortable rest in her advanced years. And here the advanced years were upon them; both in the latter sixties, and it was all to begin over again; boarders, cows, a horse, small fruits, and the never-ending chores.

But even this was not all. Her husband was afflicted with severe asthma. His coughing had been keeping awake at least one of his neighbors; and I myself, though some 300 feet away from his house, had often heard that never-heard-before hollow metallic cough, cough, cough, which lasted at times for minutes at a time. She well knew that he might choke any day to death, and yet over half of the money got for the farm went into the house, some $7,000 in fact. The good woman thought and wept; and wept and thought, but never a word to her husband, only a whisper now and then to a sympathetic neighbor. And thus things went on since May. Boarders came, at ten, twelve dollars a week. It was hard, hard work—for the woman. Part of the house could fortunately be rented. All, at last, began to go well. She had become used to the new situation, the husband kept busy; and with the exception of that resounding metallic cough, cough, cough, otherwise quite satisfied and well. Sunday he went to the city to a brother-in-law, who never saw him so well as then. Tuesday, however, he

was suddenly taken ill. He had been chilled on the way. The valley physician when sent for was not in. The hill physician came, prescribed, expecting the valley physician to come during the night. The latter, learning that the hill physician had already been there, expected him to come during the night. Thus neither came until the morning, just in time for both being able to pronounce him—dead. And so the funeral is to-day at one, and I am watching it. By a strange fatality, the only time in the history of the town when there are two different funerals on the same day (a father and his daughter *were* once buried on the same day, but from the same house and at the same time) the regular undertaker gets neither. This one is in charge of the city undertaker, eight miles away. And so here they are: the hearse, and six coaches. The sixth is being sent back, as two relatives who came from a neighboring town in their own team, are going back therein, and this coach is for them. So off they start; the hearse black, with black horses, drivers in black; five coaches, all uniform, black, with black horses, well-groomed, sleek; everything *comme il faut*—a fine procession; but the procession winds up with two persons in a buggy, with brown robe, and a white thin horse, with its ribs in sight. . . . .

I went over this morning across the way to the widow to bring her just one word of cheer, and I found her hanging out her clothes on the washline. A sister from some distance who had come to the funeral was inside at the wash-tub. And on the whole it was the wisest as well as the bravest thing to do: on Christmas, on the

morrow of her life-mate's funeral, to keep right on at work. . . . She had been expecting such an end for years, yet when it came, as is nearly always the case thus, the shock was just as if the event had never been expected.

She stretched out her hands to me with tears. " I suppose it is all for the best," she said. " God knows what is best."

A neighbor whispers: " To think that that man should spend so much on that house in his condition! His poor wife will have to sell the house at a sacrifice," and more of the like. The wife, doubtless, now and then thinks the same; but never a word of complaint shall pass her lips. And her grief is genuine. And the washline is the real answer now to every problem. . . . . .

The ultra religious see even here a case very much like that of the prosperous farmer in Scripture who was to build himself new barns but was told: " This night they require thy soul of thee! " But the widow honestly mourns, as honestly faces the tragedy, and is at the—washline the day after the funeral, and at Christmas. Brave, noble dame, thou hast made no presents to any this Christmas, but thou hast left something more lasting to thy fellows: thy—washline . . . .

II.

December 25th.

The second funeral yesterday was at 2:30, an hour and a half after the first. This man also died of asthma; and was, not exactly a neighbor, but almost one. Till recently he lived in the next house to mine on the same side of the street. The first death was almost sudden, but peaceful.

This case was one of long suffering, and frequent attacks of choking. When the owner of the second grocery-site died, the store came into the market again, and this man took the store, but with small capital. He eked out from it some sort of living for himself, wife and a boy and a girl. But the sickness at last compelled him to have a man take his place on the team; this took most of the profit. Himself ill abed most of the time, the wife keeping house upstairs, tending store down stairs, a bell calling her down whenever the door was opened, the children were sent to school during school hours, but helped in the store out of school hours.

Mr. Pond was of Scotch descent; the wife was from Nova Scotia; a faithful, clear-headed, plodding, overworked wife and mother. But the two children grew up with strong faces, delicate build, and winsome manners.

Last summer the girl of some twelve years was taken ill with typhoid fever; they had moved away about a mile from town to have a *home*, rather than an up-stairs over a store, with only a stoop to sit out on. And they took comfort in having a place with a country outlook, and a bit of green to sit out on during the hot days. But something was wrong with the new place, and ere long the popular, innocent, dear Ethel was announced to her old village friends as—dead. Bouquets were sent by the dozen; every heart was touched; the sickness of the father, the faithful toil of the wife and mother, the perfect companionship of brother and sister—the tragic death laid at once to the moving, thus laying an additional burden of remorse upon the parents

—human nature is here quick to return to its godlikeness, from which it has fallen, and duly came forward here with deep, heartfelt sympathy. But the blow was of the sort for which there is no human help. The day before the child's funeral, when a word of sympathy was sent over the telephone, there came in response a tender appreciation of all kindness shown, but the broken voice and the tears which could be plainly heard even at the telephone told clearly enough of the helplessness of man at such times. During the funeral the father lay ill up-stairs, And he never recovered thereafter, until at last he too died the same day with Mr. Dockwell, and was laid way the same day with him.

And, now, the poor woman has a boy to bring up—it was the father's hope to see him through the High School—and herself to support. The townfolk will be kind, but in the end she will have to provide for herself.

At one time he was in financial straights, his wagon and horses had to be sold for the creditors. A Roman Catholic Irishman, a stable-keeper, bought them for him, to enable him to go on with the business. He being an undertaker at the same time—for the Roman Catholics—it somehow came natural this time that this Roman Catholic Irishman be the one for the first time in the history of this town to bury a Protestant; and take him to the Protestant Cemetery, after listening to Protestant prayers and Scripture read by a Protestant clergyman, and Protestant songs by a Protestant choir.

Thus one loving deed by a plain, kind hearted stable keeper had made possible what dozens

of Conferences betwixt the heads of different religious bodies are most unlikely to accomplish. And as I was talking with him only the day before, he was wholly unaware that he had brought about aught extraordinary . . . .

My dear Panin:

This is very remarkably well done—very lightly and delicately put on the canvas but it is all very sad and very discouraging. I do not feel that such a minor note is needed in our present state of mind. Drop the note of depression. Men look for encouragement and stimulus to endure the tragic ills of life which need no enlargement by your skilful pen. Your grace of style is inimitable. You ought to be remembered for it and you will be.—E. P. U.

[Comment by "my dear Panin": *Hm!*]

THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Scientifically Demonstrated.

To the Editor of *The Sun*, New York City:

Sir—In to-day's *Sun* Mr. W. R. L. calls for a "champion of orthodoxy" to "step into the arena of the *Sun*," and give him some "facts." Here are some facts:

1. The first 17 verses of the New Testament contain the genealogy of the Christ. It consists of two main parts: Verses 1–11 cover the period from Abraham, the father of the chosen people, to the Captivity, when they ceased as an independent people. Verses 12–17 cover the period from the Captivity to the promised Deliverer, the Christ.

Let us examine the first part of this genealogy.

Its vocabulary has 49 words, or 7×7. This number is itself a multiple of seven (Feature 1), and the sum of its factors is 2 sevens (Feature 2). Of these 49 words 28, or 4 sevens, begin with a vowel; and 21, or 3 sevens, begin with a consonant (Feature 3); seven end with a vowel, and 42, or 6 sevens, end with a consonant (Feature 4).

Again: these 49 words of the vocabulary have 266 letters, or 7×2×19; this number is itself 38 sevens (Feature 5), and the sum of its factors is 28, or 4 sevens (Feature 6). Of these 266 letters, moreover, 140, or 20 sevens, are vowels, and 126, or 18 sevens, are consonants (Feature 7).

That is to say: Just as the number of words in the vocabulary is a multiple of seven, so is the

number of its letters a multiple of seven; just as the sum of the factors of the number of the words is a multiple of seven, so is the sum of the factors of the numbers of their letters a multiple of seven. And just as the number of words is divided between vowel words and consonant words by sevens, so is their number of letters divided between vowels and consonants by sevens.

Again: Of these 49 words 35, or 5 sevens, occur more than once in the passage; and 14, or 2 sevens, occur but once (Feature 8); seven, occur in more than one form, and 42, or 6 sevens, occur in only one form (Feature 9). And among the parts of speech the 49 words are thus divided: 42, or 6 sevens, are nouns, seven are not nouns (Feature 10). Of the nouns 35, or 5 sevens, are proper names, seven are common nouns (Feature 11). Of the proper names 28 are male ancestors of the Christ, and seven are not (Feature 12).

Morever, these 49 words are distributed alphabetically thus: words under α-ε are 21 in number, or 3 sevens; ζ-κ, 14, or 2 sevens, μ-χ, also 14. No other groups of sevens stopping at the end of a letter are made by these 49 words; the groups of sevens stop with these letters and no others. But the letters α ε ζ κ μ χ are letters 1 5 6 10 12 22 of the Greek alphabet, and the sum of these numbers (called their Place Values) is 56, or 8 sevens (Feature 13).

This enumeration of the numeric phenomena of these 11 verses does not begin to be exhaustive, but enough has been shown to make it clear that this part of the genealogy is constructed on an elaborate design of sevens.

Let us now turn to the genealogy as a whole.

I will not weary your readers with recounting all the numeric phenomena thereof: pages alone would exhaust them. I will point out only one feature: The New Testament is written in Greek. The Greeks had no separate symbols for expressing numbers, corresponding to our Arabic figures, but used instead the letters of their alphabet: just as the Hebrews, in whose tongue the Old Testament is written, made use for the same purpose of theirs. Accordingly, the 24 Greek letters stand for the following numbers: 1 2 3 4 5 7 8 9 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 100 200 300 400 500 600 700 800. Every Greek word is thus a sum in arithmetic obtained by adding the numbers for which its letters stand, or their *numeric values*. Now the vocabulary to the entire genealogy has 72 words. If we write its numeric value over each of these 72 words, and add them, we get for their sum 42,364, or 6,052 sevens, distributed into the following alphabetical groups only: α-β have 9,821, or 1,403 sevens; γ-δ, 1904, or 272 sevens; ε-ζ, 3,703, or 529 sevens; θ-ρ, 19,264, or 2,752 sevens; σ-χ, 7,672, or 1,096 sevens. But the numeric value of the 10 letters used for making these groups is 931, or $7 \times 7 \times 19$, a multiple not only of seven but of seven sevens. And the same is true of the 90 forms in which these 72 words occur: their 90 numeric values sum up 54,075, or 7,725 sevens, and this number is distributed into just seven alphabetical groups of sevens.

Let Mr. W. R. L. sit down and try to write some 300 words intelligently like this genealogy, and reproduce some numeric phenomena of like designs. If he does it in 6 months, he will indeed

do a wonder. Let us assume that Matthew accomplished this feat in one month.

2. The second part of this chapter, verses 18–25, relates the birth of the Christ. It consists of 161 words, or 23 sevens; occurring in 105 forms, or 15 sevens, with a vocabulary of 77 words, or 11 sevens. Joseph is spoken to here by the angel. Accordingly, of the 77 words the angel uses 28, or 4 sevens; of the 105 forms he uses 35, or 5 sevens; the numeric value of the vocabulary is 52,605, or 7,515 sevens; of the forms, 65,429, or 9,347 sevens.

This enumeration only begins as it were to barely scratch the surface of the numerics of this passage. But what is specially noteworthy here is: the fact that the angel's speech has also a scheme of sevens makes it a kind of ring within a ring, a wheel within a wheel. If Mr. L. can write a similar story of 161 words with the same scheme of sevens alone (though there are several others here) in some three years, he would accomplish a still greater wonder. Let us assume that Matthew accomplished this feat in only 6 months.

3. The second chapter of Matthew tells of the childhood of the Christ. Its vocabulary has 161 words, or 23 sevens, with 896 letters, or 128 sevens, and 238 forms, or 34 sevens; the numeric value of the vocabulary is 123,529, or 17,647 sevens; of the forms, 166,985, or 23,855 sevens; and so on through pages of enumeration. This chapter has at least four logical divisions, and each division shows alone the same phenomena found in the

chapter as a whole. Thus the first six verses have a vocabulary of 56 words, or 8 sevens, etc. There are some speeches here: Herod speaks, the Magi speak, the angel speaks. But so pronounced are the numeric phenomena here, that though there are as it were, numerous rings within rings, and wheels within wheels, each is perfect in itself, though forming all the while only part of the rest.

If Mr. L. can write a chapter like this as naturally as Matthew writes, but containing in some 500 words so many intertwined yet harmonious numeric features, in say the rest of his days,—whatever his age now, or the one to which he is to attain: if he thus accomplish it at all, it will indeed be marvel of marvels. Let us assume that Matthew accomplished this feat in only 3 years.

4. There is not, however, a single paragraph of the hundreds in Matthew that is not constructed on exactly the same plan. Only with each additional paragraph the difficulty of constructing it increases not in arithmetical but in geometrical progression. For he contrives to write his paragraphs so as to develop constantly fixed numeric relations to what goes before and after. Thus in his last chapter he contrives to use just 7 words not used by him before. It would thus be easy to show that Mr. L. would require some centuries to write a book like Matthew's. How long it took Matthew the writer does not know. But how he contrived to do it between the Crucifixion, A. D. 30 (and his Gospel could not have been written earlier), and the destruction of Jerusalem, A. D. 70 (and the Gospel could not have been written later), let Mr. L. and his like minded explain.

Anyhow Matthew did it, and we thus have a miracle,—an unheard of literary, mathematical artist, unequalled, hardly even conceivable. This is the first *fact* for Mr. L. to contemplate.

A second fact is yet more important: In his very first section, the genealogy discussed above, the words found *nowhere else in the New Testament*, occur 42 times, 7×6; and have 126 letters, $7 \times 6 \times 3$, each number a multiple not only of sevens, but of 6 sevens, to name only two of the many numeric features of these words. But how did Matthew know, when designing this scheme for these words (whose sole characteristic is that they are found nowhere else in the New Testament) that they would *not* be found in the other 26 books? that they would *not* be used by the other 7 New Testament writers? Unless we assume the impossible hypothesis that he had an agreement with them to that effect, he must have had the rest of the New Testament before him when he wrote his book. *The Gospel of Matthew, then, was written last.*

5. It so happens, however, that the Gospel of Mark shows the very same phenomena. Thus the very passage called so triumphantly in today's *Sun* a "forgery," the Last Twelve Verses of Mark, presents among some *sixty* features of sevens the following phenomena: It has 175 words, or 25 sevens; a vocabulary of 98 words, or 2 sevens of sevens, with 553 letters, or 79 sevens; 133 forms, or 19 sevens, and so on to the minutest detail.

Mark, then, is another miracle, another unparalelled mathematical literary genius. And in

the same way in which it was shown that Matthew wrote last it is also shown that Mark too wrote last. Thus to take an example from the very passage: It has just one word found nowhere else in the New Testament, *θανάσιμος*, *deadly*. This fact is signalled by no less than *six* features of sevens thus: Its numeric value is 581, or 83 sevens, of which the letters ending its four syllables have 490, or $7 \times 7 \times 5 \times 2$: a multiple of seven sevens, with the sum of its factors 21, or 3 sevens. In the vocabulary it is preceded by 42 words, 7×6; in the passage itself by 126 words, or $7 \times 6 \times 3$, both numbers multiples not only of seven, but of 6 sevens. We have thus established before us this third fact for Mr. L. to contemplate: *Matthew surely wrote after Mark, and Mark just as surely wrote after Matthew.*

6. It happens, however, to be a fourth fact that Luke presents the same phenomena as Matthew and Mark, and so does John, and James, and Peter, and Jude, and Paul. And we have thus no longer two great unheard of mathematical literati, but eight of them, *and each wrote after the other.*

7. And not only this. As Luke and Peter wrote each two books, John 5, and Paul 14, it can in the same way be shown that each of the seven and twenty New Testament books was written last. In fact, not a page of the over 500 in Westcott & Hort's Greek edition (which the writer has used throughout) but it can be demonstrated thus to have been written last.

The phenomena are there, and there is no human way of explaining them. Eight men

cannot each write last, 27 books, some 500 pages cannot each be written last. But once assume that One Mind directed the whole, and the problem is solved simply enough; but this is Verbal Inspiration—of every jot and title of the New Testament.

There remains only to be added that by precisely the same kind of evidence the Hebrew Old Testament is proved to be equally inspired. Thus the very first verse of Genesis has seven words, 28 letters, or 4 sevens; its very first syllable has a numeric value of 203, or 29 sevens, to name only three out of the dozens of numeric features of this one verse of only seven words.—*N. Y. Sun, Nov.* 21, 1899. Corrected.

To this letter several replies appeared in the *Sun*, but not a single answer. For in only three ways can it be refuted.

a. By showing that the facts are not as here given.

b. By showing that it is possible for eight men to write each after the other seven; for 27 books, for some 500 pages to be each in its turn written last.

c. By showing that even if the facts be true, the arithmetic faultless, and the collocation of the numerics honest, it does not follow that mere men could not have written thus without Inspiration from above.

Accordingly, as many as nine noted rationalists (of whom Drs. Lyman Abbot and Charles W. Eliot are still living) were respectfully but publicly invited to refute the writer. One was not "interested "in the writer's "arithmetical" doings

two "regretted" that they "had no time" to give heed thereto. Another "did not mean to be unkind," but....The rest were silent. For the special benefit of these the writer printed the original data with numerous details, enabling them in the easiest manner to verify every statement made by him, *if they wished.* And to the best of his ability he has for years seen to it that no scholar whom surely these things specially concern remain in ignorance of the facts here recounted, and of hundreds of like cogency.

A notable exception to the above is a lawyer of standing, whose books on Law are deemed as of authority. *He* had intelligence enough and candor withal to confess that the case for the Bible as made out by the writer is impregnable, that the Bible *is* thus proved to be an "absolutely unique book." This much the case itself extorts from the but too well equipped writer on—EVIDENCE; and accordingly he henceforth reads the writer's Numerics with intense appreciation. And then, fresh from this confession, he betakes himself once more to the circulation of his anti-Christian books in the writing of which he joys to spend his leisure hours ....

PREFACE

TO "THOUGHTS," OF 1899.

1.

The best preface should really be the book itself, but poor is the rule that admits of no exception. Still, however pressing apparently the need, the writer pens this preface, if not with the half will of forced submission, at least with the divided heart of natural perplexity.

Nay, even the book itself he would fain have left unknown. For the Spirit hath already in the ages of yore recorded His opinion in the complaint that of making many books there is no end. And Job, to get his enemy wholly at his mercy hath only one wish, O that mine enemy had written a book! These, however, are merely hints. The full illustrations are given in at least four notable ways.

2.

Moses is of all men the only one whom the Spirit hath condescended to liken unto the Lord Christ. "A prophet *like unto me* shall the Lord God raise up unto you," he is commanded to declare unto the chosen people, and a right rich, a right full life he led, this man Moses.

Born in the house of toil, he is reared in a palace. Spends twoscore years at court, and fourscore in the wilderness. Leaves school without his God at forty, and is sent back to school by his God till he is eighty. Flees for his life, keeps sheep for a wife. Is alone forty

years without a multitude, is alone another forty years with the multitude. Fasts forty days, and talks with God face to face. A rich life, a full life he leads, this man Moses.

A learned man, a wise man was this Moses. He was versed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. The dynasties, he understood their puzzle. The hieroglyphics, he had fathomed their mystery. The pyramids, he had solved their problem. The sphinx, he had discovered its secret. A wise man, a learned man was this man Moses.

Come now, Moses, wilt thou not tell us what thou sawest those forty years at Pharao's court? in the wilderness with Jethro, with Zippora thine, thy rebellious spouse, with Miriam, thy rebellious sister, with Israel thy rebellious people? Chevalier Bunsen would like to know. Professor Brugsch would like to know, plain Lepsius would like to know, the orientalists would like to know; scholars, historians, a host of cultured folk would like to know. Wilt thou not tell us, thou man Moses? But wellnigh ravishing though these themes be, pyramidical silence is all he here hath for us, this man Moses.

Even those who cannot get away with his six days of creation, his parting sea, gust of quails, his speaking ass, and serpent either upright on legs seducing or hanging from a pole healing, would gladly forgive him these his indiscretions, if only he had left us some goodly tomes of this his Egyptian wisdom. Nay, were he suddenly to reappear, even if only to reveal the mystery of his tomb, he might perhaps fail of an appointment to the professorship of arche-

ology at Oxford or Harvard, but the Royal society would give him a right hearty welcome, and a dollar a ticket would not be deemed too high a price for getting a look from the platform at this man Moses. The enterprising newspaper would cheerfully part with a whole thousand of its abounding dollars to secure his first impressions of this land of interviews. The magazine pictorial would secure from him a paper, the magazine unpictorial would lay hold of him for a symposium: "Ingersoll on the mistakes of Moses; Moses on the mistakes of Ingersoll." The young maids would crave his autograph, the old maids his photograph. And even the slowly moving universities would at last relax to the extent at least of giving him an honorary degree. A wondrous success he thus would be, this man Moses. And yet this Moses foregoes the riches of Egypt for the sake of writing according to the mind of the Spirit.

3.

Unto Solomon was given a wise and understanding heart, so that the like of him was neither before him nor was any to arise after him. He excelled the wisdom of all the children of the East, and all the wisdom of Egypt. "For he was wiser than all men: than Ethan the Ezrahite, and Heman, and Calcol, and Dada, the sons of Mahol. Proverbs he spake three thousand, and his songs were one thousand and five. And of trees he spake: from the cedar in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall. He spake also of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes." Yet of the men

who alone are singled out for comparison with the wisest of men the Spirit hath left us the bare names. Of the three thousand proverbs (who hath eyes to see let him look!) only a tithe have been allowed to escape. Of the thousand and five songs of Solomon (who hath ears to hear, let him hear!) there has been allowed to be wafted down the ages only one. Schiller leaves some unfinished piece, Goethe leaves some immature doings, and generation after generation gathers up the fragments with the eagerness of the faithful hound for the leavings from his master's table. But from the table of Solomon—with only one dish shall the generations be content. This is the estimate the Spirit places upon the books writ by even the wisest of men.

4.

Unto John Baptist the witness is borne from the lips of him that spake as man never spake that he was of all prophets the greatest. Yea, that among them born of women there was none greater than John Baptist. A plain man he is, this John Baptist. He dines not with the wits: his fare is locusts and honey wild: his garments are not cut in the latest Jerusalem style: hairy is his garment, leathern his girdle; a strange man is this Baptist John; he had written no books; the Jerusalem *Critic* does not praise him, the *Jordan Nation* does not condemn him; the booksellers do not advertise him, yet he has made an unheard-of reputation, this John. He preaches in the wilderness: no plush seats, no prelude, postlude; no solo; no excursion train towards Baptistville; no electrics towards Ænon, not

even dray beast line. Yet the crowds flock to hear this man with rock to the right of him, rock to the left of him, rock at the back of him, only water at the front of him, the rough breezes around him, bare sky over him. Yet they flock to hear this John: Jerusalem, and all Judea, and the region round about Jordan. No fine words he uses, this John: the cultured and refined of the day are to him only a generation of vipers. Yet he makes kings to tremble before him, this John.

Before this voice crying in the wilderness all pulpit eloquence is as the hand organ before the hymn of the ages. Professors of homiletics, of oratory, eloquence, and what not, what would not here be given for at least one complete discourse of this man John! But though of the eight writers of the New Testament no less than four are assigned to make report of him, all we are permitted to know of his preaching is: of text, just seven words; of discourse, some six-score of words. This is the estimate the Spirit places upon the preservation of the words of, upon the *book* of, him who had no superior among them born of women.

5.

Lastly: The Son of Man himself, a few sayings of his, perhaps not even genuine, were recently discovered: Forthwith all Christendom is on tiptoe: formal as well as devout; spurious as well as genuine Christendom; all manner of glasses, microscopic and otherwise, are turned on these Rip Van Winklian arrivals. The wee wordlets are demanded from the four quarters of the heavens to give strict account of them-

selves: Professor Ordinarius, and Professor Extraordinarius, docent, fellow, tutor, reviewer, scribe, gentleman of the scissors—are all present at the examination of the strangers. This over a few of His sayings: what commotion then would there be were a single additional doing of His brought to light? But the disciple who alone of all others was permitted to rest his head on the Master's bosom most solemnly declares: "Many other signs, therefore, did Jesus which are not written in this book..... And there are also many other things which Jesus did, which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written." On the most absorbing theme which man could treat, here is one who hath boundless material therefor, and he deliberately lays down his pen, and retires into the eternal Silence after writing what would fill perhaps one of the forty pages of the Sunday newspaper, of which there are printed for us in the course of one year 2,040 such pages.

When in May, 1881, the Revised Version of the New Testament was at last published, a Chicago paper, eager to outstrip its rivals if only for four and twenty hours, had the entire New Testament telegraphed from New York for its readers. This for the sake of a few changes in the *translation* of the story of the Son of Man. And thou, blessed John, knewest a world of books about this Son of Man, and holdest thy peace? Even so, for it was the mind of the Spirit to witness that even for the doings of the Son of God four booklets suffice for some eighteen centuries of time.

6.

But the Spirit hath not left the making of many books to mere inference. He that hath said, The words which I spake unto you, they shall judge you at the last day, spake also this: Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment: for by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned. If it be thus with every idle word spoken, which hath only two wings, what of the printed word with its hundreds and thousands of wings?

7.

And once more, as if to strike at the very root of the multitudinous making of books, the Spirit hath left the injunction: Be not many teachers, my brethren, knowing that we shall receive heavier judgment. The lips of the priest keeping knowledge no longer, the hungry mass hath betaken itself elsewhither, to the writer; and the writer has thus become the teacher, even where he writes for self-imposition, if not for self-preservation. And the Father of the spirits of all flesh knowing the heart of the sons of Adam full well, that with tyranny it begins and with tyranny it ends, hath called to them across the ages, Be *not* many teachers among you! A most earnest thing is this making of books, a solemn matter this of teaching!

The disciple, who by the grace of Heaven hath been permitted to drink freely of the water of Life in the pages of this Book can surely only abstain from the guilt of making many books.

8.

But when the Pharisees asked the Master

whether it be lawful to put away a wife for any cause, he gave in answer: Moses for your hardness of heart suffered you to put away your wives, *but from the beginning it hath not been so.* The great God, knowing that man is but flesh, condescends thus to the less good instead of the best simply because sinful man hath strayed from the beginning when it had not been *so.*

And had the writer always been what the great God intended man to be, there would be neither book nor preface from him. But with him also alas! it had not been from the beginning *so.* And so he published some dozen years ago two booklets of "Thoughts." The motives for their coming into visibility were, as natural, rather mixed. If at twenty one is wiser than at fifty, one is at thirty only wiser than at forty. Some craving, perhaps, for sympathy by one uprooted from his native soil, and not yet grounded in the transplanted soil. A goodly dose of honest philanthropy, with a like goodly dose of Adamic tyrant, were likely enough also well mixed in. Be that as it may, there was at least some rather honest toil put into the work. But honest though the booklets were, aphorisms and sayings by the ounce, when put into the form of a book, are not easily relished by a race that takes indeed its lunches standing, but prefers its reading, if not by the pound, at least by the yard. The *New York Rhadamanthus* accordingly let loose upon the poor author its chosen Cerberus, who if he failed to show the thoroughbred blood, betrayed at least the teeth of the race. Rhadamanthus has indeed the grace shortly to confess that if he had known that the

victim of Cerberus had been befriended by his own father (for even Rhadamanthuses have fathers), he would have kept Cerberus chained, and the poor author is duly appreciative of the glimpse he is thus permitted to have of the mysteries of criticism. But the author on the whole deemed it prudent to retire from the field, and retire he did, quite crestfallen.

9.

America's most sympathetic, and therefore truest, critic writes indeed to the author from across the miles of space that lie betwixt them, "Be not discouraged, keep on!" And America's acutest philosopher (to whom the author's "philosophy" is only a kind of endurable abomination) confesses indeed that the first booklet contains at least four sayings of which a hundred would make the author what he calls "immortal": so that according to the commercial mode of speech the poor Cerberus bitten writer is already at thirty immortal four per cent. And America's second eminent critic does not indeed hesitate to write a rather longitudinal laudation of two other of poor author's wordlets. But neither these nor the many other cheering words would have seriously roused the author to reprint some of his words. For he soon learned that if it be worth while to spend half a lifetime in getting into the papers, it is worth while to spend the other half of his lifetime in keeping out of the papers.

10.

For a marvellous thing had meanwhile come to pass in the life of the author. Hitherto he had sought wisdom all his days, and sought it most

earnestly: sought it in science, sought it in philosophy; sought it in art, sought it in letters; sought it in college, sought it in the world; sought it from professor, sought it from Preacher; sought it laughing, crying, sought it yearning, sobbing. And many indeed were the things he learned in the search. The physiologist told him how they make frogs' legs dance; the astronomer told him that Sirius does not really twinkle, and the naturalist told him that the serpent once had legs, and lost them in his attempts at evolution. The philosopher told him that the universe is a machine, the scientist, that men have only recently grown wiser than monkeys. The artist explained to him how he writes merely for the sake of writing, the preacher, that one can be a Christian teacher even as agnostic. Lastly, the Professor of Ethics convinced the writer that he was an excellent fellow. But not a soul even as much as whispered to him that *the fear of the Lord is the* BEGINNING *of wisdom*, and *Knowledge of the Most High*, THAT *is understanding*. As upon these sentences he at last stumbled as it were in a book which is found indeed on many a parlor table of Christendom, but has to be dusted twice a week, the net sum of the writer's fruitless search after wisdom was that he began to look into that book in earnest. And what he found was this: he had faithfully and admiringly studied Homer and Plato, Virgil and Cicero, Epictetus, Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, Æschylus and Sophocles, Confucius and Budda, Mahomet and Saadi, Shakespeare and Bacon, Dante and Rousseau, Descartes and Spinoza, Kant and Schopenhauer, Gœthe and Herder, Strauss and Buchner, Emer-

son and Carlyle, Ruskin and Arnold, Darwin and Spencer, Proudhon and Tolstoy. In all of these is held forth more or less the promise of LIFE. But the writer has sorrowfully found that though these do not indeed offer a stone for bread, yet they give shelter to the soul such as the dweller in the slum tenement of the city hath in comparison with the soil tiller's homestead in the country. They give indeed food unto the heart, but it is the watered milk and the larded butter and the refrigerated beef of the city with its consequent need of allopath and homeopath, rather than the creamy milk of the farmer, his pure butter, and the fatted calf of the country. On Carlyle and Emerson, on Plato and Aurelius, on Ruskin and Tolstoy, one can indeed live, but the Accident policy must be carefully taken out before the journey, and a goodly supply of all manner of liniments, sarsaparilla, and otherwise, must ever be at hand for the mumps and measles of the soul, which, say what these teachers may, *will* not down for other than brief time. Not so, however, with THE BOOK. For it tells of One who spake as man never spake, who was the true bread of life, that which cometh down from the heavens, of which if a man eat he shall never hunger.

II.

After such result of lengthy search for wisdom the writer could well afford to leave his booklets to the silence from which he had thought they had perhaps better never have come forth. This maugre the encouragement from Eminent Critic One, commendation from Eminent Critic Two, and assurance of at least four per cent. of immor-

tality from eminent philosopher. But one day the writer went to a registry of deeds. The scribal dame in attendance, on seeing his name on the paper handed her, asked, Is this Mr. Ivan Panin? I wish to thank you for your Thoughts I had seen in the *Independent*, specially for the one: Three men are my friends,—and she recited the whole of what had appeared ten years before in a weekly journal. And every now and then the writer still receives in papers sent him quotations from the booklets he had long dismissed even as a hen pecks away her own chicks in due season.

12.

The writer has thus not succeeded in getting away from his booklets, and since they no longer truly represent him, it is right that if quoted he must be, and judged for them, it be at least for what he *now* wishes to be held responsible. Accordingly he presents here to the reader a selection from the old with some new. The choice was not always from within, often rather from without. When, for example, a wholesale dry goods merchant, on espying the author in his store, comes to him, takes him by the hand, and with indescribable tenderness speaks out as a greeting, "To find yourself, you must first lose yourself," what can poor author do other than to retain the wee saying, even though it be not the saying of one who already has his Christ, but only of one who as yet only feels after him? Or when a widely known Unitarian spokesman alights upon "To seek for virtue is to be virtuous," with exclamation as to its helpfulness, what can poor author say, but "In with thee, thoughtlet mine," even

though there be serious question as to its ultimate truth? The writer, ready to become all things to all men, has herein let helpfulness be the decisive consideration. Nor ought he to omit mentioning that he has a rather vaguish remembrance of once coming upon a man who seemed to find much comfort in "Hesitation is a sign as much of the abundance of ideas as of their scarcity." It proved afterwards that the poor man—stuttered. .

The reader will thus do well not to expect too much from the booklet: it is not a feast spread for any one, but rather a bill of fare, from which each can choose according to his need.

13.

Lastly a personal word. When the writer was without God and without hope in the world he yet had a zeal for what passes as righteousness, but not, alas! according to knowledge, with result rather of bull in china shop. And he has given some unnecessary pain. This he deeply regrets. .

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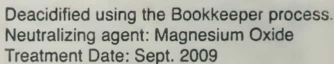
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009



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